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DANTE ALIGHIERI.

HISTORICAL VIEW

OF THE

LITERATURE

OF THE

SOUTH OF EUROPE;

BY

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ETC. ETC.

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WITH NOTES, AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

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VIEW OF THE

LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH OF EUROPE.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALFIERI AND HIS SCHOOL CONTINUED.

THE publication of Alfieri's first four tragedies was, perhaps, the greatest epoch in the literary history of Italy, during the eighteenth century. Up to that period the nation, contented with their languid love-plots and effeminate dramas, considered the rules of dramatic composition to be firmly established, and the boundaries of the art for ever stationary at the point at which their tragic writers had fixed them; attributing the fatigue which they felt during the representation of pieces, which had no attractions to rivet their attention, to the want of poetical talents in the authors, and not to the false idea which they themselves had formed of their art. The sudden appearance of four compositions so novel, elevated, and austere, immediately led to an inquiry into the essence of the dramatic art. Alfieri attempted to throw off the disgraceful yoke, under which, in Italy, the human intellect laboured, and every high-minded Italian, who lamented over the humiliation of his country, was united to him by the bonds of mutual sympathy. Thus was the taste for the noblest species of tragedy mingled with the love of glory and of liberty. The theatre, which had been so long considered the school of intrigue, of languor, of effeminacy, and of servility, was now regarded by the first Italians as the only nurse of mental vigour, of honour, and of public virtue. Their critics at last dared, with noble pride, to turn their eyes to the

dramatic writers of other nations, whose superiority had long been a humiliating reflection. Though divided in opinion upon the laws and the essence of the drama, they all united in applauding the elevation, the nobleness, and the energy of Alfieri's sentiments; and opinions, which, till that time, had been banished from Italy, burst forth at once, like the long suppressed voice of public feeling. Even within the narrower boundaries of the critical art, we are astonished at the profundity and variety of knowledge which were at this period displayed by men whose talents had been hitherto unknown, and who would never have exercised any influence over the national spirit, unless some great genius like Alfieri had prepared the way for them. Thus we find in a letter from Renier de Calsabigi to Alfieri, an acquaintance with the ancient drama, with that of France and England, and with the defects peculiar to each, which we could scarcely have expected from a Neapolitan.

The labours of these critics produced an effect on the mind of Alfieri which is manifested in his subsequent works. The four tragedies which he first published were only a small portion of the number which remained in his desk. At three different periods he successively submitted these tragedies to the judgment of the public. In the interval between these publications he observed the general impression which they produced, and with the assistance of some of his friends performed the dramas himself, exposing them, by every means in his power, to the test of theatrical representation, which could scarcely be done in Italy in a satisfactory manner. He gradually reformed his style, and adapted his compositions, by new corrections, to the general taste. His dramas were thus distributed into three classes, distinguished by the period of their publication, as well as by the various alterations which they had undergone in consequence of the successive changes in the author's system.

At the same time with the *Philip*, which was published in 1783, appeared *Polynices*, *Antigone*, which is a sequel to the latter, and *Virginia*. The three latter dramas, which display beauties of the first order, have, in common with the *Philip*, a certain hardness of style, and exhibit traces of the author's original acerbity, notwithstanding all the pains which he took to correct that fault in the latter editions. They

resemble each other still more in the author's obstinate attachment to his system ; in the stiffness of the action, in the bitterness of the sentiments, and in the baldness both of the action and the poetry. In the last of these dramas the attachment of Alfieri to the laws of unity has led him into a strange error. The murder of Virginia by her father arouses the people, and at the same time enrages Appius Claudius. The people cry to arms, and exclaim : "Appius is a tyrant—let him perish!" Alfieri, thinking that his tragedy, being entitled *Virginia*, necessarily terminated with the death of his heroine, lets the curtain drop upon the people and the lictors in the midst of the conflict, so that the audience is ignorant of the result, and whether Appius or the people triumph. To leave any action unfinished at the conclusion of a drama is a gross violation of the unity; for it induces every one to believe that such action was totally independent of the unity. The rigorous notions which compelled the author to let the curtain fall exactly ten lines after the death of Virgina are still more out of place, when we consider that Appius is almost as important a personage as she, and that his danger and destruction, by which Virginia is avenged, and her death is justified, complete the essential action of the poem.

Amongst the tragedies of Alfieri, of the second period, we shall select the *Agamemnon*, in order to give some idea of a Greek drama of four characters, the interest of which does not arise from political events. The scene, which is laid in the palace of Argos, opens with a very beautiful soliloquy of Ægisthus, who imagines himself pursued by the shade of Thyestes, demanding vengeance. This he promises. Born in shame, the offspring of infamy and incest, he believes himself called upon by destiny to commit the crime. Hour after hour he awaits the return of the conqueror of Troy, and he promises the shade of his father to immolate him and his family. Clytemnestra seeks him, wishing to divert those painful thoughts which are so plainly depicted on his countenance. Ægisthus only speaks to her of his approaching departure, and of the necessity of avoiding the sight of the son of Atreus, the enemy of his race. He can bear neither his anger nor his contempt, and to the one or the other he is sensible that he must be exposed. He thus wounds the pride

which Clytemnestra feels in the object of her love, and excites and directs against Agamemnon the irritation of his delirious spouse. Clytemnestra at last beholds in Agamemnon only the murderer of Iphigenia. She calls to mind with bitterness that horrible sacrifice, and trembles at the name of such a father. All her affections are concentrated in Ægisthus and her children, and she loves to think that Ægisthus will be a more tender father than Agamemnon to Electra and to Orestes. Electra approaches, and Clytemnestra, in order to speak with her, prevails upon Ægisthus to leave them.

Electra relates the various reports which have spread through Argos, respecting the Grecian fleet. Some assert that contrary winds have driven it back to the mouth of the Bosphorus; others, that it has been shipwrecked on the rocks; while others again believe that they see the sails near the shores. Clytemnestra demands, with sarcastic bitterness, whether the gods wish that another of her children should be sacrificed for the return of Agamemnon, even as one perished on his departure. The character of Electra is admirable throughout. All her speeches are full of tenderness, respect, and devotion to her father, and of affection and deep pity for her mother's aberration. She hints to her cautiously and sorrowfully that she is aware of her fresh dislike to Agamemnon, and that the Court and the public, as well as herself, are acquainted with the cause of it.

Beloved mother,
What art thou doing? I do not believe
That a flagitious passion fires thy breast.
Involuntary fondness, sprung from pity,
Which youth, especially when 'tis unhappy,
Is apt to inspire, these, mother, are the baits
By which, without thyself suspecting it,
Thou hast been caught. Thou hast not hitherto
Each secret impulse rigorously examined:*

---

* O amata madre,
Che fai? Non credo io, no, che ardente fiamma
Il cor ti avvampi; involontario affetto
Misto a pietà, che giovinezza inspira
Quando infelice ell' è, son questi gli ami.
A cui, senza avvedertene, sei presa.
Di te, finor, chiesto non hai severa
Ragione a tè; di sua virtù non cade
Sospetto in cor conscio a se stesso; e forse

A bosom conscious of its rectitude
Hardly admits suspicion of itself;
And here, perchance, there is no ground for it:
Perchance thy fame thou yet hast scarcely sullied,
Much less thy virtue, and there still is time
To make atonement with one easy step.—
Ah! by the sacred shade, so dear to thee,
Of thy devoted daughter; by that love
Which thou hast ever shewn and felt for me—
That love of which to day I am not unworthy;
How can I more persuasively adjure thee?
By thy son's life, Orestes' life, I pray thee
Pause on the brink of this tremendous gulf;
Beloved mother, pause. Afar from Argos
Banish Ægisthus: stop malignant tongues
By thy deportment: with thy children weep
The hardships of Atrides, and frequent
With them the sacred temples of the Gods
To implore his swift return.—

Clytemnestra is moved; she weeps, she accuses herself and she likewise accuses the blood of Leda which runs through her veins; and the momentary flash of truth which passes across her mind, whilst it fails to convince her, fills her with terror.

At the beginning of the second act Ægisthus and Clytemnestra dispute upon the steps most expedient to be taken. The ships of Agamemnon now enter the port. He lands and advances towards the palace, upon which Ægisthus proposes to make his escape; but Clytemnestra, mad with love, will listen to no advice, nor see any danger. If prudence bids her hasten the flight of her lover, it is her part, she says, to fly with him, like Helen. Ægisthus, who beseeches her to suffer him to depart, endeavours, by the apprehension

---

Loco non ha: forse offendesti a pena
Non il tuo onor, ma, del tuo onor la fama.
E in tempo sei, ch' ogni tuo lieve cenno
Sublime ammenda esser ne può. Per l'ombra
Sacra, a te cara, della uccisa figlia;
Per quell' amor che a me portasti, ond' io
Oggi indegna non son: che più? Ten priego
Per la vita d'Oreste; O madre, arretra,
Arretra il piè dal precipizio orrendo.
Lunge dà noi codesto Egisto vada:
Fà che di tè si taceia: in un con noi
Piangi d'Atride i casi: ai templi vieni
Il suo ritorno a implorar dai numi.

of his absence, to add fuel to her love and jealousy. He, in fact, wishes to be prevented from going, and Clytemnestra begs him to remain a single day, exacting an oath from him that he will not quit the walls of Argos before the ensuing dawn. He consents, and Electra appearing, begs her mother to fly to the king. Clytemnestra, instead of answering her daughter, solemnly requests Ægisthus to repeat his oath; and this appeal, which she again makes at the end of the scene, after Electra has manifested her aversion for Ægisthus, and the dread with which his stay inspires her, fully displays all Clytemnestra's passion, and makes the spectators shudder. Ægisthus, being left alone, rejoices that his victims have at length fallen into his snares, and again promises the shade of Thyestes to avenge upon Agamemnon and his children the execrable repast of Atreus. He at length retires on beholding the approach of Agamemnon, accompanied by Electra and Clytemnestra, and surrounded by the soldiers and the people.

Alfieri has skilfully delineated in Agamemnon the tender feelings of a good king returning to his people, of a patriot restored to his country, and of a kind father again embracing his family:

> At last I see the wished-for walls of Argos:
> This ground which now I tread is the loved spot
> Where once I wandered with my infant feet.
> All that I see around me are my friends;—
> My wife, my daughter, and my faithful people,
> And you, ye household gods, whom I at last
> Return to worship. What have I to wish?
> What does there now remain for me to hope?
> How long and tedious do ten years appear
> Spent in a foreign country, far from all
> The heart holds dear! With what profound delight,*

---

* Riveggio al fin le sospirate mura
D'Argo mia: quel ch'io premo, è il suolo amato,
Che nascendo calcai: quanti al mio fianco
Veggo, amici mi son; figlia, consorte,
Popol mio fido, e voi, Penati Dei,
Cui finalmente ad adorar pur torno.
Che più bramar, che diù sperare omai
Mi resta, o lice? Oh come lunghi, e gravi
Son due lustri vissuti in strania terra
Lungi da quanto s' ama! Oh quanto è dolce
Ripatriar, dopo gli affanni tanti

After the labours of a bloody war,
Shall I repose? Oh home, beloved asylum,
Where peace alone awaits us, with what joy
Thee I revisit! But am I, alas!
The only one that tastes of comfort here?
My wife, my daughter! silently ye stand
Fixing upon the ground unquietly
Your conscious eyes. O heaven, do ye not feel
A joy that equals mine in being thus
Restored to my embrace?

Clytemnestra is agitated, and Electra is in fear for her; but her presence of mind is restored by the very sound of her own voice; and as she proceeds her answers become more intelligible. Agamemnon himself alludes to the misfortune which has deprived him of his other daughter, and which he regards as a divine ordinance to which his paternal heart is yet unable to bow.

Oft in my helmet bonneted I wept
In silence: but, except the father, none
Were conscious of these tears.*

He inquires for Orestes, and longs to embrace him. He asks whether he has yet entered upon the paths of virtue; and whether, when he hears of glorious achievements, or beholds a brandished sword, his eyes do not sparkle with ardour.

Agamemnon and Electra appear at the commencement of the third act; and the king inquires from his daughter what is the cause of the singular change which he has remarked in Clytemnestra. He is less surprised at her first silence than at the studied and constrained manner in which she afterwards addressed him. Electra, compelled to give some reason for this change, attributes it to the sacrifice of Iphigenia, and thus gives Agamemnon an opportunity of

---

Di sanguinosa guerra! Oh vero porto
Di tutta pace, esser tra suoi!—Ma, il solo
Son io, che goda quì? Consorte, figlia,
Voi taciturne state, a terra incerto
Fissando il guardo irrequieto? Oh cielo!
Pari alla gioia mia non è la vostra,
Nel ritornar fra le mie braccia?

* Io spesso
Chiuso nell' elmo, in silenzio piangeva,
Ma, nol sapea, che il padre.

exculpating himself to the audience from all the odium which that sacrifice had cast upon him. He then asks how it happens that the son of Thyestes is in Argos. He is astonished at learning that fact for the first time on his arrival, and he perceives that every one mentions his name with repugnance. Electra replies that Ægisthus is unfortunate, but that Agamemnon will judge better than she can whether he is worthy of pity. Ægisthus is afterwards brought before him, and informs him that the hatred and jealousy of his brothers have driven him from his country. He represents himself as a proscribed suppliant; he flatters Agamemnon to obtain his favour; he is humble without debasing himself, and treacherous without creating disgust. Agamemnon reminds him of the family enmities, which should have induced him to look for an asylum in any other place than in the palace of Atreus:

> Hitherto, Ægisthus,
> Thou wert, and still thou art, to me unknown;
> I neither hate nor love thee; yet, though willing
> To lay aside hereditary discord,
> I cannot, without feeling in my breast,
> I know not what of strange and perplex'd feeling,
> Behold the countenance, nor hear the voice
> Of one that is the offspring of Thyestes.*

As Ægisthus, however, implores his protection, he promises to employ his influence amongst the Greeks in his favour, but he commands him to leave Argos before the morrow. As Ægisthus leaves the king, Clytemnestra enters. She is much agitated, and fears lest her husband has discovered her inconstancy. She rejects the consolatory attentions of her daughter, and the hope which she had endeavoured to excite in her breast, that it was still possible for her to return to the paths of duty. At length she retires to indulge her melancholy reflections in solitude.

The fourth act opens with a conversation between

---

* Egisto, a me tu fosti
E sei finora ignoto, per te stesso:
Io non t' odio, ne t' amo; eppur, bench' io
Voglia in disparte por gli odi nefandi,
Senza provar non sò qual moto in petto,
No, mirar non poss'io, nè udir la voce,
La voce pur, del figlio di Tieste.

Clytemnestra and Ægisthus. Ægisthus takes leave of the queen, who abandons herself to the impetuosity of her passion. This scene, which leads to such fatal consequences, is managed with infinite art. Ægisthus, while he appears submissive, tender, and despairing, aims only at instilling poison into the heart of his victim. She despises infamy and danger. She wishes to follow him, to fly with him. He, however, shews her the folly of her projects, and the impossibility of executing any of them. He represents himself as surrounded with dangers, and her as lost; and for a long time he refuses to mention any means of avoiding the evil. At last he tells her that one resource remains, though an unworthy one.

ÆGIS. Another step, perhaps, e'en now remains,
But unbecoming—
CLY. And it is?—
ÆGIS. Too cruel.
CLY. But certain—
ÆGIS. Certain! ah, too much so!
CLY. How
Canst thou then hide it from me?
ÆGIS. How canst thou
Of me demand it?*

Clytemnestra still hesitates; she wavers; she considers all the pretended causes of hatred towards Agamemnon; all her own and her lover's dangers; and she then asks what other step she can take; to which Ægisthus answers—None. But as he utters this word, the dark glaring of his eyes at once informs the queen that he thirsts for the blood of Agamemnon. Clytemnestra tremblingly strengthens herself to commit the crime, and Ægisthus chooses that moment to tell her that the king has brought Cassandra with him, that she is his mistress, and that he intends speedily to sacrifice his wife to her. The approach of Electra compels the guilty

---

* EGIST. ..... Altro partito, forse, or ne rimane .....
Ma indegno .....
CLIT. Ed è?
EGIST. Crudo.
CLIT. Ma certo.
EGIST. Ah! certo
Pur troppo! .....
CLIT. E a me tu il celi?
EGIST. E a me tu il chiedi.

pair to separate. She perceives with terror the agitation of her mother, and forebodes the crimes of Ægisthus. She beseeches the king to dismiss him immediately. Agamemnon attributes her terror to the hereditary enmity between the blood of Atreus and of Thyestes, and feels that he would be wanting in hospitality, if he should hasten the banishment of an unfortunate stranger. He then consults Clytemnestra, who, at the very name of Ægisthus, betrays the most extreme emotion. Demanding the cause of her disturbance, he laments with her the death of Iphigenia, and attempts, but in vain, to dissipate her suspicions respecting Cassandra.

At the commencement of the fifth act Clytemnestra appears alone with a poniard in her hand. She has bound herself by an oath to shed the blood of her husband, and she prepares to perpetrate the crime ; but, in the absence of Ægisthus, remorse attacks her. She is shocked at the enterprise, and casts away the dagger ; when Ægisthus again making his appearance, rekindles her fury. He informs her that Agamemnon is acquainted with their love, and that on the morrow they must appear before that stern judge, when death and infamy will be their portion if Atrides is suffered to live. Persuading her to persevere, he arms her with a more deadly dagger ; with that which sacrificed the sons of Thyestes. He hurries her into the apartment of her husband, and invokes the shade of Thyestes to enjoy the infernal revenge which is to be accomplished by the wife of the son of Atreus. During this terrible invocation the cries of Agamemnon are heard, who recognizes his wife as he dies. Of Clytemnestra, who returns to the stage distracted, Ægisthus takes no notice, whilst the palace resounds with terrific cries. Ægisthus perceives that the time is now come when it is necessary to shew himself in his true colours, and to gather the fruit of his protracted hypocrisy. He determines to murder Orestes and to mount the throne of Atreus. Electra, rushing in, accuses Ægisthus of the crime ; but seeing her mother armed with a bloody poniard, she recognizes with horror the true assassin. She seizes the dagger, in order to preserve it for Orestes, whom she has placed in a safe retreat. The horrid truth now flashes upon Clytemnestra's mind ; she sees that Ægisthus has been gratifying his hatred and not his love, and she flies after him to preserve the life of her son

Agamemnon was published by Alfieri at the end of the year 1783. with five other tragedies, *Orestes*, *Rosmunda*, *Octavia*, *Timoleon*, and *Merope*. The *Orestes* is a continuation of *Agamemnon*, with an interval of ten years, and the drama opens on the anniversary of the murder of the king. The action from the commencement of the piece is more violent ; the hate nourished by the virtuous characters is more atrocious ; and Alfieri thought that he had adopted a subject more conformable to his talents. The result, however, was in contradiction to that idea. In order to affect the feelings, it was quite necessary for him to mingle at least some portion of tenderness with the natural acerbity of his genius ; but, by a total abandonment of it, he fatigues the spectators with a representation of uninterrupted rage. Electra, Ægisthus, Clytemnestra, and Orestes, seem to be always prepared to tear one another to pieces. The fury of the latter is so unccasing and approaches so nearly to madness, that we can easily comprehend how it was possible for him in the last act to murder his mother without knowing her. This fury is too monotonous to excite any interest. Rosmunda, a Queen of the Lombards, who put her husband, Alboino, to death, in order to revenge the murder of her father Cunimond, has furnished Alfieri with the subject of another of his tragedies. This drama, which was in the highest favour with the author, has enjoyed very little success with the public. The two female characters, Rosmunda, and Romilda, the daughter of Alboino by a former wife, both of them driven on by the most furious spirit of revenge, are engaged from the opening of the drama in a war of hatred and outrage, which disgusts the spectator. All the characters share in this tedious combat. Almachilda and Ildovaldo emulously vituperate each other and Rosmunda, who, in her turn, attacks them and Romilda. Nature, the true gradation of the passions, and theatrical effect, are alike sacrificed to this universal fury. The subject of the drama is not Rosmunda's first crime, but is entirely the author's own invention, in which he has been by no means happy ; for the plot is not natural, and the developement resembles that of a romance. The two tragedies of *Octavia* and *Timoleon* both appear to me to be open to the objection of exaggeration. In the first, the vices of the characters, and in the second, their virtues, are on too gigantic a scale. Neither the mad-

ness of Nero, nor the fratricide of Timoleon, although it restored liberty to Corinth, is, in my opinion, a fit subject for the drama. *Merope* is the last piece of the second class, and, perhaps, the best. It is at once interesting and correct in feeling. It is remarkable as being a completely new conception, notwithstanding the Merope of Maffei and of Voltaire. The coincidence in the subject may render an analysis of it uninteresting, and they who wish to compare the three dramas should read them entire.

Amongst the tragedies which made their first appearance in the third edition, I shall select *Saul* as affording the best extracts. This play, which was a favourite with the author, has likewise maintained its place upon the stage. The naked and austere style of Alfieri suited well with the patriarchal times which are there represented. We do not require the first King of Israel to be surrounded by a numerous court, or to act solely by the intervention of his ministers. We cannot forget that he was a shepherd-king. On the other hand, in this drama, Alfieri occasionally indulges in an oriental richness of expression, and indeed it is the first of his tragedies in which the language is habitually poetical.

At the first dawn of day, David, clothed in the habit of a common soldier, appears alone at Gilboa, between the camp of the Hebrews and that of the Philistines. It is God who has led him thither ; God, who has protected him from the pursuit and the frenzy of Saul ; God. who has conducted him to his camp, in order to give fresh proofs of his obedience and his valour. Jonathan, coming forth from the tents of the king to pray, finds his friend, and recognizes him by his hardihood. He tells him how his father Saul is tormented by an evil spirit, and how Abner, his lieutenant, takes advantage of this circumstance to sacrifice all whose merit has given him offence. He then informs him that Michal, the sister of Jonathan and the wife of David, is in the camp with Saul, her father, whom she is comforting and consoling in his afflictions, and from whom she has begged, in return, that he will restore David to her. He addresses David with a mixture of respect and love ; regarding him both as the friend of his heart and as the messenger and favourite of God. The tender, faithful, and constant nature of David, is painted in the finest manner. The Lord triumphs over all his affections ;

out his enthusiasm, however exalted, does not extinguish the natural sentiments of his heart. Jonathan informs him that Michal will soon leave the tents, and join him in his morning prayers ; and, as she approaches, he persuades David to conceal himself, in order that he may guard her against the surprise. Michal is a tender and suffering woman ; she has no other thoughts but of David ; all her fears and all her desires centre in him. As soon as Jonathan has prepared her to expect the return of her husband, David throws himself into her arms. They are all of opinion that David ought to present himself before Saul, previous to the battle which the latter is about to fight with the Philistines ; and that Michal and Jonathan shall prepare the way for his reception, while David himself awaits their instructions in a neighbouring cavern.

The second act opens with a scene between Saul and Abner. Saul is lamenting over his old age, the succour of the Almighty withheld from him, and the power of his enemies, with which he is deeply affected. His language is that of a noble but dejected soul. Abner attributes all the misfortunes of the king to David :

Thou 'rt deceived—
All my calamities may be referred
To a more terrible cause.—And what ? wouldst thou
Conceal from me the horror of my state ?
Ah ! were I not a father as I am,
Alas ! too certainly of much loved children
Would I now wish life, victory, or the throne ?
I should already, and a long time since,
Headlong have cast myself 'mid hostile swords :
I should already, thus at least, at once
Have closed the horrible life that I drag on.
How many years have now pass'd since a smile
Was seen to play upon my lips ? My children,*

* Ah ! no ; deriva ogni sventura mia
Da più terribil fonte !—E che ? Celarmi
L'orror vorresti del mio stato ? Ah, s' io
Padre non fossi, come il son, pur troppo !
Di cari figli—or la vittoria e il regno,
E la vita vorrei ? Precipitoso
Già mi sarei fra gl'inimici ferri
Scagliato io, da gran tempo ; avrei gia tronca
Così la vita orribile ch' io vivo.
Quanti anni or son, che sul mio labro il riso
Non fu visto spuntare ? I figli miei

Ch'

Whom still I love so much, if they caress me,
For the most part inflame my heart to rage:
Impatient, fierce, incensed, and turbulent,
I am a burthen to myself and others.
In peace I wish for war, in war for peace:
Poison conceal'd I drink in every cup—
In every friend I see an enemy:
The softest carpets of Assyria seem
Planted with thorns to my unsolaced limbs:
My transient sleep is agonized with fear—
Each dream, with imaged terrors that distract me.
Why should I add to this dark catalogue—
Who would believe it?—The sonorous trumpet
Speaks to my ears in an appalling voice,
And fills the heart of Saul with deep dismay.
Thou seest clearly that Saul's tottering house
Is desolate, bereft of all its splendour;
Thou seest that God hath cast me off for ever.

The character of Saul throughout the whole drama is consistent with the representation of it in this scene. He impetuously abandons himself to the most contrary passions, and the latest word which he hears awakens a new storm in his soul. He easily believes his glory tarnished and his power departing; he menaces; he punishes; and his own fury appears to him a fresh instance of that divine vengeance under which he is perishing. Abner attributes his violence and his aberration of mind to the superstitious terrors which Samuel and the prophets of Rama have excited, and which the enthusiasm of David has nourished. Jonathan and Michal, who enter at this moment, entreat him, on the contrary, to believe that his power and glory are connected with the return of David, whom they announce as the messenger of

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Ch'amo pur tanto, le più volte all' ira
Muovonmi il cor, se mi accarezzan—Fero,
Impaziente, torbido, adirato
Sempre; a me stesso incresco ognora e altrui;
Bramo in pace far guerra, in guerra pace·
Entro ogni nappo ascoso tosco io bevo;
Scorgo un nemico in ogni amico; i molli
Tappeti Assiri, ispidi dumi al fianco
Mi sono; angoscia il breve sonno; i sogni
Terror. Che più? Chi l' crederia? Spavento
M' è la tromba di guerra; alto spavento
E la tromba a Saul! vedi se è fatta
Vedova omai di suo splendor la casa
Di Saul; vedi, se omai Dio sta meco.

God, and the pledge of divine protection. When the mind of Saul is thus warmed, David enters and throws himself at his feet. He calms by his submissive deportment the first burst of anger which his appearance has excited; he repels the accusations of Abner, and proves that, far from laying snares for the king, he had his life in his power in the cave of Enjedi, where, while Saul was sleeping, he cut off a portion of his garment, which he now presents to him. Saul is convinced; he calls David his son, and commends him to the love of Michal as a recompense for his sufferings. He then commits to him the command of the army, and begs him to arrange the order of the approaching battle.

At the commencement of the third act, Abner gives an account to David of the order of battle which he had proposed when he conceived himself to be sole general. He mingles some bitter irony with his report, which David treats with noble coldness. The latter approves of the military dispositions, and confides the execution of them to Abner, mingling praises of his valour with the counsels which he gives him. Scarcely has Abner departed, when Michal appears, to inform her husband that the general, having seen Saul, has awakened with a single word all his former fury. She fears that David will again be forced to fly, and she swears to accompany him in his exile. Saul now appears with Jonathan, and displays symptoms of strong insanity:

> Who, who are ye? Who speaks of pure air here?
> This? 'tis a thick impenetrable gloom,
> A land of darkness, and the shades of death.
> Ah, see! more nearly it approaches me—
> A fatal wreath of blood surrounds the sun—
> Heard'st thou the death-notes of ill-omen'd birds?
> With loud laments the vocal air resounds
> That smite my ears, compelling me to weep;
> But what, do ye weep also?*

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* Chi sete voi?—Chi d' aura aperta e pura.
Qui favella?—Questa? è caligin densa,
Tenebre sono; ombra di morte—Oh mira;
Più mi t' accosta; il vedi? Il sol d'intorno
Cinto ha di sangue ghirlanda funesta—
Odi tu canto di sinistri augelli?
Lugùbre un pianto sull' aere si spande,
Che me percuote, e a lagrimar mi sforza—
Ma che! Voi pur, voi pur piangete?—

He then asks for David, and reproaches him in turn for his pride (for deep jealousy is the true madness of Saul), and for the enthusiastic tone in which he speaks of God; since the divinity is his enemy, and his praises are insults to Saul. He is astonished at beholding the sword which David had taken from Goliath, and which had been afterwards dedicated to God in the tabernacle of Nob, and he becomes furious when he learns that Abimelech has restored this sword to David. But even this fury exhausts itself. He relents; he melts into tears; and Jonathan invites David to seize upon this moment to calm the frenzy of the king by his songs and his harp. David sings or recites some lyrical effusions, of which he changes the metre according to the subject, to suit the temper of Saul's mind. He first implores the protection of God; then he sings of martial glory in the stanza of the canzoni; but, upon Saul exclaiming that these are the songs of his youth, and that henceforward relaxation, oblivion, and peace must be the portion of his old age, David sings the hymn of peace in harmonious and tender strains. Saul is angry with himself that he can be moved by such effeminate compositions, and David again commences his war song. In animated dithyrambic verse he paints the glory of Saul in his battles, and represents himself as marching in his footsteps. This allusion to another warrior exasperates Saul; in his fury he attempts to transfix the minstrel who has dared to introduce the mention of another's exploits, and David escapes with difficulty, while Jonathan and Michal restrain the anger of the king.

At the commencement of the fourth act, Michal enquires from Jonathan, whether David may yet return to her father's tent, but she is told that although the frenzy of the king has passed away, his anger still remains. Saul then enters, and orders Michal to go in search of David. Abner accuses the latter, the general of the king's choice, with being absent in the hour of battle, and brings Abimelech, the high priest, whom he had discovered in the camp, before the monarch. At the sight of him, all Saul's fury against the Levites is again awakened, and on learning his name, he charges him with having dared to grant protection to David, and with having restored to him the sword of Goliath. Abimelech answers him with all the haughtiness of an enthusiast; menaces him

with the vengeance of God, which is suspended above his head; and irritates, instead of intimidating him. Saul recalls the cruelty of the priests, and the death of the king of the Amalekites, who, after having been made prisoner, was put to death by Samuel; and he gives back menace for menace. He orders Abimelech to be led to death, and commands a detachment of his troops to proceed to Nob, to destroy the race of priests and prophets, to burn their abodes, and to put to the sword their mothers, their wives, and their children, their slaves, and their flocks. He changes the whole order of battle, which had been determined upon in concert with David, and he resolves to commence the engagement on the ensuing dawn. He repulses Jonathan, who entreats him not to incur the sin of this sacrilegious act; he repulses Michal, who returns without David; and he declares that if David is seen in the battle, all the swords of Israel shall be turned against him. Shunning every one, he exclaims,

> I to myself am left—myself alone,
> Unhappy king! myself alone I dread not.

The fifth act commences with Michal leading David from his retreat. She informs him that dangers are closing round him, and entreats him to fly and bear her along with him. David wishes to remain to fight with his countrymen, and to perish in battle; but as soon as he hears that the blood of the priests has been shed, that the camp is polluted, and the ground stained with it, he acknowledges that he can never combat in this place, and resolves to fly. He is, however, unwilling to carry away with him a daughter who is her father's sole consolation, or to impede his course through the deserts, as he necessarily must if she accompanies him. He therefore supplicates and commands her to remain. Their separation is tender and touching, and David takes his lonely way through the craggy passes of the mountains. Scarcely has he departed, when Michal hears the sounds of conflict at the extremity of the camp, and groans proceeding from the tent of her father. Saul is again furious; the excess of his delirium is redoubled by the remorse which oppresses him. He sees the shade of Samuel menacing him, of Abimelech, and of the victims slain at Nob. His way is on every side obstructed by the bodies of the dead and by carnage. He

offers up his supplications and intreats that at least the anger of God may pass away from the heads of his children. His delirium is truly sublime, and the apparitions which torment him fill the imagination of the spectator. Suddenly the shadows disappear; he only hears the cry of battle which approaches nearer and nearer. He had resolved to engage the ensuing morning; but it is yet night, and the Philistines are within his camp. Abner arrives with a handful of soldiers, and wishes to carry the king to the mountains to a place of safety. The Philistines surprise the Israelites, and Jonathan perishes with all his brothers. The army is completely routed, and only a few moments' space remains for flight. Of this, Saul obstinately refuses to take advantage; he orders Abner to bear Michal to a place of safety, and forces her to leave him, and he then remains alone on the stage:

Oh my children,
I was a father—See thyself alone,
O King! Of thy so many friends and servants,
Not one remains.—Inexorable God!
Is thy retributory wrath appeased?
But thou remain'st to me, O sword! Now come,
My faithful servant in extremity.
Hark! hark! the howlings of the insolent victors!
The lightning of their burning torches glares
Before my eyes already, and I see
Their swords by thousands. Impious Philistine!
Thou shalt find me, but like a king, here, dead.*

As he speaks these words he falls, transfixed by his own sword. The victorious Philistines surround him in a crowd, with blazing torches and bloody swords. While they are rushing with loud cries upon Saul, the curtain falls.

This tragedy is essentially different from the other dramas of Alfieri. It is conceived in the spirit of Shakspeare, and

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* Oh figli miei!—Fui padre!—
Eccoti solo, O rè; non un ti resta
Dei tanti amici, o servi tuoi.—Sei paga,
D' inesorabil Dio terribil ira?—
Ma tu mi resti, O brando, all' ultim uopo.
Fido ministro, or vieni.—Ecco, già gli urli
Dell' insolente vincitor: sul ciglio
Già lor fiaccole ardenti balenarmi
Veggo, e le spade a mille.—Empio Filiste,
Me troverai, ma almen da rè, quì—morto.

not of the French drama. It is not a conflict between passion and duty, which furnishes the plot of this tragedy. We here find a representation of a noble character, suffering under those weaknesses which sometimes accompany the greatest virtues, and governed by the fatality not of destiny, but of human nature. There is scarcely any action in this piece. Saul perishes, the victim, not of his passions, not of his crimes, but of his remorse, augmented by the terror which a gloomy imagination has cast over his soul. He is the first heroic madman, who, if my memory be correct, has been introduced into the classical drama; while in the romantic theatre, Shakspeare and his followers have delineated with terrible truth this moral death, more shocking than our natural dissolution; this melancholy catastrophe in the drama of real life, which, though ennobled by the rank of its victim, is yet not confined to any one class, and, though exhibited to our eyes in the person of a king, menaces us all alike.

At the same time with *Saul*, appeared the eight last tragedies of Alfieri. In *Mary Stuart*, the scene is laid, not at the melancholy termination of her long captivity, but at the period when she entered into the conspiracy with Bothwell against her husband, and tarnished her fame with the blood of the unfortunate Darnley. The conspiracy of the Pazzi in 1478 to restore liberty to Florence, is the subject of the second of these tragedies. The catastrophe is striking, and the situation of Bianca, the sister of the Medici and the wife of one of the Pazzi, distracted between her affection for her brothers and her husband, forms the chief interest of the drama. *Don Garcia* is a second tragedy drawn from the history of the Medici, after that ambitious family had gained possession of the sovereign power. Don Garcia, one of the sons of Cosmo I. was the instrument of the terrible vengeance of his father; by whose order he slew, with his own hand and in the obscurity of night, his brother whom he did not know, and was himself, in his turn, put to death by the tyrant. The fourth tragedy is *Agis*, king of Sparta, whom the Ephori put to death for attempting to augment the privileges of the people, and to place bounds to the power of the aristocracy. The plot of *Sophonisba* is the story of the mistress of Massinissa, who killed herself to avoid being led to Rome in triumph. The next tragedy is the *Elder Brutus*, who judged his own

sons. The next, Myrrha, who died the victim of her sinful passions. The last of these dramas is founded on the story of the younger *Brutus*, the assassin of Cæsar. Amongst these latter tragedies we shall find Mary Stuart, the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and the two Brutuses most worthy of our study and attention. We have already expended so much time on the theatre of Alfieri, that we cannot afford to give any more analyses ; but we must not quit so celebrated an author without saying a few words upon his other works.

Previously to so doing, however, we shall, in order to terminate our history of the Italian Theatre, give some account of those tragedians who, succeeding Alfieri, took that great man for their model, and who share at this moment the Italian stage in common with him. The first of these is Vincenzio Monti of Ferrara, of whom we shall again speak in the next chapter, when we come to mention his epic compositions. His *Aristodemo* is one of the most affecting of all the Italian tragedies. This Messenian, who, to gain the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, and to attain the regal power, has voluntarily offered up his daughter as a sacrifice to the Gods, appears upon the stage, fifteen years after the commission of this crime, devoured with remorse at having outraged nature to serve his ambition. The union of this remorse with the heroism which he displays, in his public capacity, and with his affection towards another daughter, who has been long lost to him, and whom he believes to be a Spartan captive, affords ample opportunity for fine acting, and for producing strong emotion; but, in truth, there is very little action in the drama, which is filled with negotiations with the envoy of Sparta, entirely foreign to the passions of the hero of the piece ; and when at the conclusion he kills himself, his death is caused rather by his fifteen years of remorse, than by any thing which passes in the five acts of the tragedy. Yet we recognize the school of Alfieri in the loftiness of the characters, in the energy of the sentiments, in the simplicity of the action so devoid of incident, in the absence of all foreign pomp, and in the interest sustained without the assistance of love. We likewise remark the peculiar talent of Monti, in which he excelled Alfieri ; his harmony, his elegance, and his poetical language, which, while they charm our minds, never fail to delight our ear.

Monti has written another tragedy, entitled *Galeotto Man-*

fredi; the subject of which is drawn from the Italian chronicles of the fifteenth century; a period so fertile in tyrants and in crimes. This Prince of Faenza, the victim of his wife's jealousy, was assassinated by her order and under her own eyes. In this drama, likewise, Monti approaches Alfieri in the nakedness of the action, in the energy of the characters, and in the eloquence of the sentiments. He has adhered but too closely to his model in his neglect of all local colouring. This national tragedy would possess many more charms, did it but present a lively picture to the spectators of the Italians of the middle age.*

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* As a specimen of the talents of Monti, I have selected the scene in which Zambrino excites Matilda to assassinate her husband. The situation resembles that of Ægisthus and Clytemnestra, in the dra- of Alfieri.

MATILD. Meco ti vieta
Ogni colloquio il crudo, (*Manfredi*) e so ben io
Perchè lo vieta; accusator ti teme
De' tradimenti suoi, l' infame tresca
Tenermi occulta per tal modo, ei pensa.
Ben lo comprendo.
ZAMB. Io taccio.
MATILD. Ho d' uopo io forse
Che tu mel noti? Si; me sola intende
Il tiranno oltraggiar, quando mi priva
Dell' unico fedel, che raddoleirmi
Solea le pene, ed asciugarmi il pianto;
Ma ne sparsi abbastanza; or d' ira, in seno
Il cor cangiommi; ed ei con gli occhi ha rotta
Corrispondenza.
ZAMB. Ah! Principessa, il cielo
M'è testimon, che mi sgomenta solo
De' tuoi mali il pensiero; in me si sfoghi
Come più vuol Manfredi, e mi unisca
D' aver svelato alla tradita moglie
La nuova infedeltà; sommo delitto
Che sommo traditor mai non perdona.
Di tè duolmi infelice. Alla mia mente,
Funesto e truce, un avvenir s'affaccia
Che fa tremarmi il cuor sul tuo destino.
Tu del consorte, tu per sempre, O donna,
Hai perduto l'amor.
MATILD. Ma non perduta
La mia vendetta; ed io l'avrò; pagarla
Dovessi a prezzo d'anima e di sangue;
Si, compita l'avrò.

ZAMB.

Some less celebrated authors also have profited by the precepts and the models which Alfieri bequeathed to them.

ZAMB. Ma d'un ripudio
Meglio non fora tollerar l'affronto?
MATILD. Di ripudio che parli?
ZAMB. E chi potria
Campartene? Non vedi? Ei per Elisa
D'amor delira. Possederla in moglie,
Abbi sicuro che vi pensa, e due
Capirne il letto marital non puote.
A scacciarne te poscia; il suo dispetto
Fia di mezzi abbondante, e di pretesti.
L'odio d'entrambi, l'infecondo nodo,
D'un successor necessità, gran possa
Di forti amici, e basterà per tutti
Di Valentino l'amistà. Di Roma
L'oracolo fia poi mite e cortese,
Intercessore Valentino. E certo
Il trionfo d'Elisa.
MATILD. Anzi, la morte.
Vien meco.
ZAMB. E dove?
MATILD. A trucidarla.
ZAMB. Ignori
Che Manfredi è con lei? L'ho visto io stesso
Furtivo entrarvi col favor dell' ombre,
E serrar l'uscio sospettoso e cheto.
Avvicinai l'orecchio, e tutto intorno
Era silenzio, e nulla intesi, e nulla
Di più so dirti.
MATILD. Ah taci! Ogni parola
Mi drizza i crini, assai dicesti, basta
Basta così, non proseguir . . . L' hai visto
Tu stesso, non è ver? Parla.
ZAMB. T' accheta:
Oh! taciuto l' avessi!
MATILD. Ebben, ti prego,
Tiriamo un velo, oh Dio! Spalanca, O terra,
Le voragini tue: quest' empi inghiotti
Nel calor della colpa, e queste mura
E l' intera città; sorga una fiamma
Che li divori, e me con essi, e quanti
Vi son ribaldi, che la fede osaro
Del talamo tradir.
ZAMB. (Pungi, prosegui
Demone tutelar, colmala tutta
E testa e cuor, di rabbia e di veleno,
E d'una crudeltà limpida, pura,
Senza mistura di pietà.)

MATILD.

Amongst these we may mention Alessandro Pepoli of Bologna, an enthusiastic lover of the drama, who attempted, and sometimes imprudently, to make new discoveries in his art. He died young in the year 1796. He has imitated Alfieri not in the construction of his plot, but in his eloquence, his precision, and his laconic dialogues.*

But the most faithful of all the imitators of Alfieri is Giovanni Battista Niccolini, a Florentine by birth, who is very recently known in Italy as the author of a tragedy entitled *Polyxena.* From the worn-out materials of the ancient mythology, and the trite incident of a human sacrifice, he has formed a most beautiful tragedy, in which love is the conspicuous passion. Polyxena, the daughter of Priam, was, according to the tradition, the betrothed bride of Achilles at the period of his death, and was the victim immolated by Pyrrhus on the tomb of his father, after the capture of Troy. Niccolini, however, supposes that Polyxena, in the division of the captives, falls to the lot of

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MATILD. Spergiuro !
Barbaro ! finalmente io ti ringrazio
Della tua reità. Cosi mi spogli
Di qualunque rimorso. E tu dal fodro
Esci, ferro di morte : a questa punta
La mia vendetta raccommando ; il tuo
Snuda, Zambrino.
ZAMB. T'obbedisco.
MATILD. Andiamo.
Galeotto Manfredi, Atto v. *Sc.* 5.

* The following lines, from the commencement of his *Rotrude*, are evidently in the manner of Alfieri :—

ADALULFO. Parla, mio rè, che vuoi ?
ARIOVALDO. Conforto.
ADAL. E a me lo chiedi ?
ARIOV. E tu mel dei,
Se a me tu lo rapisti.
ADAL. Accusi forse . . .?
ARIOV. No, bramo, sfogo, e in un consiglio.
ADAL. Intendo.
Vuoi parlar di Rotrude ; a lei sol pensi,
E non vivi che a lei.
ARIOV. Perdona, amico,
Alla mia debolezza ; io la comprendo,
E quasi la detesto.
Atto I. Sc. 1.

Pyrrhus, as Cassandra to Agamemnon ; that she is beloved by him, and loves him in her turn ; but that the Gods have forbidden the return of the Greeks to their own country, until one of the daughters of Priam has been sacrificed by the hand of him who is dearest to her, to appease the shade of Achilles. The power of his fanatical feelings, which are well described throughout the whole drama, excites, in the breast of Pyrrhus, the most violent contest between filial piety and love. Polyxena at last dies by his hand, precipitating herself upon the sword with which he was about to strike Calchas. We find in this love plot, and in the sacrifice, some traces of the French school and the drama of Metastasio ; but the purity of the conception, the simplicity of the action, the grandeur of the characters, which are all of the first cast, without confidants or idle attendants, and the power and elevation of the language, springing from the energy of the sentiments, and expressed with precision, are all of them worthy of a scholar of Alfieri. The merits to which this tragedian may lay an exclusive claim, are the lively representation of the time and scene of the drama, the locality of the poetry, if I may so express myself, and the many allusions which it contains to Grecian manners and history. Niccolini, fresh from the perusal of Homer and of Virgil, has preserved more of the customs and opinions of the Greeks, than may perhaps be allowable in the modern drama. He calls up to our imagination and impresses into his service all the poetical traditions which we find in the classics, while he enriches his poem with all the antique magnificence of the ruins of Troy ; for it is within the yet smoking walls of that city that the scene of his tragedy is laid.*

* I shall give a few extracts from this tragedy, which was represented in 1811, and which raised such brilliant expectations of the young author, whose first attempt it was. Calchas describes to Ulysses the apparition of Achilles :

CALCANTE. Pirro
Coi Mirmidoni suoi sfidava in guerra
E la Grecia, e gli Dei, dove d'Achille
S' erge il sepolcro : *in resta era ogni lancia*(†),

† This is an error in costume ; it was only in the middle ages that the lance was ever put in the rest.

But to return to Alfieri. In the collection of his works, published during his life, of eight volumes, five contain his

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E teso ogni areo, allor che i passi miei
Guida incognita forza: ah! certo un Dio
M' empiea di se, ch'io più mortal non era.
Volo in mezzo alle schiere, affronto Pirro
E grido: Queste alla paterna tomba
Son le vittime care? Ah! sorgi, Achille,
Sorgi, e rimira dell' insano Pirro
Le sacrileghe imprese, ed arrossisci
D'esser gli padre. Allor dai marmi un cupo
Gemito s'ode: nell' ineerte destre
Tremano l'aste, le contrarie schiere
Unisce la paura, il suol vacilla,
Il cielo tuona, agli sdegnati flutti
L'ira s'accresce del presente Achille;
Orrendo ei stette sulla tomba: in oro
Gli splendean l' armi emule al sole, e fiamma
Dell' antico furor gli ardea negli occhi.
Così fi volse nel funesto sdegno
Contro il figlio d'Atreo. Tu, prole ingrata,
Tu, grida a Pirro, mi contrasti onore
In vano. Trema, l'ostia io scorgo, il ferro
A me promesso. Il sacerdote, il sangue
Sà Polissena. Allor vermiglia luce
Dall' armi sfolgorò, maggiore, immenso,
Torreggiò Achille sulla tomba, ascose
Fra i lampi il capo, fra le nubi, e sparve.
Polyxena, Atto IV. Sc. 2.

In the same act Cassandra is suddenly seized with the prophetic fervor, and reveals to Agamemnon the terrors of the future.

CASSANDRA. I Numi
A tua crudel clemenza egual mercede
Daranno, io tel predico.
AGAM. E quale?
CAS. Un figlio
Simile a te; che ardisca, e tremi, e sia
Empio per la pietà; che non s'appelli
Innocente, nè reo; che la natura
Vendichi e offenda; . . . . a che mi rendi, O Febo,
Inutil dono! . . . Ilio non cadde? . . . Ahi dove
Sono! Che veggo! O patria mia, raffrena
Il pianto, e mira sull' Euboico lido
Le fiamme utrici . . . Già la Grecia nuota
Dalle tue spoglie oppressa . . . Orribil notte
Siede sul mare . . . Il fulmine la squarcia . . .
Ah! chi lo vibra? . . . Tardi, O Dea, conosci
I Greci, tardi a vendicarmi impugni

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tragedies, which are known to every one; and the other three are filled with his political works and poems, with which very few persons are acquainted. A long treatise *On the Prince and on Literature* forms one of these volumes, and may, in point of elegance and force of style, be compared with the best writings in the Italian language. It is rich in thought and high sentiment; and treats, with profound ability and in every view, of that important question, the protection which it is said a prince ought to extend to literature, and the corrupting effects of this patronage upon literary men. The extreme bitterness, however, of the author's manner, and the affected style, which is evidently imitated from Machiavelli, take away all our pleasure in the perusal of this book. We are so well acquainted, before

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La folgore paterna . . . Eccomi in Argo:
Tenebre eguali alle Troiane stanno
Sovra la reggia Pelopea: di pianto
Suonan gli atri regali . . . Imbelle mano
Vendica l'Asia, e la nefanda scure
Cade pur sul mio collo. Ah! grazie, O Numi,
Alfin libera io sono, e già ritrovo
L'ombre de'miei . . . Che dissi! Ah! ch' io vaneggio.

In the first scene of the fifth act, Polyxena having determined to die, in order to expiate the love which she is ashamed of feeling for her father's murderer, thus takes leave of her sister Cassandra:

Certo il mio fato,
Non cercarne perchè. Meco sepolto
Resti ciò, che a te duolo, a me vergogna
Saria, se tu il sapessi. A quest' arcano
Dono il mio sangue: nè acquistarne onore,
Ma non perderlo è il frutto. Io non t' inganno:
Son giusti i Numi, e la mia morte è giusta.
La madre assisti; tu le asciuga il pianto,
E in consolar la sventurata, adempi
Pur le mie veci. Esser sostegno, e guida
Agl' infermi anni suoi tu dei, nè troppo
Rammentarmi all' afflitta; il suo dolore
Accresceresti. Sul materno volto
Ai tuoi baci, O Cassandra, aggiungi i miei.
All' ombre io scenderò, ma questa cura
Verrà meco insepolta. A Priamo, ai figli,
Di lei ragionerò. Dirò che teco
Lasciai la madre Ah! tu mi guardi, e piangi!
Deh! col tuo duol non funestarmi, O cara,
Il piacer della morte.

commencing it, with the prejudices of the author, that we sometimes combat opinions to which we might have yielded, had they been less roughly presented to us. Alfieri, like Machiavelli, treats every enquiry as a question of utility and not of morality; but his excessive bitterness has at least this advantage, that it does not conceal the contempt which he feels for those who stand in need of his melancholy counsels, and to whom they are addressed.

The next volume contains another long dissertation *On Tyranny*, in which the same faults are observable, with even a greater exaggeration of principle, and with reasoning more palpably false. His panegyric on Trajan, which he supposes to have been written by Pliny, is a very favourable specimen of Alfieri's powers of eloquence, if, indeed, true eloquence can exist, when the author writes under an assumed character, and imagines himself the creature of another age, under the influence of other manners, and of other circumstances.

Alfieri also attempted to write an epic in four cantos, in the *ottava rima*, entitled *Etruria Vendicata*. The hero is Lorenzino de' Medici, and the catastrophe is the murder of the contemptible Alexander, first duke of Florence. A conspiracy like this is perhaps little fitted to be the subject of an epic poem, in which we rather look for truth and nature, and an acquaintance with the human heart, than for the rich colourings of the imagination. In this poem, although the plot is in itself full of interest, it is yet rendered cold and flat by the ornaments with which the poet has surrounded it. All the supernatural part, the appearance of Liberty, of Fear, and of the shade of Savonarola, produces no other impression than a cold allegory would do. The poet does not appear to feel the truth of his verse any more than his readers. The liberties, also, which are taken with historical facts in the arrangement of the incidents, in the character of Lorenzino, and in the death of Alexander, appear to me to injure, instead of augmenting the effect; and to conclude, the style is absolutely destitute of dignity and of poetical attraction. It is not, however, reasonable to judge Alfieri by a work which he never avowed, and which, in all probability, he regarded as unfinished at the time when it was published without his consent.

Five odes on the independence of America, nearly two

hundred sonnets, and some other poems in various styles, complete the collection of Alfieri's works, as they were published in his life-time. His posthumous productions, which began to make their appearance in 1804, and which extend to thirteen volumes in octavo, have occupied the attention of Italy, and indeed of all the literati of Europe, without adding much to the author's reputation. His *Abel*, which he whimsically entitled a *Tramelogedy*, is a composition in which he has attempted to blend together the lyric and the tragic style of poetry, and to unite the melody of the opera with the most powerful workings of the feelings. The allegory, however, is fatiguing upon the stage, and the versification of Alfieri does not possess the loftiness and the fascination which are requisite to adapt it to music. The whole drama is cold and uninteresting. Two tragedies on the story of Alcestes follow: one is from Euripides, and is merely a happy translation; the other, which is on the same subject, the poet has recast and treated in his own manner. For ten years Alfieri abstained from writing for the stage. In that interval not only his ideas, but his character itself, sustained a change; he had been softened down by the domestic affections; and his Alcestes does not resemble any of his former tragedies. Conjugal tenderness is beautifully painted in it; and the intervention of supernatural powers and of the chorus, together with a happy termination, give it quite a different character. Yet the seal of genius is most strongly impressed upon his earlier tragedies.

The comedies of Alfieri, of which there are six, are contained in two volumes; and in all probability they will never be played upon any stage. It is difficult to conceive how this celebrated man could ever have entertained the whimsical idea of making a comedy a vehicle for his political sentiments. The four first, which are in fact only one drama divided into four parts, are written to illustrate the monarchical, the aristocratical, the democratical, and the mixed form of government. He has entitled them, *One*, *Few*, *Too many*, and *The Antidote*. They are all in iambics, like his tragedies. The scene of the first is laid in Persia, and the subject of it is the election of Darius to the throne by the neighing of his horse. The drama turns upon the fraud of Darius's groom, who, by an artifice, makes his master's steed neigh before any

of the others ; and the king's ingratitude in sacrificing his horse to the sun, and then raising a statue to him, forms the catastrophe. The scene of the second, the drama of aristocracy, is laid at Rome, in the house of the Gracchi ; the subject of it is the contest between the latter and Fabius, for the consulate. Their defeat, and humiliation, induces them to propose an Agrarian law. The scene of the third drama, *Democracy*, or *Too many*, is laid at the court of Alexander, and the orators are introduced who have been despatched to the king by the Athenians. These orators are ten in number, and are divided into two parties, of which Demosthenes and Æschines are the leaders ; and they are in turns courted and mocked by Alexander and his courtiers. Their baseness, their jealousy, and their venality are fully displayed in the drama, which, however, can scarcely be said to boast of any action. The drama of Mixed Government, or, as it is also singularly entitled, *Mix three Poisons and you will have the Antidote*, is a plot of his own invention, and the scene is laid in one of the Orcades. It was, to a certain extent, a new idea to choose heroic characters to fill the parts in a comedy. In the present age, a taste has arisen for the comedy of common life ; and Alfieri has expressed his dislike to this manner of debasing the dramatic art, and of associating poetry with the most vulgar sentiments and circumstances. It is strange, however, that he should himself have felt no disgust at attributing vulgarity of manner, of feeling, and of language, to men whose very names, rendered so familiar to us by history, lead us to expect something elevated and noble from them. He seems to have thought it necessary to introduce into his comedies the most distinguished men, merely to display their low and vulgar qualities. He has endued them with all the passions which their rank should have engaged them most anxiously to conceal ; he has attributed to them language which they would have blushed to hear ; and he expects to excite laughter by exposing the poverty and often the grossness of great men's wit. Very little praise is due to a writer who entertains us at an expense like this, but Alfieri has not even so far succeeded. To make vice ridiculous, it is not necessary to excite repugnance ; but Alfieri, in his comedies, produces in the reader a deep disgust for the society into which he is introduced, and a

humiliating sense of the depravity of the human race, which even in the highest ranks can be thus debased. Of the two remaining comedies of Alfieri, the one entitled *La Finestrina* is very fantastical: the scene is laid in Hell, and the comedy, in fact, consists of the dialogues of the dead dramatised. The other is entitled *The Divorce;* not because a divorce is the subject of the piece, but because the author concludes by laying down a maxim that a marriage in Italy puts the parties upon precisely the same footing as a divorce elsewhere. This is the only one of his dramas which can fairly be classed with modern comedies. The characters in it are finely drawn, and it contains a true, but very severe, representation of Italian manners. All the personages are more or less vicious, and there is therefore very little gaiety in the piece; for it is impossible to laugh at any thing which powerfully excites our indignation. The author manifests in these dramas the powers of a great satirist, not of a successful dramatist.

The satires, which entirely fill the third volume of Alfieri's posthumous works, have had greater success in Italy than all his other compositions, notwithstanding their occasional obscurity, the ruggedness of the verse, and their prosaic style. Alfieri had something of the cynic in his character, which affects his language, when he is not elevated by the dignity of the sock. The rest of his posthumous works consist of translations from the ancient authors, the productions of his latter years, after he had renounced dramatic composition, and when the want of occupation, which he never felt until an advanced age, had induced him to study Greek.

The two last volumes contain the life of Alfieri, written by himself, with that warmth, vivacity, and truth of feeling, which throw such a charm over confessions like these, and which never fail to interest the reader, although the author, honestly displaying his faults, sometimes appears in no very amiable light. If the study of the human heart, even where the individual has no claim to a rank above mediocrity, is so attractive, how much more precious must those confessions be which present us with portraits of men distinguished by their talents, who have, from time to time, influenced the opinions or the characters of their contemporaries who have struck out new paths, led the way to new glories, and created new schools of poetry; and who, having impressed their cha-

racter upon the age in which they lived, are cited by posterity as having constituted the glory of their times! The study of the human mind becomes still more interesting, when the individual is no less remarkable for his intellectual qualities than for his personal character; and when he possesses that inexhaustible fountain of genius which tinctures every thing which it touches with its own colours. It is in his memoirs alone that we can become acquainted with Alfieri.* Extracts from them can give no adequate idea of that boiling impatience of character, which perpetually propelled him towards some indefinite object; of that melancholy agitation of spirit which affected him in every relation of society, in every situation of life, and in every country; of that imperious want, which he ever felt in his soul, for something more free in politics, more elevated in character, more devoted in love, more perfect in friendship; of that ardour for another existence, for another universe, which he vainly sought, with all the rapidity of a courier, from one extremity of Europe to another, and which he was unable to discover in the real world; and of his thirst for that poetical creation which he experienced before he knew it, and which he was unable to satisfy, until casting off the passions of his youth, his thoughts turned to the contemplation of that new universe which he had created in his own bosom, and the agitation of his soul was calmed by the production of those masterpieces which have immortalized his name.

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* Alfieri was descended from a rich and noble family, was born at Asti, in Piedmont, on the seventeenth of January, 1749, and died at Florence on the eighth of October, 1803. His first tragedy, Cleopatra, which he afterwards regarded as unworthy of being published, was acted for the first time at Turin, on the sixteenth of June, 1775. In the seven following years he composed the fourteen tragedies, which form the first part of his works. After having renounced dramatic composition, he began, at the age of forty-eight, to learn Greek, and made himself completely master of that difficult language. His connexion for more than twenty years with a lady, not less distinguished by her character and wit than by her rank, proves that he united many amiable qualities to those faults which he has with so much candour displayed.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON THE PROSE WRITERS AND EPIC AND LYRIC POETS OF ITALY, DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

ALTHOUGH we have devoted the five last Chapters to the Italian poets of the eighteenth century, we have not yet proceeded farther than the dramatic writers. Metastasio, Goldoni, Gozzi, and Alfieri, almost at the same time, carried the opera, comedy, farce, and tragedy, to the highest pitch which those compositions ever reached in Italy. Those authors have, therefore, justly assumed their rank amongst the classics of which their country is proud, while their reputation has extended itself beyond the limits of their native land, and has become the glory of the age.

There were, however, other Italians who, at this period, devoted themselves to other branches of literature; and who, without being able to take the place of the great men of the sixteenth century, yet proved that the ancient genius of the nation was not absolutely extinct. The individual who approached most nearly to the spirit of earlier times, and who almost appeared to belong to another age and another state of things, was Niccolo Forteguerra, the author of Ricciardetto, the last of the poems of chivalry. With this author terminated that long series of poetical romances, founded on the adventures of Charlemagne's peers, which extended from the twelfth to the eighteenth century. Niccolo Fortinguerra, or Forteguerra, was born at Rome, in 1674, of a family originally from Pistoia; he was educated to the priesthood, and was made a prelate by the Roman Court. This was one of the reasons which induced him not to publish his poem under his own name, assuming that of Carteromacho, which is a translation of it into Greek. He displayed at an early period his talents for verse; but he had little idea of ever becoming an author, and it was a sort of challenge which gave birth to his poem. He happened to be residing in the country with some persons who were enthusiastic admirers of Ariosto, and who, discovering some hidden meaning in every freak of the poet's imagination, fell into ecstasies at the richness of inven-

tion displayed in the Orlando Furioso, and at the time and labour which so highly wrought a plot must have cost the poet. Forteguerra, on the contrary, in Ariosto's grace found a proof of his facility in composition. He maintained that all his brilliant creations were the sport, not the labour, of his poetical imagination, and declared that however much he admired them, he could not think them inimitable. The discussion, at last, became so animated, that Forteguerra engaged to write, in four and twenty hours, a canto of a poem in the same style, which he promised to read to his friends on the evening of the ensuing day. It was not the poetical charms of Ariosto that he undertook to equal. He only wished to prove that this species of composition was far from being difficult, and that by the assistance of the supernatural and the romantic, related in a lively manner, it was very possible to captivate the reader without wasting much labour. The first canto of Ricciardetto was composed under these circumstances, and surpassed the expectation both of the friends of Forteguerra and of the author himself. They begged him to continue it, and this romance was all written with the same facility, and in an extraordinary short space of time. More deliberate corrections no doubt were necessary to prepare it for the public eye.

Ricciardetto is therefore the product, in some degree, of the pleasing talents of an improvvisatore, the creature of that fertile imagination, that natural harmony, and that simple and infantine gaiety which characterize the Italians. The stanzas display a negligence which only the beauty of so poetical and sonorous a language could ever have rendered agreeable; but they often possess the superior merit which results from the ardour of inspiration. The versification is frequently careless and heavy, but occasionally it displays all the brilliant colours of a southern imagination. A few portions of the romance are of the highest order of poetry, while in others the habitual liveliness and freedom give an air of charming simplicity to the easy style in which they are written. The principal hero is a younger brother of Rinaldo, but all the Paladins of Charlemagne are introduced in their proper characters. The comic part of the romance is displayed in broader relief than in Ariosto. The manner of that great poet appears to have been blended by Forteguerra

with that of Berni and Tassoni; and, indeed, he equals all his predecessors in wit and pleasantry. A slight tincture of profanity occasionally adds to the piquancy of the poem; for the prelate thought he might make free with his own property. The hypocrisy and sensual passions of the monks, in general, and of Ferrau, who had become a hermit, in particular, are the objects of this very diverting satire of Forteguerra.* He died on the seventeenth of February, 1735.

There existed some celebrated prose writers in the eighteenth century, though their works are seldom found in

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* The first appearance of Ferrau, and his dispute with Rinaldo about Angelica, place his brutality and his devotion in curious opposition:

Dì pur fratello mio, ch' io ti perdono:
E presa Ferraù la disciplina
Batteasi forte sì, che parve un tuono.
Disse Rinaldo: Sino a domattina
Per me, seguita pur cotesto suono:
Ma quella fune è troppo piccolina;
S' io fossi in tè, O Ferraù beato,
Mi frusterei con un bel correggiato.

Io ti vorrei corregger con modestia
Se si potesse, (disse Ferraù);
Ma tu sei troppo la solenne bestia,
E a dirla giusta, non ne posso più.
Disse Rinaldo: Disprezzo e molestia
Sofferta in pace è grata al buon Gesù
Ma tu sei, per la vergine Maria,
Romito falso, e più briccon di pria.

A quel dir Ferraù gli diè sul grugno
La disciplina sua cinque o sei volte:
E Rinaldo affibiogli un cotal pugno,
Che gli fè dar dugento giravolte.

. . . . . .

Ma nel mentre che ognuno urla e schiamazza
S'ode un gran picchio all' uscio della cella,
Che introna a' combattenti la cervella.

E grida Ferraute: Ave Maria;
E mena intanto un pugno al buon Rinaldo:
Gridano: Aprite. quelli della via.
Niun si muove, ed in pugnar stà saldo.
Pur Ferraù dall' oste si disvia
E sbuffando, per l' ira e per lo caldo,
Si affaccia al bucolino della chiave,
Poi spranga l' uscio con pesante trave.

Canto 3, *st.* 69.

libraries, and excite but little curiosity. The long thraldom to which the intellect of the Italians had been subjected, prevented them from raising themselves to the same rank as other nations, whenever reason or philosophy was the object of their labours. Even after they had partially recovered that liberty of which they had been so long deprived, they were compelled to tread in the footsteps of the foreign philosophers who had preceded them. In the works of their most ingenious and profound writers, we find them frequently stopping to discuss common-place truths, or trite sophistries, of which all the rest of Europe had long been tired; but which they, with perfect good faith, brought forward as ingenious, deep, and novel ideas of their own. It is, besides, exceedingly difficult for those who can only devote themselves to philosophy by incurring a sort of rebellion, to examine any system with impartiality. Their intellect is either acted upon throughout life by the prejudices in which they have been educated, or else they reject them with such violence, that they look with a hostile feeling upon those questions from the consideration of which they had been excluded; and attack with bitterness the most consolatory truths, because they have been inculcated by those whom they despise. The little importance of the prose writers of Italy prevented us from dwelling upon them, in giving an account of the literature of the seventeenth century; and we shall therefore take this opportunity of presenting a view of what has been accomplished in that department of letters, from the sixteenth century to our own times.

In History alone have the Italians any claim to merit, at a period when every other kind of inspiration seemed to have forsaken them. We shall always read with pleasure the works of Fra Paolo Sarpi, the Venetian, who lived between 1552 and 1623, and who defended with great courage the authority of the sovereign and the senate of Venice against the power of the Popes, notwithstanding their excommunications and their attempts at assassination. His History of the Council of Trent, which was published under the assumed name of Pietro Soave, contains a curious account of the intrigues of the Court of Rome at the period of the Reformation. The History of the Civil Wars of France, by Enrico Caterino Davila, the son of a Cypriote, and born in

1576, is a work of still greater interest. He very early connected himself with the Court of France, and Catherine de Medici was his godmother. In his gratitude for this kindness he has sometimes suppressed in his history, the relation of many crimes in which she was involved, and of which the other historians of France have endeavoured to show that she alone was guilty. After the death of Henry III. and the capitulation of Paris, Davila served for five years under the banners of Henry IV. In 1599 he was recalled to his family at Venice, and there, occupied at the same time with his civil and military duties, he composed his History, which comprehends the civil wars from 1559 to 1598, and displays a profound knowledge of the times, the characters, and the intrigues, upon which, however, he has perhaps been a little too diffuse. He was assassinated in 1631, during a journey, on account of some insignificant quarrel. With less talent, less nature, less thought, and less depth, Guido Bentivoglio has yet acquired considerable reputation by his History of the Wars of Flanders, and by the Account of his Embassies. He was despatched in 1607 as Apostolic Nuncio to Flanders, where he remained in that character until 1616. The four following years he spent in France; and procured a cardinal's hat on the eleventh of January, 1621. Too great a pretension to elegance of style, a declared partiality for the Spaniards, an interested zeal for the Roman Court, and a superficial understanding, derogate considerably from the value of his History; though the precision and clearness of his style entitle him to a higher rank than many of his countrymen. Battista Nani, the historian of Venice for a period included between the years 1613 and 1673, is the last of the writers of this age, who, by his narrative talents and his merits as a prose writer, has obtained some degree of reputation.

The Italian authors who in the eighteenth century have been celebrated for their prose writings, are rather philosophers than poets. Amongst these may be mentioned Francesco Algarotti, of Venice (1712—1764), the friend of Frederic II. and of Voltaire, in whom we find a rare and happy union of scientific knowledge, taste, philosophy, erudition, and benevolence. His works have been collected in seventeen volumes 8vo. Venice, 1791—1794. Xavier Betti-

nelli, of Mantua (1718—1808), a jesuit and professor, whose numerous writings are comprised in twenty-four volumes in 12mo, should likewise be noticed. The fine arts, philosophy, and polite literature, fill the greater portion of these volumes. The letters of Virgil to the Arcadians, in which the author attacks, with considerable wit, but with great injustice, the reputation of Dante and Petrarch, soon brought him into notice, but gained him a crowd of enemies.* Algarotti and Bettinelli are of that class of men of taste who follow the spirit of the age, instead of leading it into new paths, and whose reputation, by soaring too high in their own day, rarely survives them.

About the same period flourished the celebrated Marquis Beccaria, who, in his Treatise on Crimes and Punishments, has defended with such animation the cause of humanity; and the Cavaliere Filangieri, the author of a valuable work on Legislation. Neither of these productions properly belong to literature as we are considering it, which may likewise be said of the Revolutions of Italy and Germany, by the Abbate Denina. The style of these works is but a small portion of their merit, and a translation of them would fully supply the place of the originals. From what has been said, it may be gathered that there are no prose writers amongst the Italians of the eighteenth century, whose compositions can induce a desire, in those who are ignorant of it, to become acquainted with the Italian language.

We have now treated of Italian literature from its first origin, when the language was in its infancy, down to our own days; and we have taken a view of the writers of every kind, and of every age. To complete this portion of our work, it only remains to say a few words respecting the poets of Italy contemporary with ourselves, the commencement of whose fame we have ourselves seen, and upon whom the judgment of the public, anticipating that of posterity, has not been passed without a possibility of appeal. The account which we are

* Gaspard Gozzi, a Venetian gentleman, and brother of the comic poet, wrote against Bettinelli a defence of Dante. He wrote also, at Venice, an Osservatore, published twice a week, in imitation of the Spectator of Addison. The Italians have a high opinion of his style, his small courtesies of life, and of his burlesque gaiety. I do not find that their praises inspire one with a desire to read his works.

about to give of these writers is a matter of some delicacy. Their present reputation is confounded with their real fame. They all stand pretty nearly upon the same level; nor does it become us to decide upon pretensions upon which the public voice has not yet pronounced a determinate judgment. We shall therefore consider ourselves bound to bestow an almost equal degree of attention upon all those who possess any degree of celebrity.

The present race of literary men in Italy attempt to supply, by a greater depth of thought, the deficiencies of the imagination, as may be observed on a comparison with the poets of the sixteenth century. The study of philosophy has replaced that of the classics; the intellect has, momentarily at least, shaken off its chains; new ideas have been spread abroad, and the knowledge of foreign languages and letters has gone far to dissipate the prejudices of the Italians; who, instead of being, as they were formerly, an isolated people, have now become members of the great literary Republic of Europe.

The first amongst these modern poets, with reference both to the period at which he flourished and to the extent of his talents, is Melchior Cesarotti, whom Italy lost a few years since, at an advanced age. He was one of the most learned men of his country, and, having an excellent knowledge of the classical languages, he translated Homer with no less of the spirit of a critic than of a poet. But the admirers of antiquity will never pardon him for having, by various alterations, attempted to render the works of the father of poetry more conformable to the taste of the times; for having dared to adapt Homer to a standard of taste and sentiment, which will, in all probability, soon be abolished, while the beauties of the great original will never pass away. It is the admirable monument so prized by every successive age which we require a translator to present to us, not the new Iliad of Pope or of Cesarotti.*

* As an example of the versification of Cesarotti, and to enable the reader to perceive in what manner he has preserved or altered the original, we have given below the celebrated scene between Priam and Achilles, where the former demands the body of his son. (Iliad xxiv. v. 486 to 606. Trans. 657 to 689.)

Ecco è in vista d'Achille: a quella vista
Un tumulto d' affetti, un gruppo, un nembo,

L'anima

The latter poet, perhaps, deserves more fame for his translation of Ossian. He appears to have been deeply penetrated with the spirit of the ancient Caledonian, and has preserved much of his dim and gigantic grandeur. With a very harmonious ear, he has always chosen the most proper metre to express the lyrical inspiration of the bard of Morven. These odes, which display a greater variety in the disposition of the rhymes than is to be found in the works of any other of the Italian poets, appear rather to be the offspring of native inspiration than translations. There is a great deal of genius

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L'anima gli rimescola, ne scoppiano
Mal repressi singulti; ognun si volge,
Scosso l'Eroe fiso sel guarda, il vecchio
Pria che 'l ravvisi, a piè gli casca, e man
A lui strette e ginocchia, ah pietà, grida.
Divino Achille, il padre tuo t' implora;
Per tuo padre pietà. Mirati innanzi
Un immagine sua: canuto e carco
D'anni e di cure in sua solinga reggia,
E cinto forse di perigli anch' esso,
Langue e sospira, e chiama il figlio; ah'l figlio
Ei rivedrà, fra le sue braccia un giorno
Cadrà per gioia; O me tapino ed orbo,
Diserto me! tutto perdei; più speme,
Più conforto non ho: di tanta prole
(Cinquanta del mio talamo fecondo
Erano i frutti) omai gia pochi, (Achille,
Troppo tel sai) restano in vita: io vidi
L'un dopo l'altro, di sanguigne morti
Contaminar gli occhi paterni; e quello
Ch' era il primo e 'l miglior, quel che fu solo
Mio sostegno e mia speme (oimè, nomarlo
Pur non ardisco) per tua man mel tolse
Il fato inesorabile. Ti basti,
Placati alfin, terribil Dio; tremante
A te ricorro e lagrimoso; ah rendi
Gli avanzi a me della straziata salma
Ch' Ettor già fù. Quelle in compenso accogli
Ch' io recai meco, preziose offerte
Che a te consacro; dell' età cadente
Rispetta i dritti; ti disarmi il sacro
Carattere paterno; e se pur vago
Sei dello strazio mio, pensa che immenso
Io soffro già, non mai provato in terra
Dal cor d'un padre, poichè adoro e bacio
La fatal destra, quella destra, oh Dio!
Che ancor del sangue de' miei figli è tinta

displayed in the form which he has given to these compositions, as well as much truth and precision in the fidelity with which he has rendered the original; and as there are none who are able to read the songs of the son of Fingal in their primitive language, I should recommend the perusal of the translation of Cesarotti in preference to the prose of Macpherson; since in the former we have all the charm and harmony of verse, without which, poetry must always appear monotonous and affected.

Cesarotti is very voluminous, both in his translations and in his original compositions. The last edition of his works consists of thirty volumes. The modern Italians are too much addicted to prolixity, and we lose all desire to become intimately acquainted with such interminable writers.

Lorenzo Pignotti of Arezzo, who died at Pisa, in which University he was one of the professors, has acquired considerable celebrity by his fables, which are thought to surpass his other poems, though many of the latter are highly beautiful. The Italian language appears to be peculiarly adapted to this species of composition. It has preserved a sort of infantine simplicity, absolutely necessary to a relator of fables, who demands to be believed when, like a child, he attributes to inanimate objects or to creatures deprived of reason, human passions, sentiments, and language. Pignotti relates these fables with infinite grace; his style is perfectly picturesque; and he always presents an image to the eye of his readers. In his versification he is very harmonious; sometimes writing with great latitude, and at others confining himself within the most severe rules, yet always preserving an air of playfulness, as though he did not feel the fetters with which he had shackled himself. Facility is essential to grace and simplicity, nor does it ever abandon him. Sometimes, however, Pignotti is too diffuse, and from a fear of confining himself within too narrow limits, he trespasses upon the patience of his readers. The most celebrated writers of fables have, we know, frequently done nothing more than translate from another language fables which seem to be as ancient as the world itself. In this way Pignotti has followed La Fontaine, Phædrus, Esop, and Pilpai. A few, indeed, are of his own invention, but they are not in general his best. The moral of a fable

should rather be addressed to man as a member of a social community, than as one of the fashionable world. The passions, the vices, and the errors of the human race form admirable caricatures when represented in animals; but the follies of fashionable society have not enough of nature in them to suit the same purpose. Pignotti, however, appears to have addressed his fables to fops and coquettes. The resemblance between the persons intended to be satirized and the creatures introduced in the fables, exists rather in the writer's wit and imagination than in the objects which are thus compared, and these little poems consequently want truth.* When he versifies an old subject Pignotti soon falls into the contrary error. The writer of fables is always liable to one of two faults; too great study, or too much trifling. If he is desirous of instilling wit into his verses, he is apt to forget what kind of compositions he is engaged upon, and becomes affected; and if, on the contrary, he neglects ingenious and brilliant ideas, he easily falls into common-places. The beasts who are introduced are allowed to possess neither as much wit as men, nor less. The French writers of fables who have succeeded La Fontaine, have erred by an excess of wit; the Italian authors, by an excess of simplicity.

Pignotti did not confine himself to the composition of

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* The fables of Pignotti are all too long to allow me to extract any at full length. I shall only give the commencement of the eleventh, *Il Ragno*, which will convey some idea of the ease of the poet's versification, and of his talent at painting.

Vedi, O leggiadra Fillide,
Quel fraudolento insetto
Che ascoso stà nell' angolo
Del obbliato tetto?

E che nel foro piccolo
Mezzo si mostra e cela,
Attento ai moti tremuli
Della sua fragil tela?

Ci narrano le favole
Che bestia si schifosa
Fù già donzella amabile
E al par di te vezzosa.

E anch' essa dilettavasi
Come tu appunto fai,
I più brillanti giovani
Ferir co' suoi bei rai.

Ora uno sguardo tenero,
Ma insiem falso e bugiardo,
Con un linguaggio tacito
Parea dicesse, io ardo;

E di pietà la languida
Faccia si ben pingea
Che i cuori anche i più timidi
Assicurar parea, &c.

But this fable, containing about one hundred verses, is too long for the mere purpose of drawing a comparison between the coquette and the spider, and between her admirers and flies.

fables only, for he has left some odes and a poem, in blank verse, entitled *The Shade of Pope*. Pignotti was well acquainted with English literature, but the turn of his mind, and the peculiarity of his talents, did not fit him to take full advantage of that circumstance. He was of the classic, not the romantic, order of poets. Correctness pleased him more than genius; and Pope, whom he has celebrated in his verses, appeared to him the first of English poets.

The poems of Luigi Savioli, of Bologna, are entirely amatory; and none of the poets of the present age so completely remind the reader of Anacreon. There is the same grace in the images, the same softness in the versification, the same expression of fond and happy love, without any mixture of deep and passionate feeling. Like Anacreon, we may imagine this poet seated at the festive table, and crowned with roses at his mistress's side. He seems not to have been made to experience the torments of jealousy, or the impetuosity of anger, or, indeed, suffering under any of its forms. The metre which he has selected he never changes. It is a stanza of four short verses, of which the first and the third are *sdruccioli* of eight syllables, and do not rhyme together; the second and the fourth are lines of seven syllables, and rhyme together. The effect of these little verses is singularly musical and agreeable to the ear, producing something of the same feeling of delight to which the poet abandons himself.

Savioli might be called a Pagan poet, for he never steps out of the heathen mythology, which, in his creed, seems to form part of the worship of love. This is so completely in harmony with the habitual feelings of the poet, and has become so natural to him, that we judge him as we should judge a classical author; and we feel no dislike to what, in his case, is a species of worship, while, in other poets, it is merely an allegory. His poetry is highly picturesque; each separate couplet makes a beautiful little painting, which we gaze at with delight as it passes, though it vanishes almost as soon as it is formed. It is quite impossible to give any idea in a prose translation of the graces of a poet, whose charm consists entirely in his style. To give them in verse is, it must be admitted, a difficult task, though a very useful one, to those who wish to excel in the poetical art. The

odes to Venus,* to Destiny, and to Happiness, will give some notion of Savioli's rich poetical style, and of those animated paintings contained in his lyrics, which are too seldom found in the French language.

Giovanni Gherardo di Rossi, a Roman by birth, of whom we have, in one of the preceding chapters, already spoken as a comic poet, resembles Savioli, in many respects, in his amatory poems. Like him, his imagination revels in the classical mythology ; his style, like his, is graceful ; and the pictures which his poems present are all Anacreontic. He has given the name of *Picturesque and Poetical Trifles* to some pleasing epigrams, which are illustrated by still more pleasing engravings. Perhaps, however, he has relied too much on the graver of the artist; and the epigrams, indeed, would not be of much value without the explanation of the prints. Rossi has more wit, but less tenderness, in his love songs, than Savioli, and therefore less nature. We perceive the poet's hand rather than his heart. In his fables, of which Rossi has published a volume, we find similar faults ;

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* O Figlia alma d'Egioco,
Leggiadro onor dell' acque,
Per cui le grazie apparvero,
E 'l riso al mondo nacque.

O molle Dea, di ruvido
Fabbro, gelosa cura,
O del figliuol di Cinira
Beata un di ventura.

Teco il garzon cui temono
Per la gran facc eterna,
Ubbidienza e imperio
Soavemente alterna.

Accesse a te le tenere
Fanciulle alzan la mano,
Sol te ritrosa invocano
Le antiche madri invano.

Te sulle corde Eolie
Saffo invitar solea,
Quando a quiete i languidi
Begli occhi amor togliea.

E tu richiesta, O Venere,
Sovente a lei scendesti,
Posta in obblio l' ambrosia
E i tetti aurei celesti.

Il gentil carro Idalio
Ch'or le colombe addoppia,
Lieve traea di passera
Nera amorosa coppia.

E mentre udir propizia
Solevi il flebil canto,
Tergean le dita rosee
Della fanciulla il pianto.

E a noi pur anco insolito
Ricerca il petto ardore,
E a noi l' esperta cetera
Dolce risuona amore.

Se tu m' assisti, io Pallade
Abbia se vuol nimica :
Teco ella innanzi a Paride
Perdè la lite antica

A che valer può l' Egida
Se 'l figlio tuo percote ?
Quel che i suoi dardi possono
L' asta immortal non puote

Meco i mortali innalzino
Solo al tuo nome altari ;
Citera tua divengano
Il ciel, la terra, i mari.

there is more wit and less simplicity in them than in those of Pignotti. Rossi had the talent, but not the inspiration, of a poet. What he wished to be, he was; and since his path was entirely of his own choice, he might, perhaps, with advantage have attempted a higher style of poetry, in which wit is more valuable, and in which natural grace and the forgetfulness of the poet's self are less essentially requisite.

After Savioli and Gherardo di Rossi, may be ranked Gio. Fantoni, a Tuscan, better known by the name of Labindo, an appellation which he received as an Arcadian. In his amatory poems we find much ease, grace, and voluptuousness. In his odes, he has attempted to imitate the different metres which Horace has employed, at least as far as the language permitted him, and he has likewise endeavoured to preserve his style of thinking, and the turn of his wit; but it was, perhaps, the consciousness of this imitation which deprived Fantoni of that freedom of style so essential to a lyrical poet. Labindo, who attached himself to the court of Charles Emmanuel Malespina, Marquis of Fosdinovo, did not forget the interests and the destinies of Europe, in the beautiful mountains of Lunigiana, where the sovereign rules over a country of two or three square miles, and a population of a few hundred inhabitants. Of all the Italian poets of this period, he is the one in whose works we find the most frequent allusions to public events. He speaks with enthusiasm of the victories of the English during the American war, and of the exploits of Admiral Rodney. As the period approached when his own country was, at length, to experience the horrors of war, of which she had so long been an indifferent spectator, Labindo immediately perceived how disgraceful a timid line of conduct would be to him, and in his Ode to Italy, 1791, we discover the truest patriotism; patriotism, which taught his countrymen to seek for independence and glory in the reformation of their manners, and in their own energies and virtues.*

The Cavaliere Ippolito Pindemonti, of Verona, is the first

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* Or druda, or serva di straniere genti,
Raccorcio il crin, breve la gonna, il femore
Sulle piume adagiato, i di languenti
Passi oziosa, e di tua gloria immemore.

Alle

of the Italians whose poetry is thoughtful and melancholy. The loss of a friend, and an illness which attacked himself, and which he considered fatal, made a deep impression upon his mind of the vanity of life. Detaching itself from the contemplation of its own feelings, his heart turned with eagerness to the pleasures of nature, and to the delights of the country and of solitude. In his little poem on the four portions of the day he muses on his own tomb, a humble stone, unmarked by any inscription.

Oh, then, thus softly to the silent bed
Of the dark tomb let me at length deseend;
Where the bleak path which now on earth I tread,
So dear and yet so sad, shall have an end.
Day shall return; but this unconscious head
Shall never from its pillow damp ascend,
Nor on the fields and all their tenants gaze,
Nor watch the setting sun's sweet parting rays.

Perchance, across these pleasant hills, one day,
In search of me some much-loved friend will come,
And asking for me, as he takes his way,
Some peasant-boy will lead him to my tomb; *

Alle mense, alle danze, i figli tuoi
Ti seguon sconsigliati, e il nostro orgoglio
Più non osa vantar Duci ed Eroi,
Che i spiranti nel marmo in Campidoglio.

. . . . . .

Squarcia le vesti dell' obbrobrio; al crine
L' elmo riponi, al sen l' usbergo; destati
Dal lungo sonno, sulle vette alpine
Alla difesa ed ai trionfi apprestati.
Se il mar, se l' onda che ti parte, e serra
Vano fia schermo a un vincitor terribile,
Serba la tomba nell' Esperia terra
All' audace stranier fato invincibile.

* O così dolcemente dalla fossa
Nel tacito calar sen tenebroso
E a poco a poco ir terminand' io possa
Questo viaggio uman caro e affannoso;
Ma il dì ch' or parte, riederà; quest' ossa
Io più non alzerò dal lor riposo;
Nè il prato, e la gentil sua varia prole
Rivedrò più, nè il dolce addio del sole.

Forse per questi ameni colli un giorno
Volgerà qualche amico spirto il passo,
E chiedendo di me, del mio soggiorno
Sol gli fia mostro senza nome un sasso

Sotto

My tomb—this nameless stone—where oft I stray,
And rest my weary limbs as 'twere my home,
And sit unmoved and sad, or to the breeze
Pour all my soul's poetic ecstasies.

And these dark groves, which o'er me gently sigh,
In death above my peaceful grave shall nod,
And the tall grass, so welcome to my eye,
Over my head shall deck the verdant sod.
" O happy thou !" my friend perchance shall cry,
" The calm and lonely path which thou hast trod
Hath led thy footsteps to a holier state,
And half deceived the stern decrees of Fate."

Several other of Pindemonti's poems are, like the foregoing, something in the style of Gray. It is singular to hear the Genius of the North thus using Italian accents, and it is difficult to imagine a thoughtful spirit breathing forth its feelings amidst all the gaieties which nature displays in Italy. We become attached to Pindemonti, for all his sentiments are noble and pure. This delicacy of feeling may be observed in his love-verses to an English lady; in his lines to a mother who had resolved to nurse her own children; in those on liberty; and in his address to Frederic IV. of Denmark, supposed to be written by a lady of Lucca, who was beloved by the prince during his residence in Italy, and who, after his departure, shut herself up in a convent, being unable to conquer her passion. Others of Pindemonti's compositions are of a still more foreign interest. He had travelled much, and we have odes of his on the Lake of Geneva, the glaciers of Bossons and the cascade of Arpinas; names which we are more astonished to find in the mouth of an Italian, than in that of an American.

Sotto quell' elce, a cui sovente or torno
Per dar ristoro al fianco errante e lasso.
Or pensoso ed immobile qual pietra,
Ed or voci Febée vibrando all' etra.

Mi coprirà quella stess' ombra morto,
L' ombra, mentr' io vivea, sì dolce avuta,
E l' erba, de' miei lumi ora conforto,
Allor sul capo mi sarà ereseiuta.
Felice tè, dirà forse ci, che scorto
Per una strada è ver solinga e muta,
Ma d' onde in altro suol meglio si varca,
Giungesti quasi ad ingannar la Parca.

La S -a, st. 12, p. 78.

It has been said that Pindemonti was a traveller, nor indeed did he travel without benefit; and yet he has written a little poem, full of ingenuity and wit, against the prevailing passion for travelling. With a knowledge of foreign lands, he has yet preserved an affection for his own country, which is always the mark of a noble mind. The following verses are most pleasing:

Oh! happy he, whose foot hath never stray'd
O'er the sweet threshold of his native land;
Whose heart hath never been enthrall'd to those
He ne'er again must see; whose spirit mourns not
For those that live, though ever dead to him.*

A little further on he thus proceeds:

And if the importunate
Stern hand of death should seek thee, dost not fear
That it should find thee in the wretched chamber
Of some poor hostel, far from all thy friends
Mid unaccustom'd faces, in the arms
Of thine hired servant, who, though erewhile faithful,
Corrupted by temptations on thy travels,
Now casts a greedy eye upon thy mails,
Furnished with snow-white linen, silks, and goods
Of price, till in his heart at least he kills thee?
No pious kinsman comes, no weeping friend,
To close thine eyes; nor can thy languid hand
Clasp with faint grasp some dear and faithful palm.
Thy dying wandering eyes in vain would rest
Upon some much-loved object, till at length,†

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* Oh felice chi mai non pose il piede
Fuori della natia sua dolce terra;
Egli il cor non lasciò fitto in oggetti
Che di più riveder non ha speranza,
E ciò, che vive ancor, morto non piange.

† Se l' importuna
Morte tè vuol rapir, brami tu dunque
Che nella stanza d'un ostier ti colga
Lunge da tuoi, trà ignoti volti, e in braccio
D' un servo, che fedel prima, ma guasto
Anch' ei dal lungo viaggiar, tuoi bianchi
Lini, le sete, e i preziosi arredi
Mangia con gli occhi, e nel suo cor t' uccide?
Non pietà di congiunto, non d' amico
Vienti a chiuder le ciglia; debilmente
Stringer non puoi con la mano maneante
Una man cara, e un caro oggetto indarno
Da' moribondi erranti occhi cercato,
Gli chini sul tuo sen con un sospiro.

Discerning nought they love to gaze upon,
They close amid thy sighs.

The Cavaliere Pindemonti, the brother of the Marquis whom we mentioned in a preceding chapter, has likewise written a tragedy, the hero of which is Arminius, the great antagonist of the Romans, and the liberator of Germany. We have not space to give any extracts from this piece, as we have already occupied ourselves so long with the drama. It will be sufficient to mention the general impression which this tragedy leaves upon the mind,—that it is the composition of a high-minded man, who has delighted to describe a noble character.

The Abbate Aurelio Bertola, of Rimini, was the friend of the Cavaliere Pindemonti, to whom he addressed several of his poetical productions. He died about the year 1798, leaving three volumes of poems; amongst which his fables hold the highest rank. In grace and simplicity he surpasses Pignotti, though he is inferior to him in harmony and colouring. His manner of relating a story is so perfectly infantine, that to translate his poems as they deserve would require even greater talents than he himself possessed. It would be necessary to endow a language, by no means so expressively simple as his own, with those graces, which in him are the spontaneous gift of nature. I shall, however, venture to give the fable of the Lizard and the Crocodile.

A Lizard, one day,
In a weak little voice,
To a Crocodile said,
"Oh, how much I rejoice
That I am permitted
At length to behold
One of my little family
So great and so bold!
I have come fifty miles, Sir,
To look in your face;
For you're very much honoured
By all of our race.*

* [The Translator fears that, in the English version, the reader will doubly feel the force of M. de Sismondi's observation.—*Tr.*]

Una lucertoletta
Diceva al cocodrillo:
O quanto mi diletta
Di veder finalmente
Un della mia famiglia
Si grande e si potente!
Ho fatto mille miglia
Per venirvi a vedere:

Sire,

Though we creep through the herbage
And chinks in the ground,
Yet the true ancient blood, Sir,
Within us is found."

Through all this politeness
King Crocodile dozed;
But just as 'twas ended
His eyes he unclosed;

And asking the meaning,
The Lizard, elate,
Began the long story
Again to relate.

But, as he thus open'd
His mouth to reply,
The Crocodile, snoring,
Again shut his eye.

The admiration of Bertola for Gessner, with whom he was acquainted at Zurich, and upon whom he wrote an eulogy, in some degree shews the nature of his talents. Though he has not composed any pastorals, yet his poems display the same sort of love for the country, and the same delicacy and tenderness of feeling, mingled with some degree of affectation. We feel as though we were satiated with milk and honey.

Clemente Bondi, of Parma, is known as the author of two volumes of poems. A canzone on the abolition of the Jesuits gives us to understand that he was himself a member of that order. When he believed that he had for ever abandoned the cares of this life, the suppression of the Jesuits again threw him into the world. His indignation against the supreme Pontiff, who had thus consented to the dispersion of his most faithful servants, is expressed with a strength of feeling which we rarely find in the Italian poets. Except upon this single occasion, when he was animated by personal interest, Bondi seems to be destined to fill the office of Poet Laureate of the feast; which indeed may also be said of Ber-

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Sire, trà noi si serba
Di voi memoria viva,
Benche fuggiam tra l' erba
E il sassoso sentiere,
In sen però non langue
L' onor del prisco sangue.
L' anfibio rè dormiva
A questi complimenti;
Pur sugli ultimi accenti
Dal sonno si riscosse
E addimandò chi fosse;
La parentela antica,
Il cammin, la fatica,
Quella gli torna a dire:
Ed ei torna a dormire.
Favola xvii. p. 29

tola, and some others. The amiable Abbate was invited to the neighbouring mansion, where he was entreated to write an epithalamium for a marriage, or some congratulatory verses at a christening, or some stanzas for the fête of the Lord or the Lady, or some pretty couplet on a journey, or on some *villeggiatura* more gay than usual. Bondi accomplishes all this task-work in an ingenious and sometimes a graceful style, but without any traces of inspiration. A light little poem, *La Giornata Villereccia; A Day in the Country*, is written with liveliness and elegance ; but if the flatteries addressed by Horace to Augustus are tiresome to us, how can we be expected to endure those of Bondi to Silvio Martinengo, whose only merit, as far as we know, was, that he was the possessor of a country-house not far from Bologna, at which our author used to be hospitably entertained. Amongst these poems, *written by particular desire*, there are a great number of sonnets of which I have perused only a few. They appear, however, richer in ideas, and less full of pompous phrases than the generality of Italian sonnets; but who has the courage to read such a collection through ?

A poem on Conversation, some descriptive verses written on a journey, some lines to Nice, and a few amatory canzoni, addressed to an imaginary fair one, complete the catalogue of Bondi's works. In every one of his poems there may be remarked the absence of the *estro*, or true creative inspiration. If an Abbate will be poetical, let him write religious poems, if such be his talent, or let him forget, and suffer us also to forget, that he is an Abbate. I know not whether, in fact, Bondi was of a warm temperament ; but his amatory effusions certainly appear to me not to be inspired by love. Because he was a poet, he imagined it necessary to sing the charms of Nice and Lycoris ; and this, too, without displaying any real passion or real tenderness, because he was an Abbate, and must, therefore, be content with displaying the ingenuity of his wit. With regard to his didactic poems, they are not devoid either of wit or of imagination ; but we require other attractions to relieve and give a zest to compositions of so cold a character.

Giuseppe Parini, a native of Milan, who died at an advanced age during the revolution, is equal to Savioli in his love-poems ; and, like him, is an imitator of Anacreon. His

verses display real inspiration, and feelings both delicate and tender; and his love always appears to be an overflowing of happiness. He has imitated the Rape of the Lock in his *Day of a Man of the World.* With much wit, elegance, and refinement, he supposes himself giving a lecture on the employment of the morning, the day, and the evening, to a young gentleman, who neither knows, nor wishes to know, any other occupations than such as luxury and pleasure can afford. He has painted high society with some delicate satirical touches; and whilst he has adorned that effeminate life with all the graces of his pencil, he has yet succeeded in making those, who devote themselves to it, ashamed of their uselessness and unreal virtues.* Parini, indeed, was a man

* We adduce, in the history of a favourite dog, an example of Parini's talent in painting, and of his manner of conveying a moral lesson.

Or le sovviene il giorno,
Ahi fero giorno! allor che la sua bella
Vergine cuccia, delle Grazie alunna,
Giovenilmente vezzeggiando, il piede
Villan del servo con l'eburneo dente
Segnò di lieve nota: ed egli audace
Con sacrilego piè lanciolla; e quella
Tre volte rotollò; tre volte scosse
Gli scompigliati peli, e dalle molli
Nari soffiò la polvere rodente.
Indi i gemiti alzando: aita, aita!
Parea dicesse; e dalle aurate volte
A lei l' impietosita Eco rispose,
E dagl' infimi chiostri i mesti servi
Asceser tutti; e dalle somme stanze
Le damigelle pallide tremanti
Precipitaro. Accorse ognuno; il volto
Fu spruzzato d' essenze alla sua dama;
Ella rinvenne alfin: l' ira, il dolore,
L' agitavano ancor: fulminei sguardi
Gettò sul servo, e con languida voce
Chiamò tre volte la sua cuccia; e questa
Al sen le corse; in suo tenor vendetta
Chieder sembrolle: e tu vendetta avesti,
Vergine cuccia, delle Grazie alunna.
L' empio servo tremò; con gli occhi al suolo
Udì la sua condanna. A lui non valse
Merito quadrilustre; a lui non valse
Zelo d'arcani uffici: in van per lui
Fu pregato e promesso; e' nudo andonne

of a high mind, who, amidst the various revolutions which we have witnessed, deserved and obtained the respect of all parties. The love of liberty and the love of virtue, which were united in his heart, give a noble character to his verses ; and although there are few of them written on subjects of public interest, yet even in his most trifling pieces, we recognize the pen of an honest man and a good citizen. An Epistle to Sylvia, who, in 1795, appeared in a dress of a new fashion, which was called *A la Victime*, presents a rare mixture of beauty and of energy, of gallantry and of indignation. Parini makes his mistress blush for having dared to adopt a dress, the name of which alone recalled such terrible crimes. He shews the danger of becoming familiar with images of cruelty, and in so doing he displays a warmth of heart, a delicacy of feeling, a severity of virtue, and a paternal tenderness, which render this little piece truly eloquent and touching.

Onofrio Menzoni the elder, of Ferrara, is one of those religionists, who, gifted with real eloquence and original fervour, devote themselves to the career to which their vows have bound them. He has scarcely written any other than religious poems, which owe their reputation to the boldness of invention, and to the richness of imagery which they display. The poet's imagination, however, is generally exercisèd upon very trite subjects, and his most brilliant images are confined within a very narrow circle. Menzoni never attempted any great religious poem. His compositions consist, for the most part, of some sonnets on the Solemnities of the Church ; and, whatever may be his reputation, he can never become a popular writer. The first, as well as the most celebrated of these sonnets, has been translated into French verse by an illustrious lady, by whom it was recited in the Academy of the Arcadians.

Dell' assisa spogliato, ond' era un giorno
Venerabile al vulgo. Invan novello
Signor sperò ; che le pietose dame
Inorridiro, e del misfatto atroce
Odiar l' autore. Il misero si giacque
Con la squallida prole, e con la nuda
Consorte a lato, sulla via spargendo
Al passeggiere inutile lamento.
E tu, vergine cuccia, idol placato
Dalle vittime umane, isti superba.

Il Mezzogiorno, p. 100.

SONNET.

When Jesus, uttering his last mortal sigh,
Open'd the graves, while shook the earth's wide bound,
Adam, his head, in terror at the cry,
Uprais'd, and started from the rending ground,
Erect. He casts his troubled eyes around,
Fill'd with deep fear and dim perplexity,
And asks, while doubt and dread his heart astou.
Whose is the bloody form and pallid eye.
But when he knew him, on his furrow'd brow,
And on his wither'd cheek and hoary head,
In deep remorse he dealt the furious blow;
And turning, weeping, to his consort, said,
While all the mountain echoed with his woe,
"Through thee I sold our Saviour to the dead!" *

Another sonnet, by Menzoni, though of a very different class, enjoys almost an equal reputation in Italy. It is

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* Quando Gesù con l' ultimo lamento
Schiusse le tombe, e le montagne scosse,
Adamo rabuffato e sonnolento
Levò la testa, e sovra i piè rizzose.

Le torbide pupille intorno mosse
Piene di maraviglia e di spavento,
E palpitando addimandò chi fosse
Lui che pendeva insanguinato e spento.

Come lo seppe, alla rugosa fronte,
Al crin canuto, ed alle guance smorte,
Colla pentita man fè danni ed onte.

Si volse lagrimando alla consorte,
E gridò sì, che rimbombonne il monte:
Io per tè diedi al mio signor la morte.

The following is the French translation alluded to in the text.

Quand Jésus expirait, à ses plaintes funèbres
Le tombeau s'entrouvrit, le mont fut ébranlé.
Un vieux mort l'entendit dans le sein des ténèbres,
Son antique repos tout à coup fut troublé:
C'était Adam; alors soulevant sa paupière,
Il tourne lentement son œil plein de terreur,
Et demande quel est, sur la croix meurtrière,
Cet objet tout sanglant vaincu par la douleur.
L'infortuné le sut, et son pâle visage,
Ses longs cheveux blanchis, et son front sillonné,
De sa main repentante éprouvèrent l'outrage.
En pleurant, il reporte un regard consterné
Vers sa triste compagne, et sa voix lamentable,
Que l'abîme, en grondant, répète au loin encore,
Fit entendre ces mots: Malheureuse coupable!
Ah! pour toi, j'ai livré mon Seigneur à la mort!

burlesque both in the subject and in the rhymes. In other respects it is a true monkish sonnet, heartless and unfeeling. He complains of his misfortunes in being compelled alone to supply all the wants of his family. He complains of the voracity of his mother, of the silliness of his brother, of the coquetry of his sister, and of all the cares which these incumbrances produce. The mere sound of the verses and their whimsical rhymes, have contributed, more than the ideas, to the fame of this sonnet.*

The Abbate Giovan-Battista Casti, who died a few years since, at a very advanced age, is accounted one of the most prolific authors of Italy; but the greater part of his works cannot be noticed in this place. His best production is his mock heroic poem of *Gli Animali Parlanti;* in which he has given an epic form to his apologue, and, like Æsop, endowing animals with human passions, has pleasantly enough satirized the character of political revolutions; the high sentiments which are promulgated; the secret selfishness of the heads of successive parties; and the intolerance of those who will allow of no salvation out of their own pale, and who regard the reigning sentiments as immutable principles. He paints, in a very lively manner, the democratic eloquence of the dog, the aristocratical pride of the bear, the jovial disposition of Lion I., and the vices of Lion II. The joke is, however, rather tedious. It seems impossible that the interest of the reader should be sustained during a fable of twenty-six

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* Una madre che sempre è malaticcia,
E non ha parte che non sia malconcia,
Pure si mangia un sacco di salsiccia
E si beve d'aceto una bigoncia;
Un paio di Sorelle, a cui stropiccia
Amor le gote, ed i capegli acconcia,
Ma nella testa impolverata e riccia
Loro non lascia di cervello un' oncia;
Un picciolo fratello così gonzo
Che dalla micia non distingue il cucciolo,
L'acqua dal vino, dalla pappa il bronzo;
Ecco ciò di che spesso io mi corruccio:
Que' poi che mi fann' ire il capo a zonzo
Sono un velo, una spada, ed un capuccio.

This sonnet has, besides, something which I suppress, without fear of causing regret.

cantos in length, with more than six hundred lines in each canto; and the slovenly and negligent style of Casti does not contribute to remedy this defect.*

At length we come to Vincenzio Monti of Ferrara, whom Italy, with one unanimous voice, has recognized as the first of her living poets. Fickle to an excess, irritable and full of passion, the sentiments of the present moment govern him with unbounded sway. Every feeling, and every conviction, is full of impetuosity and fury. Whatever object his thoughts are employed upon, his eyes immediately behold; and as it stands before him, a flexible and harmonious language is ever at his command, to paint it in the brightest colours. Persuaded that poetry is only another kind of painting, he makes his whole art consist in presenting to the eye of his reader the pictures which his own imagination has created; and he

* The *Novelle* of Casti are of equal celebrity with his *Gli Animali Parlanti*, but are mostly of a very free character. We give the first three stanzas of *Novella XIV.* as an example of the style. The translation is believed to be by Lord Byron, and is extracted from an unpublished manuscript in the possession of the publisher.

THE BLACK VELVET BREECHES.

The English, or at least their folks of quality,
Have lots of money in their pockets clinking,
The best of passports, and a liberality
In their way of talking, if not that of thinking;—
And *some* mean what they say—the generality
Of them smoke, too, segars, and love hard drinking;
Yet, as they pay, and for the most part do well
Their duty, find the fair sex seldom cruel.

Not long since lived, his name you'll know directly,
An Englishman, scarce to be matched by any;
Rich, young, and six foot high, and built compactly;
His father governed, but for years how many
It matters not, nor do I know exactly,
Bengal, and brought home, if he made a penny,
Two hundred thousand pounds of sterling money:
The country's not amiss, if 'twasn't so sunny!

He left,—and how 'twas got I have no leisure
To say,—his son this fortune and a title;
Who, as he loved women, and wine, and pleasure,
(He from his youth up had not learnt to bridle
His wildest fancies,) thought the Nabob's treasure,
In India bonds, or stock, was lying idle,
Tricked himself out in all that was the fashion,—
But snuff-boxes and rings were his chief passion.

never writes a single verse which does not in this manner display some image to the eye. Educated in the school of Dante, he has again introduced into Italian poetry some of those bold and severe beauties, which adorned it during its infancy; and he thus proceeds from picture to picture, with a grandeur and dignity peculiar to himself. It is singular that with so much severity in his manner and style, a man of his passionate feelings does not display a greater constancy in his principles. In many other poets this fault would not be perceived; but circumstances have brought the versatility of Monti into more conspicuous notice, and his fame depends upon works which perpetually display him in contradictory lights. Living in the midst of the revolutions of Italy, he has generally chosen political subjects upon which to exercise his pen, and he has in turns celebrated every party as it became the successful one. We may suppose, by way of excuse, that he writes like an *improvvisatore*, that he works himself into an inspiration upon any theme, and that he seizes with avidity upon any political sentiment, however foreign it may be to his own feelings. In these political poems, which display such opposite principles, there is not perhaps sufficient variety of invention and style. *La Basvigliana* is the most celebrated of them. The readers of Monti will soon perceive that the author, who always copies Dante, not unfrequently copies himself.

Hughe Basville was a French envoy, who, at the commencement of the revolution, was massacred by the people of Rome, for attempting to excite an insurrection against the pontifical authority. Monti, who was then the Papal poet, as he afterwards was the republican Laureate, supposes that at the moment of Basville's death, a sudden repentance snatches him from the pangs of the reprobate, and withdraws him from the punishments which he so richly deserved for his philosophical principles. In expiation of his sins, and as a sort of commutation for the tortures of purgatory, he is condemned by the ordinances of Divine justice to traverse France, until the crimes of that country have received their due reward, and to contemplate the misfortunes and reverses, which he had contributed to produce by the share which he took in the revolution. An angel conducts Basville from province to province, in order to shew him the desolation of

autiful country; and after leading him to Paris, that witness the execution of Louis XVI., bids him the allied armies ready to rush down upon France, to the death of the king. The poem ends without the being made acquainted with the issue of the war. It led into four cantos of three hundred verses each, and, great poem of Dante, it is written in the *terza rima*. ly many forms of expression, many epithets and verses, are borrowed from the *Divina Comedia*, but the idea of that poem seems to have been here imitated. gel conducts Basville through the suffering world, and thful guide, who sustains and consoles the hero of the lays precisely the same part which Virgil sustains in In thought, sentiment, and suffering, Dante is the pe of Basville. Monti has scarcely preserved in him ces of his revolutionary character. He makes him re pity than remorse, and he seems to forget, when he entifies himself with him, that he had before repre- Basville, perhaps without any real grounds, as an in- nd a most ferocious revolutionist.

Basvigliana is remarkable, perhaps beyond every other poem, for the majesty of the verse, the nobleness of expression, and the richness of the colouring. In the first canto, the soul of Basville bids adieu to his body:

> And then he cast a glance upon the corse,
> His earthly consort, in whose every vein
> Anger and zeal had open'd life's red source.
>
> Oh sleep in peace! he said: oh! of my pain
> Beloved companion, till that final day,
> When the great trumpet wakens thee again!
>
> And lightly on thee press the earth's cold clay,
> Nor rudely blow the winds of heaven o'er thee,
> Nor ever traveller taunt thee on his way!*

---

* Poscia l' ultimo sguardo al corpo affisse,
Già suo consorte in vita, a cui le vene
Sdegno di zelo e di ragion trafisse;

Dormi in pace, dicendo, O di mie pene
Caro compagno, infin che del gran die
L' orrido squillo a risvegliar ti viene.

Lieve intanto la terra, e dolci e pie
Ti sien l'aure e le pioggie; e a te non dica
Parole il passegger scortesi e rie.

Oltre

Beyond the tomb there dwells not enmity,
And on the blessed shore, where now we part,
Justice and mercy reign triumphantly.

In the second canto, Basville enters Paris, with the his guide, at the moment of the execution of Louis :

The Shade upon his guide, whose cheeks were stain'd
With tears, in wonder gazed, and on each street,
Along whose bounds still deepest silence reign'd.

Mute was the brazen trumpet, and the feet
Of artizans were heard not, nor did sound
Of anvil, or of saw, the strangers greet ;

A whisper only tremblingly crept round,
'Mid guarded looks, and fearful questionings,
While grief within each heavy heart was found.

Voices were heard, confused murmurings,
The voice of many a mother, who in fear
Her trembling arms around her infant flings ;

Voices of wives, who, as their husbands dear
Pass o'er the threshold, on their footsteps press,
And stay their ardent course with sigh and tear ;

But woman's love and kindly tenderness
Were conquer'd by their fury's fiercer power,
Which tore them from the conjugal caress.*

Oltre il rogo non vive ira nemica,
E nell' ospite suolo ove io ti lasso,
Giuste son l'alme, e la pietade è antica.

---

* E l' ombra si stupia quinci vedendo
Lagrimoso il suo duca, e possedute
Quindi le strade da silenzio orrendo.

Muto de' bronzi il sacro squillo, e mute
L'opre del giorno, e muto lo stridore
Dell' aspre incudi, e delle seghe argute.

Sol per tutto un bisbiglio ed un terrore,
Un domandare, ud sogguardar sospetto,
Una mestizia che ti piomba al cuore ;

E cupe voci di confuso affetto,
Voci di madri pie, che gl' innocenti
Figli si serran, trepidando, al petto ;

Voci di spose, che ai mariti ardenti
Contrastano l' uscita, e sugle soglie
Fan di lagrime intoppo e di lamenti.

Ma tenerezza e carità di moglie
Vinta è da furia di maggior possanza,
Che dall' amplesso conjugal li scioglie.

We have elsewhere spoken of the two tragedies of Monti, which are the pride of the modern Italian theatre. We are happy, in concluding this account of the literature of Italy, to be able to contemplate a man of genius, who, still in the prime of his age, may yet enrich his language with masterpieces worthy of being placed by the side of those of the greatest writers of his country; more especially if, yielding only to the dictates of genuine inspiration, he should refuse to sacrifice to the interests of the moment, a reputation which was made to endure for ages.

We have attempted by the extracts which we have made, and by the fragments of translations which we have introduced, to make the reader acquainted with the poets, who, during the last five centuries, have shed such lustre upon the Italian language; or rather our object has been to awaken curiosity and to induce the reader to judge for himself. Italy still possesses another class of poets, whose fugitive talents leave no traces behind them, but who yet give birth for the moment to a very lively pleasure. We should convey an exceedingly imperfect idea of the poetry of Italy, did we omit to say a few words of the *Improvvisatori*. Their talent, their inspiration, and the enthusiasm which they excite, are all most illustrative of the national character. In them we perceive how truly poetry is the immediate language of the soul and of the imagination; how the thoughts at their birth take this harmonious form; and how our feelings are so closely connected with the music of language and with the rich graces of description, that the poet displays resources in verse, which he never appears to possess in prose; and that he, who is scarcely worthy of being listened to in speaking, becomes eloquent, captivating, and even sublime, when he abandons himself to the inspiration of the Muse.

The talent of an improvvisatore is the gift of nature, and a talent which has frequently no relation to the other faculties. When it is manifested in a child, it is studiously cultivated, and he receives all the instruction which seems likely to be useful to him in his art. He is taught mythology, history, science and philosophy. But the divine gift itself, the second and more harmonious language, which with graceful ease assumes every artificial form, this alone they attempt not to change or to add to, and it is left to develope itself according

to the dictates of nature. Sounds call up corresponding sounds; the rhymes spontaneously arrange themselves in their places; and the inspired soul pours itself forth in verse, like the concords naturally elicited from the vibrations of a musical chord.

The improvvisatore generally begs from the audience a subject for his verse. The topics usually presented to him are drawn from mythology, from religion, from history, or from some passing event of the day; but from all these sources thousands of the most trite subjects may be derived, and we are mistaken in supposing that we are rendering the poet a service in giving him a subject which has already been the object of his verse. He would not be an improvvisatore, if he did not entirely abandon himself to the impression of the moment, or if he trusted more to his memory than to his feelings. After having been informed of his subject, the improvvisatore remains a moment in meditation, to view it in its various lights, and to shape out the plan of the little poem which he is about to compose. He then prepares the eight first verses, that his mind during the recitation of them may receive the proper impulse, and that he may awaken that powerful emotion, which makes him as it were a new being. In about seven or eight minutes he is fully prepared, and commences his poem, which often consists of five or six hundred verses. His eyes wander around him, his features glow, and he struggles with the prophetic spirit which seems to animate him. Nothing, in the present age, can represent in so striking a manner the Pythia of Delphos, when the god descended and spoke by her mouth.

There is an easy metre, the same which Metastasio has employed in the *Partenza a Nice*, and which is adapted to the air known by the name of the *Air of the Improvvisatori*. This measure is generally made use of when the poet wishes not to give himself much trouble, or when he has not the talent to attempt a higher strain. The stanza consists of eight lines with seven syllables in each line, and divided into two quatrains, each quatrain being terminated by a *verso tronco*, so that there are properly only two of the lines rhymed in each quatrain. The singing sustains and strengthens the prosody, and covers, where it is necessary, defective verses, so that the art is in this form within the capacity of persons

possessing very ordinary talents. All the improvvisatori, however, do not sing. Some of the most celebrated amongst them have bad voices, and are compelled to declaim their verses in a rapid manner, as if they were reading them. The more celebrated improvvisatori consider it an easy task to conform themselves to the most rigid laws of versification. At the will of the audience, they will adopt the *terza rima* of Dante, or the *ottava rima* of Tasso, or any other metre as constrained; and these shackles of rhyme and verse seem to augment the richness of their imagination and their eloquence. The famous Gianni, the most astonishing of all the improvvisatori, has written nothing in the tranquillity of his closet which can give him any claim to his prodigious reputation. When, however, he utters his spontaneous verses, which are preserved by the diligence of short-hand writers, we remark with admiration the lofty poetry, the rich imagery, the powerful eloquence, and, occasionally, the deep thought which they display, and which place their author on a level with the men who are the glory of Italy. The famous Corilla, who was crowned in the Capitol, was distinguished for her lively imagination, her grace, and her gaiety. Another poetess, La Bandettini, of Modena, was educated by a Jesuit, and from him acquired a knowledge of the ancient languages, and a familiarity with the classical authors. She afterwards attached herself to scientific pursuits, that she might render herself equal to any theme that might be proposed to her, and she thus rendered her numerous acquirements subservient to her poetical talents. La Fantastici, the wife of a rich goldsmith of Florence, did not devote herself to such abstruse branches of knowledge; but she possessed from heaven a musical ear, an imagination worthy of the name she bore, and a facility of composition, which gave full employment to her melodious voice. Madame Mazzei, whose former name was Landi, a lady of one of the first families in Florence, surpasses, perhaps, all her compeers in the fertility of her imagination, in the richness and purity of her style, and in the harmony and perfect regularity of her verses. She never sings; and absorbed in the process of invention, her thoughts always outstrip her words. She is negligent in her declamation, and her recitation is therefore not graceful; but the moment she commences her spontaneous effusions, the most harmonious language in

the world seems at her bidding to assume new beauties. We are delighted and drawn forward by the magic stream. We are transported into a new poetical world, where to our amazement we discover man speaking the language of the gods. I have heard her exert her talents upon subjects which were unexpectedly offered to her. I have heard her in the most magnificent *ottava rima* celebrate the genius of Dante, of Machiavelli, and of Galileo. I have heard her in *terza rima* lament the departed glory and the lost liberties of Florence. I have heard her compose a fragment of a tragedy, on a subject which the tragic poets had never touched, so as to give an idea in a few scenes of the plot and the catastrophe; and lastly I have heard her pronounce, confining herself to the same given rhymes, five sonnets on five different subjects. But it is necessary to hear her, in order to form any idea of the prodigious power of this poetical eloquence, and to feel convinced that a nation in whose heart so bright a flame of inspiration still burns, has not yet accomplished her literary career, but that there still perhaps remain in reserve for her greater glories than any which she has as yet acquired.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ORIGIN OF THE SPANISH LANGUAGE AND POETRY. POEM OF THE CID.

We may be considered as making the tour of Europe for the purpose of examining, nation by nation, and country by country, the effect which was produced by the mixture of the two great races of men, the northern and the southern. We are thus present, as it were, at the birth of the modern languages, and of that genius and literature with which they were accompanied. We remark the local circumstances which modified each simultaneous developement. We behold the formation of national taste and genius; and we are enabled to understand in what manner each nation of Europe created a literature which differed from the rest, not only in the rules which it laid down, but likewise in the object which it proposed to itself, and in the means which it took to secure the accomplishment of that object. Having already traversed Provence, the North of France, and Italy, we now arrive at

Spain; and in proportion as we advance, the difficulty of our task increases. With the language of which we are now about to treat, we are not so familiarly acquainted as with the Italian, nor is it indeed generally known. Spanish books, moreover, are rare in France and difficult to be procured; and there are scarcely any of the writers in that language whose works have been translated, and whose fame has become general throughout Europe. The Germans alone have studied the literary history of Spain with zeal and attention; and, notwithstanding the efforts I have made to procure the original authors in the most celebrated libraries of those Italian towns over which Spanish princes have reigned, I shall yet be compelled occasionally to form my judgment on the credit of other writers, and to consult the German authors, Boutterwek, Dieze, and Schlegel. The number of Spanish writers, also, is very considerable, and their fecundity is most appalling. For example, there are more dramas in the Spanish, than in all the other languages of Europe put together; and it cannot be allowed us to judge of these compositions by specimens chosen by chance from the bulk. The very peculiar national taste of the Spaniards likewise augments the difficulty we feel in becoming acquainted with them. The literature of the nations upon which we have hitherto been employed, and of those of which we have yet to treat, was European: the literature of Spain, on the contrary, is decidedly oriental. Its spirit, its pomp, its object, all belong to another sphere of ideas—to another world. We must become perfectly familiar with it before we can pretend to judge of it, and nothing could be more unjust than to estimate by our notions of poetry, which the Spaniards neither know nor regard, works which have been composed upon absolutely different principles.

On the other hand, the literature of Spain will amply repay the labour which an examination of it requires. This brave and chivalrous nation, whose pride and dignity have passed into a proverb, is reflected in its literature, in which we may delight to find all the distinctive traits which characterise the part which the Spaniards have acted in Europe. The same nation which opposed so strong a barrier to the Saracen invaders, which maintained for five centuries its civil and religious liberties, and which, after it had lost both the one

and the other, under Charles V. and his successors, seemed desirous of burying both Europe and the New World under the ruins of its own constitution, has also displayed in its literature, the loftiness and grandeur of its character, and the power and richness of its imagination. In its early poems, we again behold the heroism of its ancient knights ; and in the poets of its brightest age, we recognize the magnificence of the court of Charles V. ; when the same men who led armies from victory to victory likewise held the first rank in the empire of letters. Even in the universal decay which succeeded, we behold the loftiness of the Spanish character. The poets of later times sunk under the weight of their riches, and yielded to the strength of their own efforts, less for the purpose of vanquishing others, than of surpassing themselves.

The literature of Spain manifests itself in sudden and fitful lights. We admire it for an instant, and it is again lost in obscurity ; but these glimpses always induce a desire to see more of it. The first tragic writer of the French stage borrowed his grandeur from the Spaniards ; and, after the Cid, which he imitated from Guillen de Castro, many tragi-comic pieces and chivalric dramas transport us into Spain. The celebrated Romance-writer, Le Sage, has displayed all the gaiety of a Spaniard's genius ; and Gil Blas, though the production of a Frenchman, is completely Spanish in manners, in spirit, and in action. Don Quixote is well known to every nation as one of the most animated, witty, and pleasant satires in the world. A few novels translated by M. de Florian, and some dramatic pieces which Beaumarchais has adapted to our stage from the Spanish, have once more awakened our curiosity with regard to this peculiar country, yet without satisfying it ; and its literature is still very little known to the French.

At the period of the subversion of the empire of the West during the reign of Honorius, Spain was invaded about the year 409, by the Suevi, the Alani, the Vandals, and the Visigoths. This nation, which for six centuries had been subjected to the dominion of the Romans, and had completely adopted the language and civilized arts of its masters, experienced those changes in its manners, its opinions, its military spirit, and its language, which, we have already observed, took place in the other provinces of the empire, and which were in fact, the origin of the nations which arose on the overthrow

of the Roman power. Amongst the conquerors, the Visigoths were the most numerous, which may be considered as a fortunate circumstance for Spain, since, of all the northern nations, the Goths both of the east and the west were by far the most just and enlightened; affording greater protection to the vanquished, and establishing amongst them an excellent system of legislation The Alani were subdued by the Visigoths ten years after their entry into Spain; and ten years later, the Vandals passed into Africa, for the purpose of founding that warlike monarchy which was destined to avenge Carthage and to pillage Rome. The Suevi, who had preserved their independence for a century and a half, were at last overcome in their turn in the year 585. The dominion of the Visigoths was thus extended over all Spain with the exception of a few maritime towns, which still remained in the power of the Greeks of Constantinople; and which, by their commercial pursuits, acquired great riches and an abundant population. The ancient Roman subjects who were elevated by the laws of the Visigoths to a level with their conquerors, being educated in the same manner, admitted to the same public employments, and professing the same religion, were speedily confounded with them; and when, in the year 710, Spain was invaded by the Musulmans, all the Christians who inhabited that country were amalgamated into one people.

It is the opinion of the Spaniards themselves that their language was formed during the three hundred years of the Visigothic dominion. It is evidently the result of a mixture of the German with the Latin, the termination of the words in the l er language being contracted. The Arabic afterwards enri ed it with a number of expressions, which preserve their fore. n charaeter in the midst of a language derived from the Latin; and this circumstance has, no doubt, had an influence on the pronunciation of the language, although not so much as to change its genius. The Spanish and Italian, possessing a common origin, yet differ in a very striking manner. The syllables lost in the contraction of words, and those retained, are by no means the same in both; insomuch that many words derived in each tongue from the Latin, have little resemblance to one another.* The Spanish, more sonorous, and more full

* A few general rules on the transformations which different letters have undergone, may enable us to recognize words which have passed

of aspirates and accents, has something in it more dignified firm, and imposing; while, on the other hand, having been less cultivated by philosophers and by orators, it possesses less flexibility and precision. In its grandeur it is occasionally obscure, and its pomp is not exempt from being turgid. But notwithstanding these diversities, the two languages may still be recognized as sisters, and the passage from the one to the other is certainly easy.

There are no remains of the Spanish language during the dominion of the Visigoths. The laws which they promulgated were in Latin, in which language their chronicles also were written. Some people pretend that in these productions traces of the Spanish character are to be found. The Visigoths manifested an extreme jealousy with regard to their women, by no means common to the other northern nations; but all that remains of their history and their manners is too scanty to allow us to form any judgment respecting them.

The extreme corruption of the Goths, under their later sovereigns, was the cause of their ruin, at the period when the Arabs were extending their conquests in Africa. Roderick having driven the sons of Witiza, the legitimate heirs to the throne, into exile, mortally offended Count Julian, the governor of the provinces situated on both sides of the Straits of Gibraltar, by dishonouring his daughter. Julian and the sons of Witiza placed themselves under the protection of the Moors Musa, the Moorish commander in

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from one language to another. *F*, which is in fact a strong aspirate, is often changed in Spanish into *h*, and sometimes the *h* into *f*. Thus *fabulari*. to speak, is *hablar* in Spanish; in Italian, *favellar;* and as the *b* and the *v* are continually used for one another, this word is, in fact, precisely the same in both languages. The *j*, which is strongly aspirated by the Spaniards, is frequently substituted for the liquid *l*, so that *hijo* and *figlio* are the same word. The *l* liquid, in Spanish, is always used instead of the *pl* of the Latins, and the *pi* of the Italians. Thus, *planus*, Latin, *llano*, Spanish, *piano*, Italian; *Plenus*, Latin, *lleno*, Spanish, *pieno*, Italian. The Spanish *ch* supplies the place of the Latin *ct*, and the Italian *tt*. *Factus, hecho, fatto; dictus, dicho, detto.* The Spanish terminate their words with consonants more frequently than the Italians; and the language is full of words ending in *ar, er, os*, and *as*. The infinitive of verbs, and the plural of nouns, are terminated by consonants; but the former are accentuated, and the latter not. In short, the Italians have softened down the pronunciation of the Romans, while the Spaniards have preserved a great number of harsh syllables, and have multiplied aspirates in the letters *x, j, g, h*, and *f*.

Africa, dispatched Tariffa, or Tarikh, in the year 710, with a Musulman army to their assistance, and to these forces all the malcontent Visigoths united themselves. A pitched battle was fought between the hostile armies, each consisting of nearly a hundred thousand men, at Xeres, on the borders of the Guadaleta, from the nineteenth to the twenty-sixth day of July, 711. The Goths were vanquished; a defeat which their king, Roderick, could never repair; and by this battle the monarchy of the Goths was destroyed, and Spain was subjected to the Musulmans.

A few valorous chieftains, however, retired into the mountains, and especially into that vast chain which extends along the northern part of the Peninsula. In 716 they drove out of one portion of the Asturias the Christian governor, whom the Arabs had placed there; and they at length succeeded in establishing their independence. This example was imitated; and from these fugitives proceeded the kings of Oviedo, descended from Pelagius, one of the princes of the family of the Visigoth kings; the kings of Navarre, the counts of Castile, the counts of Soprarbia, who afterwards reigned in Aragon, and the counts of Barcelona; princes who were destined at a future time to reconquer the Peninsula from the Arabians. But by far the greater number of the Christians submitted to the yoke of the Moors, who granted them the fullest toleration in religious matters, and who freely communicated to them the knowledge of which they were themselves masters. In a former chapter we have given some account of the literary splendour of Spain during the government of the Moors, and of the influence which they exercised over the Christians. By a foolish policy, however, common to all Musulman conquerors, they neglected to amalgamate the vanquishers and the vanquished; and throughout all their successes they oppressed the nations whom they held tributary to them, by whom they were hated in return. It was by these means that they supplied the Spaniards, who had taken refuge in the mountains, with powerful allies in the Moorish provinces.

These mountaineers, who had preserved the religion, the laws, the honour, and the liberty of the Visigoths, together with the use of their Roman language, did not all speak the same dialect. In Catalonia the Provençal or Limousin,

which so long engaged our attention, was spoken In Asturias, in old Castile, and in the kingdom of Leon, the Castilian prevailed ; and in Galicia, the *Gallego*, whence the Portuguese had its origin. In Navarre, and in some parts of Biscay, the Basque was still preserved ; a Celtic dialect, or, according to others, of African or Numidian origin, prior to the conquests of the Romans, which never intermingled with the Spanish language, nor exercised any influence over its literature. When the Christians, profiting by the extinction of the Caliphate of the Ommiades of Cordova, and the division of the Musulmans into a number of petty principalities, began, posterior to the year 1031, to recover Spain from the Saracens, they introduced into the South the language which they had preserved amidst the mountains ; and Spain was divided into three longitudinal portions, of which the inhabitants of each spoke a separate language. The Catalan, in the states of Aragon, extended along the Mediterranean, from the Pyrenees, to the kingdom of Murcia ; the Castilian occupied the centre of the country, and extended likewise from the Pyrenees to the kingdom of Grenada ; while the Portuguese was spoken from Galicia to the kingdom of Algarves.

The Christians who had preserved their independence amidst the fastnesses of the mountains, were illiterate and rude men, though high-spirited, courageous, and incapable of bearing the yoke. Each valley regarded itself as a separate state, and attempted by its own strength to render itself respected abroad, and to maintain its laws and manners at home. These valleys had received Visigoth Kings, Counts who administered justice, and led the troops to battle. Their authority continued to subsist after the destruction of the monarchy, but they were rather considered as military leaders, and as protectors of the people, than as masters. Every man by defending his own liberty, became cognizant of his own rights. Every man was aware of the power with which his own valour endowed him, and exacted towards himself the same respect which he paid to others. A nation composed for the greater part of emigrants, who had preferred liberty to riches, and who had abandoned their country, in order that they might preserve amidst the solitude of the mountains their religion and their laws, were not likely to

recognize, to any great degree, the distinctions which fortune created. The son of the governor of a province might often be seen clothed in very homely garments ; and the hero by whose valour a battle had been gained, might be found reposing in a hut. The dignity of the people of Castile, which is observable even amongst the beggars, and their respect for every citizen, whatever may be his fortune, are peculiarities in Spanish manners, which may no doubt be referred to the period of which we are speaking. The forms of the language, and the usages of society established at this period, became an integral part of the national manners, and display their ancient dignity even at the present day.

Civil liberty was preserved as perfect in Spain, as it can be under any constitution. The nation seemed to have created kings, in order that the authority, which necessarily devolved upon the sovereign power might be circumscribed within narrower limits. Their object was to provide themselves with able captains, with judges of the lists, and with chieftains who might serve as models to a gallant nobility ; but they yet watched with jealousy any attempts to extend the royal prerogative. Judges were appointed, to whom the nation might appeal under ordinary circumstances, and legal forms were established, by which the people were authorized to resist by force abuses of power. All classes were admitted to an equal share in the representation, and every Spaniard was taught to place a due value on his privileges as a citizen, and on his nobility as a Visigoth. The Court, the general nobility, and the equal balance of ranks, of which no one was suffered to feel degraded, preserved in the manners, the language, and the literature of the Spaniards, a kind of elegance, and a tone of courtesy and high-breeding, with somewhat of an aristocratical character of manners, which the Italians lost very early, because they owed their liberties to a democratical spirit.

When political liberty was once properly appreciated, religious servitude could not long continue to exist ; and the Spaniards therefore, until the time of Charles V., maintained their independence, in a great degree, against the church of Rome, of which they subsequently became the most timid vassals, when once deprived of their free constitution. The religious independence of the Spaniards has been little re

marked upon, because the native writers of the present day are ashamed of the fact, and have endeavoured to conceal it while foreign authors have formed their opinion of that nation from its situation during their own time. We shall, however, have occasion to remark in examining the early Spanish poets, that even in the wars with the Moors, as early as the eleventh century, they ascribe to their heroes a spirit of charity and humanity for their enemies, as a quality highly honourable to them. All their most celebrated men, as Bernard de Carpio, the Cid, and Alfonso VI., had combated in the ranks of the Moors. About the twelfth century, as we have already said in treating of the Troubadours, the kings of Aragon granted free liberty of conscience in their states to the Paulicians, and to the sectaries, who afterwards acquired the name of Albigenses. They likewise took arms in their defence in that deadly crusade which was headed by Simon de Montfort; and Peter II. of Aragon was slain, in 1213, at the battle of Muret, fighting against these crusaders, in the cause of religious toleration. In 1268, two princes of Castile, brothers of Alfonso X., quitted the banners of the infidels, under which they had served at Tunis, to give their assistance, at the head of eight hundred gentlemen of Castile, to the Italians, who were endeavouring to throw off the tyranny of the Pope, and of Charles of Anjou. At the conclusion of the same century (1282), Peter III. of Aragon, voluntarily exposed himself to the thunders of the Church, in order to rescue Sicily from the oppression of the French. He and his descendants lived under sentence of excommunication for nearly the whole of the fourteenth century; nor ever consented to purchase the repeal of those censures by any concession of their rights. In the great schism of the West (1378), Peter IV. embraced that side which was regarded by the Church as schismatic; a course which was suited to his political interests, since Peter de Luna, who was afterwards Anti-pope, under the name of Benedict XIII., was his subject. His successors still continued to countenance the schism, notwithstanding the efforts of all the rest of Christendom to extinguish it. Alfonso V. of Aragon again renewed it, after the council of Constance, and even after the death of Benedict XIII. He consented in 1429 to the deposition of that shadow of a Pope, which he had himself

created ; an act of condescension which was repaid by the Holy Pontiff with great sacrifices. Until the reign of Charles V , this monarch, his son, and his successors on the throne of Naples, were in a state of almost perpetual hostility with the Popes. We are not inclined to attribute any extraordinary merit to the Aragonese sovereigns, on account of these prolonged contests with the church. It is not to be doubted that they frequently sacrificed their religion to their temporal interests on those occasions ; but a nation, which, during three centuries, lived in a state of almost constant controversy with the papal power, and despised its excommunications, was undoubtedly far removed from that blind faith and superstitious submission, to which Philip II. ultimately succeeded in reducing it. The last struggles in defence of the liberties of Aragon occurred in the year 1485 ; when the people rose to repel the introduction of the Inquisition, which Ferdinand the Catholic attempted to impose upon them. To resist the establishment of this odious tribunal, the whole population took up arms. The grand inquisitor was put to death, and his infamous agents were expelled from Aragon.

Although the minds of the Spaniards were not directed to the subtleties of scholastic theology, yet their ardent and passionate imaginations produced amongst them some mystics who, confounding together love and religion, mistook the aberrations of their feelings for divine inspirations. These were almost the only sectaries whom the Roman Church had occasion to condemn in Spain. Even at the period when they enjoyed the greatest religious liberty, few men devoted themselves to the examination of the orthodox dogmas, or to the discussion of points of faith. The Jews and the Musulmans remained steady in their belief, while the Catholics likewise persisted in their faith without taking the trouble to examine the grounds of it ; and religion was only employed to furnish occasional matter of controversy in a convent, or the subject of a hymn in honour of some saint.

The literary men of Spain have collected with great diligence, the earliest remains of their native poetry. D. Thomas Antonio Sanchez, librarian to the king, in 1779 published four octavo volumes containing specimens of the most ancient Castilian poets, of whose works he had been able to procure

manuscripts. The first in the collection is the poem of the Cid, which, in his opinion, was written towards the middle of the twelfth century, that is to say, about fifty years after the death of the hero. Although the Cid, both in versification and in language, is almost absolutely barbarous, it is yet so curious on account of its simple and faithful descriptions of the manners of the eleventh century, and still more on account of its date, it being the most ancient epic in the modern languages, that we have determined to present a detailed analysis of the poem.*

In order to give the reader some idea of the place where the scene is laid, it will, however, be necessary to make a few previous remarks on the situation of Spain, at the period when the Cid was written. Sancho III. of Navarre, who died in 1034, had united almost all the Christian states of the Peninsula under one dominion, having married the heiress of the county of Castile, and obtained the hand of the sister of Bermudez III., the last king of Leon, for his second son, Ferdinand. The Asturias, Navarre, and Aragon, were all subject to him, and he was the first who assumed the title of King of Castile. To him the sovereign houses of Spain have looked up as their common ancestor, for the male line of the Gothic Kings became extinct in Bermudez III. It was in the reign of this Sancho, surnamed the Great, that D. Rodrigo Laynez, the son of Diego, was born, to whom the Spaniards gave the abbreviated appellation of Ruy Diaz, while the five Moorish Generals whom he had vanquished bestowed upon him the title of *Es Sayd*, (or, my Lord,) whence the name of the *Cid* had its origin. Muller conjectures that he was born about the year 1026. The castle of Bivar, two leagues from Burgos, whence he took his name, was probably the place of his birth, and perhaps a conquest of his father's. On the female side he was descended from the ancient Counts of Castile; yet, though his birth was illustrious, he was com-

* The MS. which has been preserved, bears the date of 1207, or 1245, of the Spanish æra, though it is certainly not the most ancient. M. Raynouard has promised us a Provençal poem on Boethius, anterior to the year 1000, and which must consequently be of higher antiquity than the poem of the Cid. This discovery is due to M. Raynouard, who as yet is the only person who possesses the means of forming a judgment upon the composition. [This poem may be found in *Raynouard*, vol. ii. p. 1.—*Tr.*]

paratively poor, before his valour had acquired him riches as well as glory.

D. Sancho divided his states amongst his children: D. Garcia became King of Navarre, D. Ferdinand, King of Castile, and D. Ramirez, King of Aragon. The Cid. who was a subject of D. Ferdinand, entered upon his military career under that monarch's banners, where he displayed that marvellous strength and prodigious valour, that constancy and coolness, which raised him above all the other warriors of Europe. Many of the victories of Ferdinand and the Cid were obtained over the Moors, who being at that time deprived of their leader and without a central government, were much exposed to the attacks of the Christians. It was when the young Hescham el Mowajed, the last of the Ommiades, was on the point of receiving at Cordova, in 1031, the oath of allegiance of all the Moors of Spain, and of being raised to the throne as Emir el Mumenin, (Miramolin, or Emperor of the West,) that a sudden cry was heard amongst the people: "The Almighty hath turned away his eyes from the race of Omajah! Reject ye the forsaken one!" The result was, that the Prince was compelled to take to flight, and to abandon his throne; and that every noble and powerful individual rendered himself independent in one or another of the cities of Moorish Spain as Emir or Cheick.

The arms of Ferdinand and the Cid were not, however, always directed against the infidels. The ambitious Monarch soon afterwards attacked his brother-in-law, Bermudez III. of Leon, the last of the descendants of D. Pelagius, whom he despoiled of his states, and put to death in 1037. He subsequently attacked and dethroned his eldest brother, D. Garcia, and afterwards his younger brother, D. Ramirez, the former of whom he likewise sacrificed. The Cid, who had received his earliest instructions under D. Ferdinand, made no scrupulous enquiries into the justice of that prince's cause, but combating blindly for him, rendered him glorious in the eyes of the vulgar by these iniquitous conquests.

It is also in the reign of Ferdinand, that the first romantic adventures of the Cid are said to have occurred; his attachment to Ximena, the only daughter of Count Gormaz; his duel with the Count, who had mortally injured his father; and lastly his marriage with the daughter of the man who

had perished by his sword. The authenticity of these poetical achievements rests entirely on the romances which we shall examine in the next chapter; but though this brilliant story is not to be found in any historical document, yet the universal tradition of a nation seems to stamp it with sufficient credit.

The Cid was in habits of the strictest friendship with the eldest son of Ferdinand, D. Sancho, surnamed the Strong, and the two warriors always combated side by side. During the lifetime of the father, the Cid, in 1049, had rendered tributary the Musulman Emir of Saragossa. He defended that Moorish Prince against the Aragonese, in 1063; and when Sancho succeeded to the throne in 1065, he was placed, by the young King, at the head of all his armies, whence, without doubt, he acquired the name of *Campeador*.

D. Sancho, who merited the friendship of a hero, and who always remained faithful to him, was, notwithstanding, no less ambitious and unjust than his father, whose example he followed in endeavouring to deprive his brothers of their share of the paternal inheritance. To the valour of the Cid he owed his victories over D. Garcia, King of Galicia, and D. Alfonso, King of Leon, whose states he invaded. The latter prince took refuge amongst the Moors, with the King of Toledo, who afforded him a generous asylum. D. Sancho, after having also stripped his sisters of their inheritance, was slain in 1072, before Zamora, where the last of his sisters, D. Urraca, had fortified herself. Alfonso VI., recalled from the Moors to ascend the vacant throne, after having taken an oath, administered by the hands of the Cid, that he had been in no degree accessary to his brother's death, endeavoured to attach that celebrated leader to his interests, by promising him in marriage his own niece Ximena, whose mother was sister-in-law to Ferdinand the Great and Bermudez III. the last King of Leon. This marriage, of which historical evidence remains, was celebrated on the 19th of July, 1074. The Cid was at that time nearly fifty years of age, and had survived his first wife Ximena, the daughter of Count Gormaz, so celebrated in the Spanish and French tragedies. Being soon afterwards despatched on an embassy to the Moorish princes of Seville and Cordova, the Cid assisted them in gaining a great victory over the King of Grenada; but

scarcely had the heat of the battle passed away, when he restored all the prisoners whom he had taken, with arms in their hands, to liberty. By these constant acts of generosity he won the hearts of his enemies as well as of his friends. He was admired and respected both by Moors and Christians. He had soon afterwards occasion to claim the protection of the former ; for Alfonso VI. instigated by those who were envious of the hero's success, banished him from Castile. The Cid upon this occasion took refuge with his friend Ahmed el Muktadir, King of Saragossa, by whom he was treated with boundless confidence and respect. He was appointed by him to the post of governor of his son, and was in fact intrusted with the whole administration of the kingdom of Saragossa, during the reign of Joseph El Muktamam, from 1081 to 1085, within which period he gained many brilliant victories over the Christians of Aragon, Navarre, and Barcelona. Always generous to the vanquished, he again gave liberty to the prisoners. Alfonso VI. now began to regret that he had deprived himself of the services of the most valiant of his warriors ; and being attacked by the redoubtable Joseph, the son of Teschfin, the Morabite, who had invaded Spain with a new army of Moors from Africa, and having sustained a defeat at Zalaka, on the 23d of October, 1087, he recalled the Cid to his assistance. That hero immediately repaired to his standard with seven thousand soldiers, levied at his own charge ; and for two years continued to combat for his ungrateful sovereign ; but at length, either his generosity in dismissing his captives, or his disobedience to the orders of a prince far inferior to himself in the knowledge of the art of war, drew upon him a second disgrace about the year 1090. He was again banished ; his wife and son were imprisoned, and his goods were confiscated. It is at this period that the poem, from which we are about to make some extracts, commences. It is in fact the fragment of a complete history of the Cid, the beginning of which has been lost.

The opening, as it has been transmitted to us, is not deficient either in dignity or in interest. The hero is departing from Bivar, his native place, where every thing bears the marks of desolation. The doors are torn down, the windows driven in, and the rooms usually appropriated to the protection of treasure and valuable effects, are broken open

and empty. The falcons' mews are deserted, and within them neither falcons nor hawks are to be found.* The hero weeps as he quits these scenes; for to shed tears was never deemed by the ancient knights to be inconsistent with their character as brave men. He traverses Burgos at the head of sixty lances. The friends of a knight ever remained faithful to him in misfortune. The anger of a king could not separate those who had pledged their faith to each other in battle; and those who had marched beneath the triumphant standard of Rodrigo, cheerfully followed him into exile. The citizens of Burgos, crowding to their doors and windows, wept as he passed, and exclaimed, "O God! why didst not thou give so good a vassal a good Lord?" None, however, ventured to invite the fugitive to partake of the rites of hospitality; for Alfonso had in his anger declared, that whoever, in the city, should receive him, should forfeit his goods and be deprived of his eyes. The Cid, after having thus traversed the capital of Castile, was compelled to leave it by the opposite gate, without meeting a single individual who dared to offer him an asylum.

The language of the poet frequently does not rise above that of a barbarous chronicler; but he relates his incidents with great fidelity, and places them, as it were, before our eyes. He tells us how the Cid, advancing towards the borders of the Moorish territories, found that he lacked money to carry on the war; and as all his property had been sequestrated by order of the king, how he borrowed from a Jew five hundred marks of silver wherewith to equip his troops, giving him, by way of pledge for repayment, two heavy cases filled with sand, which, as he pretended, held his treasures, and which he commanded the Jew not to open until a year had expired. This deception, the only one of

* The following are the opening lines:

De los sus ojos tan fuertemientre lorando,
Tornaba la cabeza, e estabalos catando:
Vio puertas abiertas, e uzos sin cañados,
Alcandaras vacias, sin pielles e sin mantos:
E sin falcones, e sin adtores mudados.
Sospirò mio Cid, ca mucho avie grandes cuidados·
Fablò mio Cid, bien e tan mesurado.
Grado a ti, señor padre, que estàs en alto,
Esto me han buelto mios enemigos malos.

which the Spanish hero was ever guilty, scarcely merited the name, since his word, which was alone worth a treasure, was pledged for the restoration of the money. The first Moorish spoils enabled him to repay the loan. The Cid had left Ximena, with his daughters, at the abbey of St. Peter; and she, hearing of his arrival at that place, commanded her six ladies to conduct her to his presence.

Her eyes were full of tears, and she sunk upon the floor,
And she tried to kiss his hands, and cried, Mercy, Campeador!
Oh! Born in happy hour,* to the evil of the land
Your enemies have made you here a banish'd man to stand.
Mercy! oh gallant Beard, to thee I bring thy daughters fair,
Who still are in their early years, and under God's good care.
That you will quit us soon, I see will be our fate,
And even while we live 'tis doom'd that we live separate;
Give us, for Holy Mary's sake, your counsel ere too late.†

The Cid placed his hand upon his bushy beard, and embracing his daughters, strained them to his breast, for they were very dear to him. As his eyes filled with tears, he sighed and exclaimed:

Ximena! fairest woman, as my soul to me you're dear,
But we must part, and I must go, and you must tarry here.
Still, if it pleases God, and the Holy Virgin too,
I hither will return to my daughters and to you;
I'll marry them, and pass again some happy days with thee;
Now farewell, honour'd lady, sometimes think of me.

Three hundred cavaliers attached themselves to the fortunes of the Cid, and in company with him abandoned Castile.‡ Don Rodrigo, banished from his native land, still continued to combat against the enemies of his prince and his faith. On the first day, he captured Chatillon de Henarez, and after having divided the booty among his soldiers, he abandoned the castle to the Moors, and advanced further into their territories. He soon afterwards besieged Alcocer, and after having gained possession of that strongly fortified place, was in his turn besieged in it by three of the Moorish kings.‖ He had no hope of succour, and already the stores of provisions were beginning to fail, when, inspiring his soldiers with the courage of despair, he attacked the Moors, and

* [The Cid was called, "The born in happy hour."—*Tr.*]
+ Sanchez, v. 265. t. i. p. 241. ‡ Sanchez, v. 422, p. 246.
‖ Sanchez, v. 645, p. 254.

routed them, wounding two of their kings, dispersing their whole army, and possessing himself of a vast booty. He immediately despatched an ambassador to D. Alfonso to compliment him on these victories, and to present him with thirty horses taken from the Moors, as his share of the plunder, while at the same time he instructed the messenger to have a thousand masses said for the good of his soul, at the Church of St. Mary of Burgos. Alfonso, softened by this tribute of respect, permitted the Cid to levy troops in Castile, where the name of the hero drew numbers of warriors to his standard. He sold to the Moors of Calatayud the fortress of Alcocer, which he was unable to defend, and divided the money amongst the soldiery. When the Moors of Alcocer beheld him depart, they lamented and exclaimed, "Go, my Cid! and our prayers go with you, while here we remain overwhelmed with benefits."*

The conquests of the Cid excited the jealousy of the other Christian princes of Spain; and Raymond III. Count of Barcelona, an ally of the Moors, whom Rodrigo had attacked, defied him to battle. In vain did the Cid attempt to accommodate these differences; he was compelled to give battle, and was victorious, Count Raymond himself being taken prisoner. The Count's sword, surnamed *Colada*, worth a thousand marks of silver, was the rich trophy of this victory. The Count, ashamed of his defeat, and disdaining a dishonoured life, rejected the food which was offered him:

"I will not eat a morsel for the sum of all Spain's wealth;
Not for my soul's salvation, no, nor for my body's health,
Since, by such vagabonds as these, I have been vanquished."
Now listen what my Cid, Ruy Dias straightway to him said:
"Eat, Count, this bread, and drink this wine, and do as I command,
And speedily from prison free, believe me, you shall stand;
Or elsewise you shall never more behold the Christian land."
Don Raymond answered him: "Eat yourself, Cid, and rejoice,
But as for me, I will not eat; so leave me to my choice."†

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* Sanchez, v. 855, p. 261.

† A mio Cid Don Rodrigo grant cocinal adobaban;
El Conde Don Remont non gelo presia nada.
Aducenle los comeres, delante gelos paraban;
El non lo quiere comer, a todos los sozanaba.
Non combré un bocado por quanto ha en toda España,
Antes perderé el cuerpo e dexaré el alma:
Pues que tales malcalzados me vencieron de batalla.

Mio

He maintained this resolution till the third day; and whilst they were dividing their immense booty, they were unable to make him eat a single morsel of bread. At last the Cid said to him:

Eat, Count, or ne'er again Christian visage shalt thou see;
But if you will consent to eat, and give content to me,
You and your children twain shall presently be free.

The Count was moved, and demanding water to wash his hands, he ate, and the Cid placed him at liberty.

D. Rodrigo now turned his arms towards the South, though he still remained in the eastern parts of Spain. He took Alicant, Xerica, and Almenar, and prepared for the siege of Valencia, to which he invited all the chivalry of Castile and Aragon. After a siege of six months that city capitulated.* Here he established a bishop, and sent for Ximena and his daughters, before whom he marched to do them honour, mounted on his good horse Babieca, the name of which is no less celebrated in Spain than that of the Cid himself. Scarcely had Ximena safely arrived at the Alcazar, or palace of the Moorish kings, when Yousouf, the Emperor of Morocco, landed with an army of fifty thousand men. The Cid soon received intelligence of this:

This news unto my Cid thus suddenly being given,
He cried, "Thanks to God, my Father who is in Heaven,
That all that I possess is here before my sight.
There's Valencia which I gained, and which I hold as my right;
Valencia I will never yield, but only with my life.
Now, praised be God and the Virgin, my daughters and my wife,
Those blessings of the land, have travelled to this shore,
And now shall I put on my arms, and never leave them more.
My daughters, and my wife likewise, shall see me smite the foe,
And to gain a home in foreign lands, the way to them I'll show:
And how I furnish bread to them they by their eyes shall know."
His daughters and his wife, from the towers of Alcazar,
Their eyes they lifted up, and beheld the tents of war.

Mio Cid Ruy Dias odrides lo que dixo.
Comed, Conde, deste pan, e bebed deste vino:
Si lo que digo ficieredes, saldredes de cativo
Si non en todos vuestros dias non veredes Christianismo.
V. 1025, p. 267.

* According to Muller, whose Dissertation on the Cid has been often consulted by us, Valencia yielded to the hero in April, 1094.

"What is this matter, Cid? God keep you safe from harm!"
"You need not, honoured Lady," said he, "feel the least alarm!
The riches which are shown to us are great and marvellous,
For scarcely have you here arrived, when God vouchsafeth us
For these, our dearest daughters, a marriage portion thus."

The Cid immediately gave battle to the Moorish king, and destroyed nearly his whole army, carrying off likewise a prodigious booty, a portion of which he dispatched, by way of paying homage, to King Alfonso, who offered to restore him to favour, provided he would give his two daughters in marriage to Diego and Fernando, the sons of Gonzales, Count of Carion. The description of the feasts which followed these marriages completes the first part of the poem, which contains 2287 verses.

The Cid had bestowed the hands of his daughters on the sons of Carion only at the solicitation of the King. He regarded the marriages with great regret; and, indeed, on the very day of the nuptials, his sons-in-law showed themselves little worthy of such an alliance. A lion, which Rodrigo used to keep fastened up in his palace, broke its chain, and rushed into the hall, where the festivities were conducting. The commotion was universal; but the terror of the children of Carion equalled that of the women. They retreated behind the guests, whilst the Cid advancing towards the lion, took him by the chain, and led him back to his den. On the arrival of a fresh Moorish force on the shores of Valencia, the old warriors of the Cid beheld their approach with joy, as they furnished an opportunity of again acquiring fame and riches; but his sons-in-law sighed for their peaceable retreat in the castle of Carion. The bishop of Valencia, more warlike than the young princes, seeking the presence of the Cid, exclaimed:

To-day, of Holy Trinity will I recite the mass,
And for that purpose from the town now hither do I pass;
To do that holy duty I stand your ranks before,
As well as for the great desire I have to kill a Moor:
Fain would I grace my holy garb, and sanctify my hands,
And now good licence do I ask to march before your bands.
My banner and my arms I bear, and if it pleases God,
Right soon will I rejoice my heart, and cover them with blood.
Your noble soul, my Cid, thus gladly would I cheer,
But if this favour you deny, no more I tarry here.*

* V. 2380, p. 320.

The prayers of this prelate, though not of a very Christian character, were heard, and at the commencement of the combat, he overthrew two Moors with his lance, and put to death five more with his sword. The exploits of the Cid were still more brilliant. He slew Bucar, the Moorish king, who led the enemy, and gained possession of his sword, named *Tizon*, valued at a thousand marks of gold. The sons of Carion, however, trembling in the midst of veteran warriors, and exposed to the ill-dissembled contempt of all the Cid's companions in arms, languished to return to their native place, and besought Rodrigo to permit them to carry their wives to Carion, to bestow upon them the investiture of those seignories and castles which they had promised them as their dower. The Cid and Ximena beheld their departure with the darkest forebodings, and their daughters Donna Elvira and Donna Sol, though they shed a flood of tears on this separation from their father, could not refuse to accompany their husbands. Rodrigo overwhelmed them with presents, giving to his two sons-in-law, in addition to very considerable treasures, the two swords *Colada* and *Tizon*, which he had won from the Catalans and the Moors, and at the same time he charged his cousin, Felez Muños, to accompany the travellers. The sons of Carion had, however, married the daughters of the Cid only from avaricious motives, for they thought themselves infinitely their superiors in birth, and as the cowardly are ever perfidious, they resolved to rid themselves of the burthen on their journey, and then, carrying off their treasures, to espouse the daughters of the king. They commenced their treacherous proceedings against the Moor Aben Galvon, King of Molina, Arbuxuelo, and Salon, an ally of the Cid, and his best friend. On their journey he had loaded them with presents, and entertained them with brilliant festivals ; and, in return, the Infants of Carion meditated his assassination in order to gain his treasures. A Moor *latinado*, that is to say, who was acquainted with the Spanish, overheard the plot, and gave his master warning of it. Aben Galvon sent for the Infants of Carion, and reproached them with their infamous ingratitude :

If I did not respect the Cid, the world both far and near
How justly I had dealt with you should very shortly hear.
The daughters of my faithful Cid no more should wend with you ;
Nor ever more, believe me, Carion should you view :

But now I do dismiss you both, as villains and traitors too.
A gentle farewell, ladies, both: I wish to hear no more
Of these your husbands; but may Heaven great blessings have in store
For marriages that please my friend, the gallant Campeador.

The Infants of Carion continued their journey until they arrived at the oak forest of Corpès.

The mountains there are high, and the branches seem'd to rest
Upon the clouds, and wild beasts did the travellers molest.
They found a pleasant orchard, through which a streamlet went,
And there they presently resolved that they would pitch their tent;
That by them and those they brought with them the night might there be spent.
They pressed their ladies to their hearts, with the words which love affords;
But when the morning came, it seem'd they had forgot those words.
Orders were given by them to load their baggage—a rich store;
The tent in which that night they slept was folded up once more;
And the servants who had care of them had all pushed on before.
The Infants so had ordered it, that no one should remain,
Excepting Donna Elvira and Donna Sol, their wives twain.

* * * * *

The rest had push'd before, and these four remain'd alone,
When to their wives they said: "In these mountains wild and lone,
With shame shall you be covered: as for us, we travel on,
And leave you here, for you ne'er shall see the lands of Carion.
You may carry this news to the Cid, and say, we take our vengeance thus
For the good jest he play'd on us, when he let his lion loose."

The Infants imagined that, in order to prove their courage, or rather in ridicule of their timidity, the Cid had unchained the lion on the day of their nuptials.

Thus having said, these traitors false their mantles they did doff,
And from their coward shoulders their pelisses did put off;
And they took the horses' reins, which when their wives did see,
"In the name of God," cried Donna Sol, "we supplicate that ye,
As ye have two trenchant swords, Colada and Tizon,
With them will slay us speedily, that we, when we are gone,
The martyr crown not shamefully may be reckoned to have won.
But whip us not like slaves; lest when we are beaten, you,
By the blows which you have given, shall be degraded too."

Their supplications, however, were useless. The Infants lashed them with the thongs, until the blood started from the wounds. They fell senseless upon the ground, and their husbands left them as dead, a prey to the birds and wild beasts.

Felez Muñoz, however, whom the Cid had directed to accompany them, uneasy at their delay, waits until the party passes. When he sees the two Infants unattended by their wives, without discovering himself, which would undoubtedly have occasioned his death, he returns and finds his two cousins stretched upon the earth and weltering in their blood.

" Cousins ! gentle cousins !" cried he, " waken you I pray ;
For the love of God, awaken ; and hasten, while 'tis day,
Lest the night arrive, and wild beasts should eat us on our way."
At his cries, his cousins both their senses did regain,
And opening their eyelids, saw Felez Muñoz again.
" Make an effort, cousins, for God's sake, cousins dear,
For if the Infants miss me, they'll follow my footsteps here ;
And if God should not assist us, we all must die, I fear."
" For the love of the Cid, our father," Donna Sol she cried out first,
" Bring us some water, cousin, to quench our raging thirst."
Felez Muñoz hearing her complaint, a stream of water sought,
And in his hat, which lately in Valencia he had bought,
To satisfy his cousin's thirst, some water straightway brought ;
They cruelly were torn, but he did exhort them so,
That their courage he restored, and they both declar'd they'd go ;
So he placed them on his horse, and with his mantle he
Did cover them, and he took the reins, and they journey'd joyfully
Through the oak woods of Corpès, and out of that wild country.
At twilight, they had pass'd the hills, and reach'd the Douro's side,
Where Felez Muñoz left them, for Santesteban, to provide
Horses and habits fit for them, and every thing beside.

The daughters of the Cid found an asylum at Santesteban, with Diego Tellez, and here they remained until the news of the outrage had reached Don Rodrigo, who sent for his daughters to Valencia, and promised them that, if they had lost a noble alliance, he would procure them one still better, Before he attempted to avenge himself, he dispatched an ambassador to King Alfonso,* representing to him that it was through his means that the marriages had taken place, and that the Infants of Carion had outraged the king as much as their father-in-law. He then demanded that in a Conference. Junta, or Cortes, this cause, in which his honour was committed, should be judged by the kingdom. Alfonso felt the insult which had been offered to the Cid and to himself, and he convoked at Toledo the Cortes of the counts and nobles to adjudge this cause at the expiration of seven weeks.

The very animated and dramatic description of the Corte

* V. 2960, p. 342.

is, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the volume. Its value, as an historical painting, or representation of manners, is even greater than its poetical excellence. It would, however, be more easy to translate the seven hundred and forty verses which compose the catastrophe, than to preserve their spirit and features in an abridgment. The Cortes are assembled at Toledo.* The grandees of Castile arrive in succession at this city. Count D. Garcia Ordoñez, the enemy of the Cid, is amongst the first. He encourages the Infants of Carion, and promises them his assistance, and that of the numerous party which he had formed in the kingdom. The Cid at length arrives, attended by a hundred knights, amongst whom are the bravest of those who, in con junction with him, had conquered the kingdom of Valencia. He has requested them to provide themselves with their best arms, in order to be ready for the combat, if attacked ; but, at the same time, he desires them to appear in their richest habits and mantles, that in the great assembly of the kingdom they may wear a pacific aspect. As soon as the Cid enters the assembly, the Grandees all rise to do him honour, except those who had taken part with the Infants of Carion. Alfonso himself testifies his gratitude to the hero of Spain, and his indignation at the outrage offered to him. He appoints judges to decide between the Cid and the Infants, selecting them from such as had not yet espoused either side.

The Cid, instead of immediately relating the insult of which he complained, reminded the judges, that, at the time when he gave away his daughters in marriage, he had bestowed upon those, whom he believed his sons-in-law, two swords of great price, *Colada* and *Tizon*, which he had won, the one from the Count of Barcelona, the other from the King of Morocco. He demands that the Infants, who had returned his daughters to him, should likewise restore this property which had ceased to belong to them, and which formed a trophy of his valour. Count Garcia advised the Infants to concede this point, in which they were evidently wrong, and to yield up the swords. Rodrigo then demands that they should restore three thousand marks of silver,

* V. 3095. This city had been lately conquered from the Moors.

which they had received as a dowry with his daughters, to which they could make no claim. The Infants are compelled to yield in this instance also, and they pay this debt by borrowing from their friends, or mortgaging their lands. This pretended moderation of the Cid, who seemed desirous of recovering his precious effects, instead of trusting to the judgment of God to clear his honour, induced the Infants to believe that they should only have to dispute with him for the possession of this property. As soon, however, as the hero had recovered his riches, and had given his two swords to Pero Bermuez and Martin Antolinez, two of his most faithful relatives and lieutenants, he again addressed the king.*

"Justice and mercy, my Lord the King, I beseech yeu of your grace!
"I have yet a grievance left behind, which nothing can efface.
"Let all men present in the court attend and judge the case,
"Listen to what these Counts have done and pity my disgrace.
"Dishonour'd as I am, I cannot be so base,
"But here before I leave them, to defy them to their face.
"Say, Infants, how had I deserved, in earnest or in jest,
"Or on whatever plea you can defend it best,
"That you should rend and tear the heartstrings from my breast?
"I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,
"I gave you wealth and honours, and treasure at command:
"Had you been weary of them, to cover your neglect,
"You might have left them with me, in honour and respect.†

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* [The remaining translations of the specimens from the poem of the Cid are borrowed from the Appendix to Mr. Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid." Nothing can surpass the spirit and simplicity of this version, which induces us to regret that the author has not been prevailed upon to publish a complete translation of the "Spanish Homer." The extracts given in Mr. Southey's Appendix were, he informs us, communicated to him by a gentleman well acquainted with the Spanish language; and he adds, that he had never seen any translation which so perfectly represented the manner, character, and spirit of its original.—*Tr.*]

† "Merced ay, Rey è Señor, por amor de caridad.
"La rencura maior non se me puede olvidar.
"Oydme toda la cort, e pésevos de mio mal.
"De los Infantes de Carion quem' desondraron tan mal,
"A menos de riebtos no los puedo dexar.
"Decid que vos mereci Infantes en juego ò en vero:
"O en alguna razon aqui lo meiorare à juuicio de la cort.
"A quem' descubriestes las telas del corazon?
"A la salida de Valencia mis fijas vos di yo,
"Con muy grand ondra è haberes à nombre.

"Quando

" Why did you take them from me, Dogs and Traitors as you were?
" In the forest of Corpès, why did you strip them there?
" Why did you mangle them with whips? Why did you leave them bare
" To the vultures and the wolves, and to the wintry air?
" The count will hear your answer, and judge what you have done.
" I say, your name and honour henceforth is lost and gone."
The Count Don Garcia was the first to rise:
" We crave your favour, my Lord the King, you are always just and wise
" The Cid is come to your court in such an uncouth guise,
" He has left his beard to grow and tied it in a braid,
" We are half of us astonish'd, the other half afraid.
" The blood of the Counts of Carion is of too high a line
" To take a daughter from his house though it were for a concubine.
" A concubine or a leman from the lineage of the Cid,
" They could have done no other than leave them as they did:
" We neither care for what he says nor fear what he may threat."
With that the noble Cid rose up from his seat;
He took his beard in his hand: " If this beard is fair and even,
" I must thank the Lord above, who made both earth and heaven;
" It has been cherished with respect and therefore it has thriven:
" It never suffered an affront since the day it first was worn.
" What business, Count, have you to speak of it with scorn?
" It never yet was shaken, nor pluck'd away nor torn,
" By Christian nor by Moor, nor by man of woman born,

" Quando las non queriedes ya canes traydores,
" Por qué las sacabades de Valencia sus onores?
" A qué las firiestes à cinchas è à espolones?
" Solas las dexástes en el Robredo de Corpès
" A las bestias fieras è à las aves del mont.
" Por quanto les ficiestes menos valedes vos.
" Sinon recudedes vealo esta cort."
El Conde Don Garcia en pie se levantaba;
" Merced ya, Rey, el meior de toda España.
" Vezos Mio Cid allas cortes pregonadas;
" Dexóla crecer è luenga trae la barba.
" Los unos le han miedo è los otros espanta.
" Los de Carion son de natural tal,
" Non gelas debien querer sus fijas por barraganas;
" O quien gelas diera por pareias ò por veladas.
" Derecho ficieron porque las han dexadas.
" Quanto el dice non gelo preciamos nada."
Esora el Campeador prísos' a la barba,
" Grado à Dios que Cielo è tierra manda,
" Por eso es luenga que à delicio fue criada.
" Que habedes vos, Conde, por retraer la mi barba?
" Ca de quando násco à delicio fue criada;
" Ca non me priso à ella fijo de mugier nada,
" Nimbla meso fijo de Moro nin de Christiano,
" Como yo à vos, Conde, en el Castiello de Cabra,
" Quando pris' à Cabra, è à vos por la barba,

" Non

" As yours was once, Sir Count, the day Cabra was taken;
" When I was master of Cabra that beard of yours was shaken,
" There was never a footboy in my camp but twitch'd away a bit;
" The side that I tore off grows all uneven yet."
Ferran Gonzales started upon the floor,
He cried with a loud voice, " Cid, let us hear no more;
" Your claim for goods and money was satisfied before:
" Let not a feud arise betwixt our friends and you;
" We are the Counts of Carion, from them our birth we drew,
" Daughters of Emperors or Kings were a match for our degree,
" We hold ourselves too good for a baron's such as thee.
" If we abandon'd, as you say, and left and gave them o'er,
" We vouch that we did right, and prize ourselves the more."
The Cid looked at Bermuez, that was sitting at his foot:
" Speak thou, Peter the Dumb, what ails thee to sit mute?
" My daughters and thy nieces are the parties in dispute.
" Stand forth and make reply, if you would do them right;
" If I should rise to speak, you cannot hope to fight."
Peter Bermuez rose, somewhat he had to say,
The words were strangled in his throat, they could not find their way;
Till forth they came at once, without a stop or stay.
" Cid, I'll tell you what, this always is your way!
" You have always served me thus; whenever we have come
" To meet here in the Cortes, you call me Peter the Dumb.

" Non y ovo rapaz que non mesó su pulgada;
" La que yo mesé aun non es eguada."
Ferran Gonzales en pie se levantó;
A altas voces ondredes* que fablo.
" Dexasedes vos, Cid, de aquesta razon;
" De vuestros haberes de todos pagados sodes.
" Non crecies' baraia entre vos è nos.
" De Natura somos de Condes de Carion;
" Debiemos casar con fijas de Reyes ò de Emperadores;
" Ca non pertenecien fijas de Infanzones.
" Porque las dexamos; durecho ficicmos nos;
" Mas nos preciamos, sabet, que menos no."
Mio Cid Ruy Diaz à Pero Bermuez cata;
" Fabla, Pero Mudo, varon que tanto callas;
" Hyo las he fijas, è tu primas cormanas,
" A mi lo dicen, a ti dan las oreiadas.
" Si yo respondier', tu non entraras en armas."
Pero Bermuez conpezó de fablar:
Detienes' le la lengua, non puede delibrar,
Mas quando enpieza, sabed, nol' da vagar.
" Direvos, Cid, costumbres habedes tales;
" Siempre en las cortes, Pero Mudo me lamades.
" Bien lo sabedes que yo non puedo mas;
" Por lo que yo ovier' a fer por mi non mancará.

* Probably *oudredes*.

" Mientes

" I cannot help my nature; I never talk nor rail;
" But when a thing is to be done, you know I never fail.
" Fernando, you have lied, you have lied in every word:
" You have been honour'd by the Cid, and favour'd and prefer'd.
" I know of all your tricks, and can tell them to your face:
" Do you remember in Valencia the skirmish and the chase?
" You asked leave of the Cid, to make the first attack:
" You went to meet the Moor, but you soon came running back.
" I met the Moor and kill'd him, or he would have kill'd you;
" I gave you up his arms, and all that was my due.
" Up to this very hour I never said a word.
" You praised yourself before the Cid, and I stood by and heard,
" How you had kill'd the Moor, and done a valiant act,
" And they believ'd you all, but they never knew the fact.
" You are tall enough and handsome, but cowardly and weak.
" Thou tongue without a hand, how can you dare to speak?
" There's the story of the lion should never be forgot:
" Now let us hear, Fernando, what answer have you got?
" The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around,
" The cry went forth along the Hall, That the lion was unbound,—
" What did you do, Fernando? like a coward as you were,
" You slunk behind the Cid, and crouch'd beneath his chair.
" We press'd around the throne, to shield our Lord from harm,
" Till the good Cid awoke; he rose without alarm;
" He went to meet the lion, with his mantle on his arm;

" Mientes Ferrando de quanto dicho has:
" Por el Campeador mucho valiestes mas.
" Las tus mañas yo te las sabré contar;
" Miembrat' quando lidiamos cerca Valencia la grand,
" Pedist' las feridas primeras al Campeador leal:
" Vist' un Moro, fustel' ensaiar; antes fugiste que al te alcgases.
" Si yo non uvjas' el Moro te jugára mal,
" Pasé por ti con el Moro me oll de aiuntar:
" De los primeros colpes olle de arrancar;
" Did el cavallo, tobeldo en poridad:
" Fasta este dia no lo descubri à nadi.
" Delant' Mio Cid, è delante todos ovistete de alabar,
" Que matáras el Moro è que ficieras barnax.
" Crovierontelo todos, mas non saben la verdad.
" E eres fermoso, mas mal barragan.
" Lengua sin manes, cuemo osas fablar?
" Di Ferrando, otorga esta razon;
" Non te viene en miente en Valencia lo del Leon,
" Quando durmie Mio Cid è el Leon se desató?
" E tu Ferrando qué ficist' con el pavor?
" Metistet' tras el escaño, de Mio Cid el Campeador,
" Metistet' Ferrando, poró menos vales hoy.
" Nos cercamos el escaño por curiar nuestro Señor,
" Fasta do despertó Mio Cid el que Valencia ganó.
" Levantós' del escano è fues' poral Leon:

" E

" The lion was abash'd the noble Cid to meet,
" He bow'd his mane to the earth, his muzzle at his feet.
" The Cid by the neck and mane drew him to his den,
" He thrust him in at the hatch, and came to the hall again:
" He found his knights, his vassals, and all his valiant men;
" He ask'd for his sons-in-law, they were neither of them there.
" I defy you for a coward and a traitor as you are;
" For the daughters of the Cid you have done them great unright,
" In the wrong that they have suffer'd, you stand dishonour'd quite.
" Although they are but women, and each of you a knight,
" I hold them worthier far, and here my word I plight,
" Before the King Alfonso upon this plea to fight;
" If it be God his will, before the battle part,
" Thou shalt avow it with thy mouth, like a traitor as thou art."
Uprose Diego Gonzalez and answered as he stood:
" By our lineage we are Counts, and of the purest blood;
" This match was too unequal, it never could hold good;
" For the daughters of the Cid we acknowledge no regret.
" We leave them to lament the chastisement they met.
" It will follow them through life for a scandal and a jest:
" I stand upon this plea to combat with the best,
" That having left them as we did, our honour is increas'd."
Uprose Martin Antolinez when Diego ceas'd:
" Peace, thou lying mouth! thou traitor coward, peace!
" The story of the lion should have taught you shame at least:

" El Leon premió la cabeza, á Mio Cid esperó,
" Dexos' le prender al cuello, è á la red le metió.
" Quando se tornó el buen Campeador
" A sos vasallos, violos aderredor.
" Demandó por sus Yernos, ninguno non falló.
" Riebtot' el cuerpo por malo è por traydor.
" Estot' lidiaré aqui antél Rey Don Alfonso
" Por fijas del Cid Don' Elvira è Dona Sol.
" Por quanto las dexastes menos valedes vos.
" Ellas son mugieres, è vos sodes varones;
" En todas guisas mas valen que vos.
" Quando fuere la lid, si ploguiere al Criador,
" Tu lo otorgarás aguisa de traydor.
" De quanto he dicho verdadero sere yo."
De aquestos amos aqui quedó la razon.
Diego Gonzalez odredes lo que dixo:
" De natura somos de los Condes mas limpios.
" Estos casamientos non fuesen aparecidos
" Por consograr con Mio Cid Don Rodrigo.
" Porque dexamos sus fijas aun no nos repentimos.
" Mientra que vivan pueden haber sospiros.
" Lo que les ficiemos serles ha retraido; esto lidiaré a trud el mas ardido.
" Que porque las dexamos ondrados somos nos."
Martin Antolinez en pie se levantaba;

" Cala,

" You rush'd out at the door, and ran away so hard,
" You fell into the cispool that was open in the yard.
" We dragg'd you forth in all men's sight, dripping from the drain.
" For shame, never wear a mantle, nor a knightly robe again!
" I fight upon this plea without more ado,
" The daughters of the Cid are worthier far than you.
" Before the combat part you shall avow it true,
" And that you have been a traitor and a coward too."
Thus was ended the parley and challenge betwixt these two.
Assur Gonzalez was entering at the door
With his ermine mantle trailing along the floor;
With his sauntering pace and his hardy look,
Of manners or of courtesy, little heed he took:
He was flush'd and hot with breakfast and with drink.
" What oh, my masters, your spirits seem to sink!
" Have we no news stirring from the Cid Ruy Diaz of Bivar?
" Has he been to Riodivirna to besiege the windmills there?
" Does he tax the millers for their toll, or is that practice past?
" Will he make a match for his daughters, another like the last?"
Munio Gustioz rose and made reply;
" Traitor, wilt thou never cease to slander and to lie?

" Cala, alevoso, boca sin verdad.
" Lo del Leon non se te debe olvidar;
" Saliste por la puerta, metistet' al corral;
" Fusted meter tras la viga lagar;
" Mas non vestid' el manto nin el brial:
" Hyo lo lydiaré, non pasará por al.
" Fijas del Cid por qué las vos dexastes?
" En todas guisas, sabet, que mas valen que vos.
" Al partir de la lid por tu boca lo diras,
" Que eras traydor è mentiste de quanto dicho has."
Destos amos la razon fincó.
Asur Gonzales entraba por el Palacio;
Manto armino è un brial rastrando;
Bermeio viene, ca era almorzado.
En lo que fabló avie poco recabdo.
" Hya varones quien vió nunca tal mal?
" Quien nos darie nuevas de Mio Cid el de Bibar?
" Fues' a Riodouirna los molinos picar,
" E prender maquilas como lo sucle far':
" Quil' darie con los de Carion a casar'?"
Esora Muno Gustioz en pie se levantó:
" Cala, alevoso, malo è traydor,
" Antes almuerzas que bayas à oracion;
" A los que das paz, fartaslos aderredor.
" Non dices verdad amigo ni à Señor,
" Falso à todos è mas al Criador.
" En tu amistad non quiero aver racion.
" Facertelo decir que tal eres qual digo yo."

" You breakfast before mass, you drink before you pray ;
" There is no honour in your heart, nor truth in what you say ;
" You cheat your comrade and your Lord, you flatter to betray :
" Your hatred I despise, your friendship I defy :
" False to all mankind, and most to God on high.
" I shall force you to confess that what I say is true."

Alfonso here imposes silence upon the assembly. He declares that he grants permission to the challengers to fight, and that by them the cause shall be decided. At this moment two ambassadors from Navarre and Aragon enter the assembly, and demand of the Cid, with the consent of Alfonso, to grant his two daughters in marriage to the two Kings or Infants of Navarre and Aragon ; a request sufficiently singular after the adventures which they had undergone. Rodrigo, at the solicitation of Alfonso, accedes to the demand. Menaya Alvar Fanez, one of the Cid's friends, takes this opportunity of again defying either of the Infants who may be inclined to meet him. The king, however, again imposes silence, and declares that the three first couple of combatants are sufficient to settle the question. He was desirous of adjourning the combat till the following day only, but the Infants of Carion demand three weeks in order to prepare themselves ; and as the Cid wishes to return to Valencia, the king takes under his own protection the three knights who were to combat for him. He promises to preside at the combat on the plains of Carion ; and having appointed the two parties to meet there in one and twenty days, he announces that those who fail to appear shall be accounted vanquished, and reckoned as traitors. Don Rodrigo then unties his beard, which hitherto he had kept bound in sign of his affliction ; he thanks the king, and taking leave of all the grandees, to each of whom he offers a present, returns to Valencia. He endeavoured to make the king accept his good horse, Babieca ; but the monarch answered that the charger would be a loser by the change, and that it was fit that the best warrior in Spain should possess the best horse to pursue the Moors.

After a delay of three weeks, Alfonso proceeds to Carion with the three champions of the Cid. On the other side the Infants of Carion arm themselves under the superintendence of the Count Garcia Ordoñez. They beg the king to forbid their adversaries to use the two good swords *Colada* and

Tizon, which they had restored, and which were about to be used against their late masters. The king replies that they had restored them in the Cortes without drawing them from their sheaths, and that it is now their duty to procure good weapons. He directs the barriers to be raised; he names the heralds and the judges, and then thus addresses them:

" Infants of Carion! Attend to what I say:
" You should have fought this battle upon a former day,
" When we were at Toledo, but you would not agree;
" And now the noble Cid has sent these champions three,
" To fight in the lands of Carion, escorted here by me.
" Be valiant in your right, attempt no force or wrong;
" If any man attempt it he shall not triumph long,
" He never shall have rest or peace within my kingdom more."
The Infants of Carion are now repenting sore;
The Heralds and the King are foremost in the place,
They clear away the people from the middle space:
They measure out the lists, the barriers they fix:
They point them out in order, and explain to all the six:
" If you are forc'd beyond the line where they are fix'd and traced,
" You shall be held as conquered and beaten and disgraced."
Six lances length on either side an open space is laid,
They share the field between them, the sunshine and the shade.
Their office is perform'd, and from the middle space
The heralds are withdrawn, and leave them face to face.
Here stood the warriors of the Cid, that noble champion,
Opposite on the other side, the Lords of Carion.*

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* " Oyd que vos digo, Infantes de Carion;
" Esta lid en Toledo la ficierades, mas non quisiestes vos.
" Estos tres cavalleros de mio Cid el Campeador,
" Hyo los aduj' à salvo a tierras de Carion.
" Habed vuestro derecho, tuerto non querades vos;
" Ca qui tuerto quisiere fazer, mal gelo vedare yo;
" En todo mio regno non habrá buen sabor."
Hya les va pesando à los Infantes de Carion.
Los Fieles è el Rey enseñaron los moiones.
Librabanse del campo todos aderredor;
Bien gelo demonstraron à todos seis como son,
Que por y serie vencido qui saliese del moion.
Todas las yentes esconbraron aderredor
De seis astas de lanzas que non legasen al moion.
Sorteabanles el campo, ya les partien el sol;
Salien los Fieles de medio ellos, cara por cara son.
Desi vinien los de Mio Cid à los Infantes de Carion.
Ellos Infantes de Carion à los del Campeador.
Cada uno dellos mientes tiene al so.
Abrazan los escudos delant' los corazones;
Abaxan las lanzas abueltas con los pendones;

Enclinaban

Earnestly their minds are fix'd each upon his foe;
Face to face they take their place, anon the trumpets blow.
They stir their horses with the spur, they lay their lances low,
They bend their shields before their breasts, their face to the saddle bow,
Earnestly their minds are fix'd each upon his foe.
The heavens are overcast above, the earth trembles below,
The people stand in silence, gazing on the show:
Bermuez the first challenger first in combat closed,
He met Ferran Gonzales, face to face opposed;
They rush together with such rage that all men count them dead,
They strike each other on the shield, without all fear or dread.
Ferran Gonzales with his lance pierced the shield outright,
It pass'd Bermuez on the left side, in his flesh it did not bite.
The spear was snapp'd in twain, Bermuez sat upright,
He neither flinch'd nor swerved, like a true steadfast knight.
A good stroke he received, but a better he has given;
He struck the shield upon the boss, in sunder it is riven,
Onward into Ferran's breast the lance's point is driven,
Full upon his breast-plate, nothing would avail;
Two breast-plates Fernando wore and a coat of mail:
The two are riven in sunder, the third stood him in stead,
The mail sunk in his breast, the mail and the spear-head,
The blood burst from his mouth that all men thought him dead.
The blow has broken his girdle and his saddle girth,
It has taken him over his horse's back, and borne him to the earth.

Enclinaban las caras sobre los arzones;
Batien los cavallos con los espolones;
Tembrar querie la tierra dod eran movedores.
Cada uno dellos mientes tienc al só.
Todos tres por tres ya juntados son.
Cuidanse que esora cadran muertos, los que estan aderredor.
Pero Bermuez el quc antes rebtó,
Con Ferran Gonzalez de cara se juntó;
Feriense en los escudos sin todo pavor;
Ferran Gonzalez à Pero Bermuez el escudol' pasó;
Prisol' en vacio, en carne nol' tomó:
Bien en dos lugares el astil le quebró;
Firme estido Pero Bermuez, por eso nos' eneamó
Un colpe recibiera, mas otro firió;
Quebrantò la boca del escudo, apart gela echó;
Pasògelo todo que nada nol' valió;
Metiol' la lanza por los pechos, que nada nol' valió;
Tres dobles de loriga tenie Fernando, aquestol' prestó
Las dos le desmanchan, è la tercera fincó:
El belmez con la camisa è con la guarnizon
De dentro en la carne una mano gela metió;
Por la boca afuera la sangrel' salió.
Quebrar onle las cinchas, ninguna nol' ovo pro;
Por la copla del cavallo en tierra lo echó,

The people think him dead as he lies on the sand;
Bermuez left his lance and took his sword in hand.
Ferran Gonzales knew the blade which he had worn of old,
Before the blow came down, he yielded and cried, "Hold!"
Antolinez and Diego encounter'd man for man,
Their spears were shiver'd with the shock, so eagerly they ran.
Antolinez drew forth the blade which Diego once had worn,
Eagerly he aim'd the blow for the vengeance he had sworn.
Right through Diego's helm the blade its edge has borne,
The crest and helm are lopt away, the coif and hair are shorn.
He stood astounded with the stroke, trembling and forlorn,
He waved his sword above his head, he made a piteous cry,
"O save me, save me from that blade, Almighty Lord on high
Antolinez came fiercely on to reach the fatal stroke,
Diego's courser rear'd upright, and through the barrier broke.
Antolinez has won the day, though his blow was miss'd,
He has driven Diego from the field, and stands within the list.
I must tell you of Munio Gustioz, two combats now are done;
How he fought with Assur Gonzales, you shall hear anon.

Asi lo tenien las yentes que mal ferido es de muert.
El dexó la lanza, è al espada metió mano.
Quando lo vio Ferran Gonzalez, conuuo à Tizon.
Antes que el colpe esperase, dixo, "venzudo so,"
Otorgarongelo los Fieles, Pero Bermuez le dexó.
Martin Antolinez e Diego Gonzalez firieronse de las lanzas;
Tales fueron los colpes que les quebraron lan lanzas;
Martin Antolinez mano metió al espada;
Relumbra tod' el campo, tanto es limpia è clara.
Diól' un colpe, de traviesol' tomaba;
El caseo de somo apart gelo eehaba;
Las moncluras del yelmo todas gelas eortaba:
Alla lebó el almofar, fata la eofia legaba;
La eofia è el almofar todo gelo lebaba;
Raxól' los pelos de la cabeza, bien à la carne legaba.
Lo uno cayó en el campo e lo al suso fincaba.
Quando deste colpe ha ferido Colada la preciada,
Vió Diego Gonzalez que no escaparie con alma.
Bolvió la rienda al cavallo por tornase de cara.
Esora Martin Antolinez recibiól' con el espada.
Un colpel' dió de lano, con el agudo nol' tomaba.
Dia Gonzalez espada tiene en mano, mas non la ensaiaba.
Esora el Infante tan grandes voees daba,
"Valme, Dios glorioso, Senor, è curiarm' desta espada!"
El cavallo asorrienda e mesurandol' del espada,
Saeól' del moion, Martin Antolinez en el campo fineaba.
Esora dixó el Rey, "venid vos a mi compaña,
"Por quanto avedes fecho, vencida avedes esta batalla."
Otorgangelo los Fieles que dice verdadera palabra.
Los dos han arraneado: direvos de Muño Gustioz

Con

Assur Gonzales, a fierce and hardy knight,
He rode at Munio Gustioz with all his force and might:
He struck the shield and pierced it through, but the point came wide,
It passed by Munio Gustioz, betwixt his arm and side:
Sternly, like a practised knight, Munio met him there.
His lance he levell'd steadfastly, and through the shield him bare;
He bore the point into his breast, a little beside the heart;
It took him through the body, but in no mortal part;
The shaft stood out behind his back a cloth-yard and more;
The pennon and the point were dripping down with gore.
Munio still clench'd his spear, as he pass'd he forced it round,
He wrench'd him from the saddle, and cast him to the ground.
His horse sprung forward with the spur, he pluck'd the spear away,
He wheel'd and came again to pierce him where he lay.
Then cried Gonzalo Asurez, "For God's sake spare my son!
"The other two have yielded, the field is fought and won."

The heralds and king Alfonso proclaim that the champions of the Cid have conquered. The latter, however, are conveyed during the night from the lands of Carion, and return to their leader, lest the vassals of the Infants should avenge the discomfiture of their lords.

The two last verses of this poem inform us that the Cid died on the Day of Pentecost, without stating the year or the mode of his death. Commentators have supposed that it was on the 29th of May, 1099; and Muller has conjectured that it was in the month of July, in the same year. In ex-

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Con Asur Gonzalez como se adobó:
Firiense en los escudos unos tan grandes colpes:
Asur Gonzalez, furzudo è de valor,
Firió en el escudo a Don Muño Gustioz.
Tras el escudo falsóge la guarnizon;
En vacio fue la lanza, ca en carne nol' tomó.
Este colpe fecho, otro diò Muño Gustioz,
Tras el escudo falsóge la guarnizon.
Por medio de la bloca del escudo quebrantó.
Nol' pudo guarir, falsóge la guarnizon.
Apart' le prisó, que non cabel corazon.
Metiòl' por la carne adentro la lanza con el pendon.
De la otra part una braza gela echó:
Con el diò una tuerta, de la siella lo encamó,
Al tirar de la lanza en tierra lo echó.
Bermeio salió el astil, è la lanza è el pendon.
Todos se cuedan que ferido es de muert.
La lanza recombrò è sobrél se paró.
Dixo Gonzalo Asurez, nol' firgades por Dios.
Venzudo es el campo quando esto se acabó.

amining, in the next chapter, the romances or ballads of the Cid, we shall meet with some circumstances relative to the death of the Spanish hero.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SPANISH POETRY OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.—ROMANCES OF THE CID.

THE Cid has already occupied much of our time, nor can we yet dismiss him. This hero, who was more instrumental than even the princes whom he served, in founding the monarchy of Castile, and who, during the course of his long life, led the conquering arms of his sovereign over nearly a quarter of Spain, is intimately connected with all our ideas of the glory, the love, and the chivalry of the Spanish nation. In the foreground of their history and of their poetry, the Cid stands conspicuous, while the renown of his name fills the age in which he lived. So dear, indeed, is his memory to the Spaniards, that the form of their most sacred and irrevocable adjuration is derived from his name; *aff'e' de Rodrigo*, by the faith of Rodrigo, says the Spaniard, who would strengthen his promise by recalling the ancient loyalty of this hero.

It is said that the original Chronicle of the Cid was written in Arabic a few years after his death, by two of his pages, who were Musulmans, and that from this chronicle, the poem of which we have given some extracts was taken, as well as the romances which we are about to notice, and many of the most admired tragedies on the same subject in the Spanish drama. The poem, though a most Christian performance, bears some traces of its Arabic origin. The style in which the Divinity is spoken of, and the epithets which are applied to him, bear traces of a Moorish, rather than of a Catholic pen. He is called the Father of Spirits, the Divine Creator, and other names, which, as they are sufficiently accordant with Christian notions, the poet has preserved, although they betray their Musulman origin. This poem, which is anterior by a hundred and fifty years to the immortal composition of Dante, bears evident marks of its venerable antiquity. It is without pretension and without art, but full of the finest nature, and gives an excellent idea of the people of that age,

so different from those of our own. We live amongst them, as it were, and our minds are the more completely captivated, because we know that the author had no design to paint a brilliant picture. Just as he found them, the poet has exposed them to our view, without the least desire to make an exhibition of them. The incidents which strike us, bore no extraordinary character in his eyes. There was to him no distinction between the manners of his heroes and of his readers, and the simplicity of the representation, which supplies the place of talent, produces a more powerful effect.

With regard to the versification, I scarcely know any production more completely barbarous. Many of the lines are Alexandrines, that is, lines of fourteen syllables, with a cæsura on the sixth, which is accentuated; but many others consist of fifteen, or even eighteen syllables, so that the author seems to have arranged his expressions without ever attempting to adapt them to his metre. Many of the lines are doubtless altered by transcribers, but more have been left unfinished by the poet himself.

The rhyme alone enables the reader to discover that the composition is in verse, though even that is so barbarous, that sometimes we have considerable difficulty in ascertaining its existence. The Spaniards distinguish their rhymes into *consonant* and *assonant* rhymes. The latter, as we have formerly explained them, consist in the repetition of the same vowel. When the Spaniards had become more familiar with poetical composition, and had laid down certain rules of art, the assonant rhymes became as regular as the consonant. If the rhyme was not complete, being only framed from the vowels of the two last syllables, it was prolonged, and all the second verses of the romance were terminated by the same assonant rhymes. In the poem of the Cid, the assonants are very incomplete, and fail to satisfy the ear. The poet rhymes the same vowel for fifteen, twenty, or even thirty lines, until he fatigues himself in endeavouring to discover more words suited to his purpose, and he is thus compelled to abandon his former for some new rhyme, which in its turn must share the same fate. This was the infancy of versification, of poetry, and of language in Spain, but it was the manhood of national spirit and of heroism.

Before entering upon the romances of the Cid, which were

composed more than a century after the ancient poem, we must for a short time dismiss the hero, and notice some remains of Spanish poetry, which belong to the thirteenth century. Sanchez has published the works of two writers of this remote period, of whose lives he has likewise given us some account. The first is Gonzalez de Berceo, a monk, and afterwards a priest, attached to the monastery of Saint Millan, who was born in 1198, and died about the year 1268. Nine poems by him have been preserved, making together upwards of thirty thousand verses. To judge merely from the language and versification, these productions would seem to be posterior to the ancient poem of the Cid, though they cannot be compared with that composition in point of simplicity and interest. The metre is the same, but more carefully managed, and the lines are Alexandrines, sometimes consisting of four dactyls, sometimes of four amphibrachs, which are always carelessly put together. The verses consist of couplets, of four lines each, and the lines of each couplet conclude with the same rhyme. This was the metre to which the Spaniards gave the title of *versos de arte mayor*, and which they reserved for their more serious works, while they destined the livelier measure of the *redondillas* for their romances and songs. The former continued to be employed to the end of the fifteenth century; and Gonzalez de Berceo was the master of this style of poetry, which was regarded as the most noble, while in fact it was the most monotonous of all.

Gonzalez de Berceo, who was educated and passed his life amongst monks, scarcely possessed a single idea which was not to be found within the precincts of a monastery. His nine poems are all upon sacred subjects, and they treat rather of the Christian mythology, than of Christianity itself. The first contains the life of St. Domingo, or Dominick of Silos: not the celebrated founder of the order of friars-preachers and the Inquisition. The poet gives an account of his religious infancy, when, amidst the shepherds and guarding his flock, he nourished his pious fancies; of his reception in the monastery of St. Millan; the noviciate which he was compelled to undergo, and the courage with which he resisted Ferdinand I. of Castile,* who demanded

* Copia 83.

a contribution from the monastery, to assist him in carrying on the war against the Moors; so that Saint Dominick was a sort of contemporary of the Cid, though his life is far from presenting the same degree of interest. The second part of the poem contains the miracles which St. Dominick wrought during his life; the third, those which were worked by his intercession after his death. I have endeavoured to discover some extract remarkable for the imagination, the piety, or even the whimsicality which it displays, that I might give some idea of the style of a poet, whose elegance and purity have been celebrated by Sanchez; but I must confess that I am unable to meet with a single striking passage. Every part is equally careless, common-place, and dull; the language and the thoughts being those of monks of all ages, in which we in vain attempt to discern any characteristic marks of their times. I shall venture, however, to translate an account of a miracle which St. Dominick wrought after his death, for the delivery of a captive from the Moors. Such is the natural taste of man for the marvellous, that the most absurd miracles gain our attention. We conceive that the romancer displays imagination, while, in fact, it is our own imagination which is in action; and we rejoice whenever we read of a triumph over the powers of nature, the subjection to which is so insupportable to us.

"I wish," says Gonzalez de Berceo, "to relate to you a precious miracle, and do you open your ears to listen to it. Let your faith therein be firm; and the good father St. Dominick will become greater in your eyes. In a place called *Coscorrita*, not far from Tiron, there was born a valiant soldier, named Servan, who in fighting against the Moors was taken prisoner by them. This valiant soldier fell to the share of some cruel men, who led him in chains to Medina Celi, where they loaded him with irons, and enclosed him in a narrow cell surrounded with thick walls. The Moors by every means rendered his prison odious to him, and hunger and the weight of his fetters tormented him. During the day he was made to labour with the other captives, and at night he was shut up under dismal bolts. Often did they inflict stripes upon him, and wound his flesh; but what was more grievous still, were the blasphemies which he heard these miscreants utter. Servan's only resource during his

sufferings was Jesus Christ. O Lord! cried he, who commandest the winds and the sea, take pity on my pain, and deign to look down upon me. O Lord! I have no hope of succour, but from thee. I am tormented by the enemies of the cross; I am maltreated because I venerate thy name. O Lord! who sufferedst for me death and martyrdom, may thy mercy succour me in my sins! When Servan had finished his prayer, midnight was past, and the hour arrived when the cock was used to crow. Under all the weight of his punishments he still slept, but he despaired of his safety and of his life. Suddenly, in the midst of his prison, appeared a resplendent light; and Servan awakened, and was afraid. Raising up his head, he called on his Creator, and making the sign of the cross, he exclaimed: O Lord! help thou me! Then it seemed that he saw a man clothed in white, as though he were a priest prepared for mass; and the poor captive, terrified at the sight, turned aside his head, and threw himself upon his face. The vision then addressing him, said, Servan, fear not, but know that God hath heard thee, and hath sent me hither to release thee. Trust therefore in God, who will snatch thee from danger. My Lord! answered the captive, if thou art he whom thou sayest, tell me in the name of God, and his glorious mother, what is thy name, lest I be deceived by a lying spirit. The holy messenger answered him: I am brother Dominick, formerly a monk. I was abbot of Silos, though unworthy, and there are my bones interred. My Lord! said the captive, how may I escape hence, when I cannot even disengage myself from my irons? If thou indeed art the physician who is to heal me, without doubt thou hast a remedy for this evil. Then St. Dominick gave him a mallet, made entirely of wood, without either iron or steel, which yet broke the stoutest bars as you would pound garlick in a mortar. When Servan had broken through the bars of his prison, St. Dominick bade him go bravely forth. Servan answered, that the walls of his prison were very high, and that he had no ladder wherewith to scale them; but the holy messenger, sitting upon the top of the wall, let down a cord, one end of which the captive fastened round his waist, while the celestial messenger held the other in his hand, and sitting above him, pulled him up with his irons on as easily as if he had been a little bundle

and placed him on the outside of his prison. The good confessor then said to him, Fly, my friend ; the gates are open, and the Musulmans are asleep ; thou shalt meet with no trouble, for thou art under good protection, and shalt be far enough off by daybreak. Do not thou hesitate as to thy place of refuge ; but procced directly to my monastery, with thy chains ; place them upon my sepulchre, where my body reposeth, and thou shalt encounter no obstacle, and mayest trust in me. After having instructed him in this manner, the white figure disappeared from his eyes. Servan immediately commenced his journey, and meeting with no obstacle, and finding no gate shut against him, when day appeared, he was far on his way. At length he arrived at the monastery, as he had been commanded. It happened that a festival was held there on that day, it being the anniversary of the day whereon the church had been consecrated, and many priests were there assembled together, with a crowd of the neighbours. A Cardinal of Rome, who appeared as legate, was presiding over the assembly, and had brought with him a number of bishops and abbots, who formed a brilliant assembly. The captive, still loaded with his irons, in squalid garments, and wretchedly shod, appeared in the midst of them. His hair was uncombed, his beard was long, and he fell in prayer before the sepulchre of the confessor. My lord and father, he cried, it is unto thee that I ought to return thanks, that I again appear in a Christian land. It was by thy means that I escaped from prison ; by thee have I been healed, and even as thou didst command, am I come to offer up to thee my chains. The report of the favour which the confessor had shewn him, was quickly noised through all the town, and there was neither bishop nor abbot, who did not shew Servan marks of his esteem. The legate himself did not refuse to chaunt the canticle *Tibi laus*, in company with a man so favoured by heaven, and moreover granted general pardons to the people, while all persons acknowledged the power of the holy confessor, after so marvellous a miracle. A treasure like this, a light so shining as this, should cast its rays from a rich shrine ; and if they before valued it as a precious relic, they now estimated it still more highly. The legate Richard preached his fame at Rome, and the Pope acknowledged him to be a most accomplished saint."

The next poem of Gonzalez de Berceo is a life of St. Mil-

lan, the founder of the monastery to which the poet belonged. The Saint died in 594, before the invasion of Spain by the Moors. The various miracles which he wrought form the subject of a second book; and his appearance, long after his death, at the battle of Simancas, in 934, when the Moors were conquered, is related in a third book. If we are to believe a tradition which does not rest on any very solid foundations, this battle delivered the kingdom of Oviedo from a tribute of a hundred maids, which was yearly paid to the Musulmans. The courage of seven young girls of Simancas, who, being destined to this fate, cut off their hands, that the Moors might reject them, inspired the people who groaned under this yoke with spirit to throw it off. Berceo has made no use of this poetical tradition, which has furnished Lope de Vega with the subject of one of his most brilliant tragedies, *Las Donzellas de Simancas*. The monkish poet has suppressed every heroic circumstance, in order to bring forward his miracles. He has sacrificed the glory of his countrymen to that of his saint, and the life and interest of his poem to a narrow and degrading superstition.

Another production of the thirteenth century, which has also been published by Sanchez, is the poem of Alexander, written by Juan Lorenzo Segura de Astorga. The editor assures us that this poem is not a translation of that which Philippe Gaultier de Châtillon wrote in Latin in the year 1180, and which was afterwards turned into French verse by Lambert li Cors and Alexandre de Paris. However, there is certainly a great similarity between the two works, which display an equal mediocrity. There is neither invention, nor dignity, nor harmony, to be found in this composition; and yet the absolute ignorance of antiquity in which the world was plunged at the period when it was written, renders the work interesting. For the author, unable to describe times of which he knew nothing, had recourse to those with which he was acquainted, and bestowed upon the heroes of Greece the manners, the sentiments, the prejudices, and the education of a Spaniard of the thirteenth century; nor is he ever able to get rid of his Christian phraseology. He dubs Alexander a knight on the feast of St. Antherius, the Pope, (the third of January.) *He assures us, "that the young prince

* T. iii. Copla 78.

being impatient to wage war against the Jews and the Moors, believed that he had already conquered the territory of Babylon, India, and Egypt, Africa, and Morocco, and indeed all the countries over which Charlemagne had reigned." These anachronisms excite only a passing smile ; but the most interesting and curious part of the work is that in which, in a Greek story, the manners and opinions of the thirteenth century are described: as, for example, in the lessons which Aristotle gives to his pupil.* "Master Aristotle, who was his teacher, had been all this while shut up in his chamber, where he had been composing a logical syllogism, and had not, day or night, tasted any repose." When Alexander appears before him, inflamed with a desire to deliver his country from the tribute which it paid to the Persians, Aristotle recapitulates all the advice which he had formerly given, to fit him for the career which he was destined to run. "My son," says he, "thou art a learned clerk; thou art the son of a king, and thou hast much perspicacity. From thine infancy thou hast shewn a wonderful regard for chivalry; and I hold thee to be the best knight of all who now live. Remember, that thou ever take counsel upon thine undertakings, and discourse thereof with thy vassals, who shall be more faithful to thee when thou thus consultest them. Above all, beware of the love of women; for when once a man hath turned towards them, he pursueth them everlastingly, and daily becomes less valiant; nay, he is in danger even of losing his soul, the which would be a great offence unto God. Beware how thou trustest thy affairs to a man of low birth: be not drunken, and frequent not the taverns: keep firm and true to thy word, nor love nor listen to flatterers. When thou sittest in judgment, judge according to right; and let not avarice, nor love, nor hatred weigh in thy decisions. Beware of shewing thine anger amongst thy vassals. Never eat separate from them and apart, and appear not to be tired of them, if thou wouldst preserve their love. When thou leadest thine armies, do not leave the old warriors and carry with thee the young soldiers: the former are wise in council, and in the battle they will not flee." The arms and the equipments in which Alexander appears on the day when he is dubbed a knight, are highly precious.

* Copla 30.

Some are the workmanship of the fairies, others of Vulcan; and every piece is gifted with some enchanted power, strengthening the courage, the virtue, and the chastity of the wearer. "All the riches of Pisa and Genoa would not have bought his tunic; and, as to Bucephalus, when he was harnessed, he was worth more than all Castile."* Having clothed himself in these arms, Alexander, with a small retinue of knights, sets off in search of adventures to try his prowess. At some distance from his own territory, he meets with a king whom the poet calls Nicholas, who asks Alexander his name and occupation.† Alexander answers, "that he is the son of Philip and Olympias; that he is journeying through the world to exercise his strength, seeking for adventures in deserts and plains, sparing some and despoiling others; and that none can say that they have dared to treat him with disrespect." It was not, we see, without reason, that Don Quixote always reckons Alexander in the number of knights errant, and compares Rosinante to Bucephalus. The ancient poets of Spain knew no other heroism than that of chivalry, and had no conception of grandeur which was not gathered from the romances. The hero of La Mancha, who had studied history in their pages, was sure to find a knight errant in every hero of antiquity.

The martial poetry of Spain, a poetry truly national, and completely in accordance with the manners, the hopes, and the recollections of the people, was inspired by an enthusiasm which in its turn it contributed to nourish. Of this poetry we have already had some specimens in the history of the Cid, and we shall soon meet with others in the romances. The two poems of Berceo and of Lorenzo Segura have given us some idea of the poetry of the monks during the same period, the pedantry of which betrays the ignorance of the authors, and in which the absence of truth in the incidents, in the feelings, and in the language, shews clearly that all the inspirations of nature were banished from their gloomy convents. We shall terminate the literary history of Spain, during the thirteenth century, with some account of a royal poet, Alfonso X. of Castile, who was born in 1221, came to the crown in 1252, and was named Emperor of Germany by four of the electors in 1257. After having been deposed by his

* Copla 79. † Copla 119.

son, he died in 1284. Alfonso was surnamed the Wise, from his acquaintance with astronomy and chemistry, and is known by a system which he proposed as to the arrangement of the heavenly bodies, and which subjected him to a charge of impiety; a treatise which must be considered merely as a commentary upon the complicated system of Ptolemy, to which he had devoted his attention. Alfonso, though he was not a good sovereign, was yet a great patron of letters, and introduced into Europe the sciences, arts, and manufactures of the Arabians. He invited to his court many of the philosophers and learned men of the East, whose works he caused to be translated into the Castilian, in which language he likewise directed the decisions of the courts, and the laws of the Cortes to be framed; and in this earliest Spanish code, which is entitled *las Partidas*, is found that remarkable sentence which struck the attention of Montesquieu: *The despot cuts down the tree, but the wise monarch prunes it.* In fact, this monarch was the first to give that impulse to the literature of Spain, which was in the succeeding century so greatly accelerated. His writings contributed very considerably to the advancement of science, and something to the progress of literature. There is still preserved in manuscript at Toledo, a book of Canticles in Galician, written by him in honour of the Virgin Mary. The music for the first line of each canticle is given as if for chaunting. Two other productions in Castilian by the same royal author also survive. The first of these is a book of Complaints, *il libro de las Querelas*, composed between 1282 and 1284, in which Alfonso complains of his son Don Sancho and his nobles, who had rebelled against him and driven him from his throne. To judge from the commencement, this poem, which is written in verses *de arte mayor*, and in octave stanzas consisting each of two *quatrains*, appears to be worthy of the sentiments which ought to sustain a deposed monarch. The other poem, which is entitled *The Book of Treasure, or The Philosopher's Stone*, is a pretended exposition of this hidden knowledge, which had long employed the attention of Alfonso, and which he asserted had been communicated to him by an Egyptian sage. The introduction to this work is the only intelligible portion of it. It consists of eleven stanzas, in which the author recounts the mode in which he became possessed of

the grand arcanum of the alchemists.* When he comes to explain the secret itself, the reader is presented with thirty-five stanzas of eight lines each, in cypher, which it is impossible for any one to comprehend; although a key is given, which is in fact just as intelligible as the cyphers themselves. When we recollect that Alfonso was deposed by the Castilians for having debased the coin, by alloying the silver with copper, and issuing it as a pure silver coinage, we cannot help suspecting that the noble sovereign of Castile, and Emperor of the Romans, has bequeathed an enigma to posterity, which is incapable of explanation, and that his cyphers are absolutely destitute of all meaning. He had a great desire to propagate a belief that he had attained immense riches by his knowledge of alchemy, in order that he might impress his enemies and strangers with a high idea of his power.

The desire of celebrating the achievements of a hero, gave rise to the first attempt in Spanish poetry. To the same feeling did the art owe its perfection; while the verses were adapted to music, in order to render them more popular. The measure of these early romances, or *redondilhas*, was completely the reverse of the Italian; it changed from long to short, the verse containing four trochees, with an occasional defective verse.† With regard to rhyme, each second

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* The following are the two first stanzas of the *Libro del Tesoro:*

Llego pues la fama à los mis oidos
Quen tierra de Egipto un sabio vivia,
E con su saber oì que facia
Notos los casos ca non son venidos:
Los astros juzgaba, è aquestos movidos
Por disposicion del cielo, fallaba
Los casos quel tiempo futuro ocultaba,
Bien fuesen antes por este entendidos.

Codicia del sabio moviò mi aficion,
Mi pluma e mi lingua, con grande humildad
Postrada la alteza de mi magestad,
Ca tanto poder tiene una pasion.
Con ruegos le fiz la mia peticion,
E si la mandè con mis mensageros.
Averes faciendas è muchos dineros
Alli le ofreci con santa intencion.

† I must repeat here, that nothing is more irregular than this succession of four trochees. The accent on the seventh syllable alone is

line terminated with an assonant, while the first lines were unrhymed. It was in this metre that the deeds of many a brave Spaniard, and more especially of the Cid, were celebrated by anonymous poets. These romances were taught by mothers to their children, recited at festivals, and sung by the soldiers before battle; and being transmitted from mouth to mouth, long before they were committed to writing, they changed their shape with each variation of the language, though they preserved their spirit under every alteration. The first romances of the Cid were probably composed soon after his death, and others were added at different periods, though it is difficult to assign their proper dates. They are generally filled with minute details, and have an air of truth about them, which proves, that, at the period of their composition, the hero of Spain was still well known. So completely national was his history, and so connected with the state of Castile, that every Christian soldier, in the achievements of the Cid, became acquainted with the glories of his country. In the three centuries which preceded the birth of this hero, and in the two which succeeded, the history of Spain presents nothing but one continued struggle with the Moors; and it would have been difficult to distinguish the various sovereigns who succeeded one another, during these five centuries, if the glory of the Cid and of his companions had not formed so distinguished an æra.

These popular romances were collected at the commencement of the sixteenth century by Fernando del Castillo, and reprinted in 1614, by Pedro de Florez, in one volume in quarto. In these collections, all the romances of the Cid are to be found, though not in chronological order. Herder, a German poet and philosopher, a few years ago formed a collection of them, and arranged them so as to present a complete biographical account of the hero, translating them into verse of the same measure, with a scrupulous fidelity peculiar to the Germans.*

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obligatory: but it is sufficient to give a trochaic movement to the whole verse.

* There existed long before Herder's work appeared, a collection entitled *Tesoro escondido de todos los mas famosos Romances assi antiguos, como modernos, del Cid: por Franc. Meige. Barcelona,* 1626,

The life of the Cid may be divided into four periods ; containing his exploits under Ferdinand the Great, under Sancho the Brave, under Alfonso VI., and in the principality of Valencia, which he had conquered, and of which he had constituted himself sovereign. The first period comprises his youth, the time at which Corneille has laid his tragedy.* The second presents the history of the civil wars of Spain ; and the third, and a part of the fourth, correspond with the poem which we analyzed in the last chapter ; the conclusion of the fourth contains the old age and death of the hero.†

8vo. This little selection, instead of the seventy romances which Herder has translated, contains only forty, many of which are of little importance. The same romance is often differently given in different collections : for, as they were the property of no one, every editor altered them according to his taste. Thus the translations of Herder, who was acquainted with all the originals, and who has, with great taste and judgment, selected the best, are superior to all the Spanish collections. [The largest collection of the ballads of the Cid appears to be that which is mentioned by Sarmiento : *Historia del muy valeroso Cavallero el Cid Ruy Diaz de Bivar, en Romances en lenguage antiquo, recopilados por Juan de Escobar : Sevilla,* 1632. This volume contains 102 ballads. See Southey's Chron. of the Cid, pref. x. Mr. Southey designates the greater part of these poems as utterly worthless. The reader, from the specimens here presented, may perhaps hesitate before he concurs in so harsh a censure.—*Tr.*]

* Corneille borrowed his Cid partly from these romances, as he confesses in his preface, and partly from two Spanish tragi-comedies ; one by Diamante, and the other by Guillen de Castro. By a strange historical error, the French poet has laid the scene at Seville, a city at that time a hundred leagues distant from the Christian frontier, and which remained under the Musulman dominion for two centuries afterwards. It was only in the old age of the Cid, that even Toledo and New Castile were recovered from the Moors. The French critics, who have passed their judgments on this masterpiece of Corneille, have never given themselves the trouble of forming an acquaintance with the hero of the tragedy. La Harpe supposes him to have lived in the fifteenth century. Voltaire, when he reproaches D Ferdinand with not taking better measures for the defence of his capital, forgets that at that period the King of Castile commanded a small territory, the inhabitants of which were perpetually under arms : and that the attacks of the Moors were not formal expeditions, but rapid and unexpected incursions, executed as soon as the project was formed, and which could only be met by the bravery of the soldiery, and not prevented by the policy of the prince.

† [In the original, the remainder of this chapter is occupied with prose translations into French, of the ballads of the Cid, as given by Herder in his German version, and by occasional remarks on those extracts by M. de Sismondi. As Mr. Lockhart has favoured the public

In the ballad of the young Cid,* Rodrigo is represented as riding with his father, Diego Laynez, to do homage to the king. Three hundred gentlemen accompany the father and son on this expedition :

All talking with each other thus along their way they pass'd,
But now they've come to Burgos, and met the king at last;
When they came near his nobles a whisper through them ran :
" He rides amongst the gentry that slew the Count Lozan."

With very haughty gesture, Rodrigo rein'd his horse,
Right scornfully he shouted when he heard them so discourse—
" If any of his kindred or vassals dare appear,
The man to give them answer on horse or foot is here."

No one, however, dares to notice the defiance, and Diego Laynez desires his son to kiss the good king's hand. Rodrigo's answer was a very short one :

" Had any other said it, his pains had well been paid ;
But thou, Sir, art my father—thy word must be obey'd :"
With that he sprang down lightly, before the king to kneel,
But as the knee was bending, outleap'd his blade of steel.

The king drew back in terror, when he saw the sword was bare ;
" Stand back, stand back, Rodrigo, in the devil's name beware ;
Your looks bespeak a creature of father Adam's mould,
But in your wild behaviour you're like some lion bold."

When Rodrigo heard him say so, he leap'd into his seat,
And thence he made his answer with visage nothing sweet;

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with metrical translations of several of the most interesting ballads of the Cid, calculated to give the reader a very pleasing idea of the singular character of the originals, it appeared advisable to the editor to substitute specimens, selected from Mr. Lockhart's translations, instead of attempting either to versify Herder, or the original Spanish ballads, in case he should be able to discover them. He had, indeed, resolved at one time to translate into English verse some portions of the ballads of the Cid, contained in the collection of Spanish *Romances,* published by M. Depping : *Samlung der besten alten Spanishen historichen Ritter und Maurishen Romanzen, &c. von Ch. Depping, Leipzig,* 1817 ; a collection of which M. de Sismondi would, doubtless, have availed himself, had it been published at the period when this work was written. The appearance of the *Ancient Spanish Ballads* induced the editor to abandon this design, under a full persuasion that Mr. Lockhart's versions were far superior to anything which it would be in his power to produce. He has, therefore, made a selection from the eight ballads of the Cid, given by Mr. Lockhart, connecting the fragments, when necessary, by an explanatory text. The matter thus substituted occupies from p. 133 to p. 139.—*Tr.*]

* [This ballad is the fifth in Escobar's collection.—*Tr.*]

" I'd think it little honour to kiss a kingly palm,
And if my fathers kiss'd it, thereof ashamed I am.

When he these words had utter'd, he turn'd him from the gate,
His true three hundred gentles behind him follow'd straight;
If with good gowns they came that day, with better arms they went;
And if their mules behind did stay, with horses they're content.

Diego Laynez having been insulted by Count Gomez, the lord of Gormaz, the young Rodrigo challenges him to single combat, and slays him. In consequence of this affair, Ximena Gomez, the daughter of the Count, demands vengeance from the king, against the youthful Cid.* The monarch is disturbed in his court at Burgos by a loud clamour at his palace-porch, where he finds the fair Ximena Gomez kneeling and crying for vengeance:

Upon her neck disorder'd hung down the lady's hair,
And floods of tears were streaming upon her bosom fair;
Sore wept she for her father the Count that had been slain,
Loud cursed she Rodrigo whose sword his blood did stain.

They turn'd to bold Rodrigo, I wot his cheek was red;
With haughty wrath he listen'd to the words Ximena said—
" Good king, I cry for justice; now as my voice thou hearest,
So God befriend the children that in thy land thou rearest.

The king that doth not justice, hath forfeited his claim
Both to his kingly station, and to his kingly name;
He should not sit at banquet, clad in the royal pall,
Nor should the nobles serve him on knees within the hall.

Good king, I am descended from barons bright of old
That with Castilian pennons Pelayo did uphold;
But if my strain were lowly, as it is high and clear,
Thou still should'st prop the feeble, and the afflicted hear.

For thee, fierce homicide, draw, draw thy sword once more,
And pierce the breast which wide I spread thy stroke before:
Because I am a woman my life thou need'st not spare,
I am Ximena Gomez, my slaughter'd father's heir.

Since thou hast slain the knight who did our faith defend,
And still to shameful flight all the Almanzors send,
'Tis but a little matter that I confront thee so;
Come, champion, slay his daughter, she needs must be thy foe."

Ximena gazed upon him, but no reply could meet,
His fingers held the bridle, he vaulted to his seat;
She turn'd her to the nobles, I wot her cry was loud,
But not a man durst follow; slow rode he through the crowd.

* [This ballad is the sixth in Escobar.—*Tr.*]

There is considerable doubt with regard to the authenticity of that portion of the Cid's history, which relates to his marriage with Ximena Gomez.* From the ballad of the Cid's courtship, however, it appears that the fair Ximena, having pardoned him for the murder of her father, asked him from the king in marriage :

To the good king Fernando, in Burgos where he lay,
Came then Ximena Gomez. and thus to him did say;
" I am Don Gomez' daughter, in Gormaz Count was he,
Him slew Rodrigo of Bivar in battle valiantly.

Now I am come before you this day a boon to crave,
And it is that I to husband may this Rodrigo have :
Grant this, and I shall hold me a happy damosell ;
Much honour'd shall I hold me, I shall be married well.

I know he's born for thriving, none like him in the land,
I know that none in battle against his spear may stand ;
Forgiveness is well pleasing in God our Saviour's view,
And I forgive him freely, for that my sire he slew."

The king is highly pleased with Ximena's request, and instantly dispatches a messenger to Rodrigo, who, leaping upon Bavieca, speedily makes his appearance before the monarch. Fernando informs him that Ximena has granted him pardon, and offered him her hand :

" I pray you be consenting, my gladness will be great,
You shall have lands in plenty to strengthen your estate."
" Lord King," Rodrigo answers, " in this and all beside,
Command and I'll obey you, the girl shall be my bride."

But when the fair Ximena came forth to plight her hand,
Rodrigo, gazing on her, his face could not command :
He stood and blush'd before her ; thus at the last said he,
" I slew thy sire, Ximena, but not in villany.

In no disguise I slew him, man against man I stood,
There was some wrong between us, and I did shed his blood ;
I slew a man, I owe a man : fair lady, by God's grace,
An honour'd husband shalt thou have in thy dead father's place."

The ballad of the Cid's wedding contains many curious traits of national manners :

Within his hall of Burgos the king prepares his feast,
He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.
It is a joyful city, and it is a gallant day ;
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away?

* [See Southey's Chron. of the Cid, p. 6.—*Tr.*]

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate,
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state;
The crowd makes way before them, as up the street they go;
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

The king had taken order, that they should rear an arch
From house to house all over, in the way where they must march,
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

They have scatter'd olive-branches and rushes on the street,
And ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet;
With tapestry and broidery, their balconies between,
To do his bridal honour their walls the burghers screen.

They lead the bulls before them, all cover'd o'er with trappings,
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings;
The fool with cap and bladder upon his ass goes prancing
Amidst troops of captive maidens, with bells and cymbals dancing.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,
They fill the streets of Burgos, and the devil he comes after;
For the king had hired the horned fiend for sixteen maravedis,
And there he goes with hoofs for toes to terrify the ladies.

Then comes the bride Ximena:—the king he holds her hand,
And the queen, and all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land:
All down the street, the cars of wheat are round Ximena flying,
But the king lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

Quoth Suero, when he saw it, (his thought you understand)
"'Tis a fine thing to be a king; but heaven make me a hand!"
The king was very merry when he was told of this,
And swore the bride ere eventide should give the boy a kiss.

The king went always talking, but she held down her head,
And seldom gave an answer to any thing he said.
It was better to be silent among such a crowd of folk,
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.

The valour of Rodrigo was equalled by his humanity. The ballad of *The Cid and the Leper*, exhibits this quality in a strong light.*

He has ta'en some twenty gentlemen along with him to go,
For he will pay that ancient vow he to St. James doth owe;
To Compostello, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,
The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

Where'er he goes much alms he throws, to feeble folk and poor,
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure;
For God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win,
His hand was ever bountiful; great was his joy therein.

* [The Cid and the Leper is the twelfth romance in Escobar: and see Southey's Chron. of the Cid, p. 8.—*Tr.*]

And there in middle of the path, a Leper did appear;
In a deep slough the leper lay, none would to help come near;
With a loud voice he thence did cry, "For God our Saviour's sake,
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take."

When Roderic heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down,
For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champion;
He reach'd his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.

Behind him rode the leprous man; when to their hostelrie
They came he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;
While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrunk away,
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay.

All at the mid hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,
A breath came from the leprous man, it through his shoulders crept;
Right through the body, at the breast, pass'd forth that breathing cold,
I wot he leap'd up with a start, in terrors manifold.

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,
Through the dark chamber groped he with very anxious mind,
Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed a lamp was brought,
Yet no where was the leper seen, though far and near they sought.

He turn'd him to his chamber, God wot perplexed sore
With that which had befallen; when lo! his face before
There stood a man all clothed in vesture shining white,
Thus said the vision, "Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight?"

"I sleep not," quoth Rodrigo, "but tell me who art thou,
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow?"
"I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee;
I am the same poor leper thou savedst for charity.

Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been;
God favours thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen.
There shall be honour with thee in battle and in peace,
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

Strong enemies shall not prevail thy greatness to undo,
Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale, Christians and Moslems too;
A death of honour shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,
Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven."

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanish'd quite;
Rodrigo rose and knelt him down—he knelt till morning light;
Unto the heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,
He made his prayer right humbly till dawn'd the morning clear.

The subject of the next ballad is *Bavieca*, the Cid's charger, whose fame has been celebrated in almost every romance which has recorded the exploits of his master. He is also mentioned in the Cid's will. "When ye bury Bavieca, dig deep; for shameful thing were it that he should be eat by

curs who hath trampled down so much currish flesh of Moors." Rodrigo likewise directed that his dead body should be placed in armour, upon Bavieca, and so led to the church. After this ceremony had been performed, no man was again suffered to bestride the gallant charger. Bavieca survived his master about two years, having lived, according to the history, full forty years.

The king look'd on him kindly, as on a vassal true,
Then to the king Ruy Diaz spake, after reverence due :
"O king, the thing is shameful that any man beside
The liege lord of Castile himself should Bavieca ride.

For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
So good as he, and certes the best befits my king ;
But that you may behold him and know him to the core,
I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the Moor."

With that the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furr'd and wide,
On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side,
And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his career,
Stream'd like a pennon on the wind, Ruy Diaz' minivere.

And all that saw them prais'd them ; they lauded man and horse,
As matched well, and rivalless for gallantry and force ;
Ne'er had they look'd on horseman, might to this knight come near,
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus to and fro a-rushing the fierce and furious steed
He snapt in twain his hither rein—"God pity now the Cid !
"God pity Diaz !" cried the lords—but when they look'd again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him with the fragment of his rein ;
They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true lord commanding, and obey'd as by a lamb.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the king.
But, "No," said Don Alfonso, "it were a shameful thing
That peerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar—mount, mount again, my Cid."

The *Excommunication of the Cid* is certainly of a very apocryphal character. The ballad, however, is an entertaining and curious [illegible].



[illegible]pain across the main, the Cid was come to Rome,
[illegible]hairs four and three, beneath St Peter's dome,
[illegible]at chairs be they ?" "Seven kings do sit thereon,
[illegible]at the foot of the holy father's throne.

[illegible]ove them all, that they may kiss his toe,
[illegible]wer-de-lys doth make a gallant show ;
[illegible]ng of France next to the pope may sit,
[illegible] a row, as doth their station fit."

"Ha!" quoth the Cid, "now God forbid! it is a shame, I wis,
To see the Castle* planted beneath the Flower-de-lys.†
No harm I hope, good father pope, although I move thy chair;"
In pieces small he kick'd it all ('twas of the ivory fair.)

The pope's own seat, he from his feet, did kick it far away,
And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that day;
Above them all he planted it, and laugh'd right bitterly,
Looks sour and bad I trow he had, as grim as grim might be.

Now when the pope was aware of this, (he was an angry man,)
His lips that night, with solemn rite, pronounced the awful ban;
The curse of God who died on rood, was on that sinner's head,
To Hell and woe man's soul must go, if once that curse be said.

I wot when the Cid was aware of this, (a woeful man was he,)
At dawn of day he came to pray at the blessed father's knee;
"Absolve me, blessed father, have pity upon me,
Absolve my soul, and penance I for my sin will dree?"

"Who is this sinner," quoth the pope, "who at my foot doth kneel?"
"I am Rodrigo Diaz, a poor baron of Castile—"
Much marvell'd all were in the hall, when that word they heard him say,—
"Rise up, rise up," the pope he said, "I do thy guilt away:

I do thy guilt away," he said—"and my curse I blot it out;
God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout!
I trow if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the Moor."

I feel no regret in having so long dwelt upon the times of the Cid. The brilliant reputation of that hero, at the commencement of the Spanish monarchy, eclipses the glory of all who either preceded or followed him. Never was a reputation more completely national, and never, in the estimation of men, has there been a hero in Spain who has equalled Don Rodrigo. He occupies the debateable ground between history and romance, and the historian and the poet both assert their claims to him. The ballads which we have been examining are considered by Muller as authentic documents; while the poets of Spain have chosen them as the most brilliant subjects for their dramatic compositions. Diamante, an old poet, and subsequently Guillen de Castro, have borrowed from the early romances the plots of their tragedies of the Cid, both of which furnished a model to Corneille. Lope de Vega, in his *Almenas de Toro*, has dramatised the second period of the warrior's life, and the death of Sancho the Strong. Other writers have

* The arms of Castile. † The arms of France.

introduced other incidents of his life upon the stage. No hero, in short, has ever been so universally celebrated by his countrymen, nor is the fame of any individual so intimately connected as his, with all the poetry and the history of his native land.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON SPANISH LITERATURE, DURING THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.

In the formation of her language and her poetry Spain preceded Italy very considerably, though the progress which she afterwards made was so slow, that it was difficult to distinguish it. From the twelfth, until the end of the fifteenth century, when the spirit of Italian literature began to exert an influence in Spain, every production of value which proceeded from the pen of a Spaniard is anonymous and without date; and although, perhaps, in the songs and romances of these four centuries, the progress of the language and of the versification may be traced, yet in the ideas, in the sentiments, and in the images, there is so much similarity as to prevent us from dividing this portion of the literary history of Spain into separate epochs, and from assigning to each a distinctive character.

This uniformity in its literary history is likewise observable in the political history of Spain. During these four centuries, the Spanish character was strengthened, confirmed, and developed, but not changed, by the national successes. There was the same chivalric bravery exercised in combats against the Moors, and exercised too without ferocity, and even with feelings of mutual esteem. There was the same high feeling of honour, and the same gallant bearing, nourished by rivalry with a nation as honourable and gallant as themselves; a nation with whom the knights of Spain had been often mingled, with whom they had sought an asylum, and with whom they had even served under the same banners; and lastly, there was the same independence amongst the nobles, the same national pride, the same patriotic attachments which were nourished by the division of Spain into separate kingdoms, and by the right

of every vassal to make war upon the crown, provided he restored the fiefs which he held from it.

Spain, from the commencement of the eleventh century was divided into five Christian kingdoms. It would be no easy task to present, in a few words, a picture of the various revolutions to which these states were exposed, though the dates of their progress and decline may be succinctly stated. The kingdom of Navarre, which was separated very early from the Moors by the Castilians, gradually extended itself on the side of Gascony. . But, notwithstanding its frequent wars with the neighbouring states, notwithstanding various accessions of territory, followed invariably by new partitions, Navarre remained within nearly the same limits until the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, who conquered it in 1512. The kingdom of Portugal, which was founded in 1090, by Alfonso VI. of Castile, as a provision for his son-in-law, extended itself during the twelfth century along the shores of the Atlantic, and at that period was comprised within the limits which, notwithstanding its long wars with Castile, it has since preserved. The kingdom of Leon, which formerly extended over Galicia and the Asturias, was the most ancient of all, and the true representative of the monarchy of the Visigoths. Having been founded by Pelagius and his descendants, it was to extend its frontiers that those heroic combats were fought, which, at the present day, fill the poetical history of Spain; and it was for the purpose of establishing the independence of this country, that the semi-fabulous hero Bernard del Carpio slew the Paladin Orlando at Roncevalles. The ancient house of the Visigoth kings became extinct in 1037, in the person of Bermudez III., and the kingdom of Leon then fell into the hands of Ferdinand the Great of Navarre, who united under his sceptre all the Christian states of Spain. On his death, he again severed Navarre and Castile in favour of one of his sons; and the kingdom of Leon, governed by the house of Bigorre, preserved an independent but inglorious existence until the year 1230, when it was for the last time united to Castile by an intermarriage of the sovereigns.

In the east of Spain the resistance of the Christians had been less effectual. At the foot of the Pyrenees, around the towns of Jaca and Huesca and in the little county of

Soprarbia, the kingdom of Aragon took its rise. Soon afterwards, the expedition of Charlemagne against the Moors, laid the foundation of the county of Barcelona, then confined by the shores of the sea. From this feeble origin a powerful monarchy arose. Aragon, reunited to Navarre under Sancho the Great, was again severed from it in 1035; Saragossa was won from the Moors in 1112, and the victories of Alfonso the Warlike, who was in vain defeated at Fraga, in 1134, tripled the extent of the monarchy. Three years after his death the state of Aragon was united to that of Barcelona, in 1137, by marriage; and a second Alfonso, in 1167, added Provence to the same sovereignty. James I., in 1238, conquered the kingdom of Valencia, and his successors united to it the Balearic Isles, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and lastly the kingdom of Naples. The monarchy of Aragon had arrived at its highest pitch of glory, when Ferdinand of Aragon, in 1469, intermarried with Isabella of Castile, and founded, by the union of the two crowns, that powerful monarchy, which under Charles V. embraced all Spain, and threatened the independence of the whole world.

But the most powerful of the monarchies of Christian Spain was Castile, which, as it inherited the conquests, the grandeur, and the glory of the other states of the Peninsula, demands a more particular examination. By the assistance of the kings of Oviedo and Leon, part of New Castile succeeded in throwing off the Musulman yoke, though, until the year 1028, the sovereign only bore the title of Count. Sancho III. of Navarre, by his marriage with the heiress of Castile, united this sovereignty to his other states; from which it was again separated in 1035, in favour of Ferdinand the Great, who first assumed the title of King of Castile. The victories of that monarch, and of his son Sancho the Strong, rescued all Old Castile from the Moorish yoke. New Castile was at that period a powerful Musulman kingdom, the capital of which was Toledo. It was at the court of one of the kings of Toledo, that Alfonso VI., when pursued by his brother, sought an asylum. He afterwards proceeded, in 1072, with the assistance of the Moorish monarch, to recover the inheritance of Sancho the Strong. Deaf to the voice of gratitude, Alfonso VI. did not hesitate to despoil Hiaia, the son of his benefactor, of his dominions

In 1085, he conquered Toledo and New Castile. The Moors, who, when they arrived in Spain, were better soldiers than the Goths, very quickly lost this advantage. The use of baths, and other luxuries and delicacies, to which they had been unaccustomed, soon enervated them. They were vanquished in every combat where they were not infinitely superior in numbers; and they frequently submitted to become the vassals of a few knights, who established themselves amongst them. Alfonso VI. in his dominions, the extent of which he had almost doubled, counted more than two millions of Musulman subjects, to whom he was engaged by the most solemn oaths to preserve their laws, their worship, and all their privileges. The Christians, who, though inferior in number, had obtained the ascendancy over this still powerful people, were not united amongst themselves. An inveterate jealousy separated the conquerors, who called themselves *Montañes*, on account of their residence in the mountains, from the Moçarabians, or freedmen of the Moors. Religion, which ought to have united them, was a new source of dispute and contention. The Christians who were found in New Castile when it was delivered from the dominion of the Moors, had preserved in their churches a particular rite in the celebration of divine service, which was designated by the name of the Moçarabian ceremony. The conquerors wished to establish the Ambrosian ceremony; and the choice between the two forms of worship was referred to the judgment of God, in declaring which the policy of the monarch, and not the jealousy of the priests, was fortunately the principal instrument. The two rituals were cast into the fire, and instead of the single miracle which was expected, the spectators were astonished with two; both the rituals were taken out of the flames unhurt. Recourse was now had to the judicial combat, and two warriors fought for the two forms of worship, without either of them obtaining the advantage. Thus the two rituals were declared of equal authority; mutual toleration was sanctioned by the double miracle; and the Moçarabian ceremony is still practised in some of the churches of Toledo.

The Musulman princes of Andalusia, terrified by the conquests of the Christians, called in to their assistance the Emperor of Morocco, Yousouf, the son of Teschfin the Mora-

bite, who, with a band of fresh fanatics, from the deserts of Africa, restored the balance of the war, and, giving strength and courage to the Arabians of Spain, arrested the progress of the Castilians. In vain did Alfonso VI. attempt to separate the Spanish from the African Moors, even marrying the daughter of the king of Seville, by way of strengthening his alliance. He was the victim of his own policy; and being defeated in several great battles, he with difficulty preserved his former conquests. From this time it became apparent that the Spaniards, when by their admixture with the Moors they acquired a knowledge of their arts and sciences, had likewise contracted their oriental effeminacy. A century and a half was passed in disputes with the Moors of Estramadura, without any important conquest being made; whilst, on the other side, the Castilians in 1101 or 1102 evacuated the kingdom of Valencia, where they were unable to maintain themselves after the death of the Cid. The talents and the bravery of Alfonso VIII., and of Alfonso IX., and their brilliant victories at Jaen in 1157, and at Tolosa in 1212, scarcely compensated for their disastrous minorities, and for the evils of the civil wars in which they engaged. Ultimately, however, after two or three generations, the Christians again assumed all their superiority over the Moors. Led on by Ferdinand III. or St. Ferdinand as he was called, they subdued Cordova, in 1236, and Seville in 1248, and achieved, towards the latter end of the thirteenth century, the conquest of Estramadura and of Andalusia. The long reign of Alfonso X. was much disturbed by civil commotions. That monarch during the latter part of the thirteenth century was successively engaged in war with his brothers and his children, and was perpetually at variance with his subjects, whom he endeavoured to deprive of their privileges. The reigns of Ferdinand IV. and of Alfonso XI. (1295-1350) commenced with two long minorities, and fresh civil wars were the consequence. During the last ten years of this period the efforts of the King of Morocco to maintain the Musulmans in Spain revived, notwithstanding his celebrated defeat at Tarifa, the apprehensions of the Christians. In the midst of these internal disorders and foreign invasions, the royal authority was shaken. The ferocious Peter I. surnamed the Cruel, attempted to re-establish his power by a

system of severity; but his cruelties drove his brother and his subjects into rebellion, and he perished at the battle of Montiel, in 1369. The crown of Castile now devolved upon a bastard branch. Several weak and feeble princes, Henry III. John II. and Henry IV. now succeeded, who abandoned themselves to the government of their favourites; and the last of these sovereigns was, in the year 1465, deposed by his subjects, after having rendered himself contemptible in the eyes of all Europe. During the whole of this century Grenada was the home of luxury, of art, and of gallantry. Its population was prodigious; and the land was kept in a state of the highest cultivation. Love, festivals, and games, were the occupation of the Moorish nobles. No entertainment was complete unless attended with some illustrious achievement of arms; and the knights of Castile, who guarded the frontiers, gladly presented themselves at every courtly festival, to shed their blood in the tourney, and to dispute in serious combat the prize of valour. The civil wars of Castile and those of Grenada, between the Zegris and the Abencerrages, prevented every project of extended conquest; but without the carnage consequent upon a long war, and even without destroying the good understanding of the neighbouring states, the field of battle was always open to the two nations, and an opportunity was thus afforded to their valiant youth to exercise themselves in arms. A hundred and fifty years had now elapsed since the battle of Tarifa, the latest period when the power of the Musulmans threatened the existence of Castile, when Isabella, who had ascended the throne in 1474, achieved in 1492 the conquest of Grenada; a project suggested to her by her confessor, and which she pursued with the blind zeal of a woman, but with the talents and courage of a man. The fall of this great city terminated the struggle which had endured for nearly eight centuries between the Moors and the Christians, and many millions of Musulmans became subjects of Castile. The population of the province of Grenada had been augmented by refugees from all the Moorish states of Spain, which had yielded to the Christians two centuries and a half before the fall of Grenada.

Previously to giving an account of the writers whom Castile produced during that period, I have thought it expe-

dient thus to present to the reader the principal events which occurred during a very considerable portion of the history of that country, and to pursue the progress of those conquests, from north to south, which flattered the national pride by daily successes, trained the inhabitants to the use of arms, and secured to the brave such brilliant and immediate rewards.

The first distinguished author of the fourteenth century, is the Prince Don Juan Manuel, a cadet of the royal family, who traced his descent up to Saint Ferdinand. In him we remark that union of letters and of arms which reflected such glory upon Spain, and by which the reign of Charles V. was rendered so illustrious. He served Alfonso XI., a prince of jealous feelings, and exceedingly difficult to please, with great fidelity, and was by him named governor *(adelantado mayor)* of the Moorish frontiers. For twenty years he carried on a successful war against the Moors of Grenada, and died in 1362. His principal composition is entitled *Count Lucanor*, and is, it may be said, the first prose work in the Castilian language, as was the Decameron, which appeared about the same time, in the Italian. Count Lucanor, like the Decameron, is a collection of Novels, but in every other respect the works are entirely different. Lucanor is the production of a statesman, who wishes to instruct a grave and serious nation in lessons of policy and morality, in the shape of apologues. The Decameron is the lively offspring of a man of taste, but of dissipated manners, whose object is rather to please than to instruct. Prince Juan Manuel places his hero, Count Lucanor, in very difficult circumstances, with regard both to morals and to politics. The Count asks the advice of his friend and Minister Patronio, who answers him with a little tale, which is related with much grace and simplicity, and applied with wit and ingenuity. There are forty-nine of these tales, and the moral of each is contained in two little verses, less remarkable for their poetical merit than for their precision and good sense. The first of these novels is translated below. When we are engaged in discussing the merits of productions almost entirely unknown, it is proper to present the reader rather with examples than with opinions.

One day Count Lucanor thus bespoke his counsellor Patronio. "Patronio, thou knowest that I am a great hunter, and that I have hunted more than any man before; and that

I have invented and added to the hoods and jesses of my falcons certain contrivances which are entirely new. Now they who are maliciously inclined towards me speak of me in derision. They praise the Cid Ruy Diaz or Count Fernando Gonzales, for the battles they have fought, or the holy and blessed king D. Ferdinand, for all the conquests which he achieved; but they praise me for having accomplished a great thing in bringing to perfection the hoods and jesses of my falcons. Now, as such praise is rather an insult than an honour, I pray thee counsel me how I may avoid this irony upon a subject which, after all, is praiseworthy enough." "My Lord Count," said Patronio, "that you may know how to conduct yourself in this case, I will relate to you what happened to a Moor who was king of Cordova." The Count bade him proceed, and then Patronio thus spoke:

"There was once a Moorish king of Cordova, whose name was Al-Haquem. He governed his kingdom with tolerable discretion, but he did not exert himself to accomplish any great and honourable exploits, as kings are in duty bound. It is not enough in them barely to preserve their dominions. They who would acquire a noble fame, should so act as to enlarge their territories without injustice, and thus gain the applause of their subjects during their life, and at their death leave lasting monuments of their great achievements. But the king of whom we are speaking cared nothing about all this; he thought only of eating, and amusing himself, and spending his time idly in his palace. Now it happened one day that he was listening to the music of an instrument of which the Moors are very fond, and which they call albogon. He observed that it did not sound so well as he could contrive to make it; so he took the albogon, and made a hole underneath opposite the others. The effect of this was that the albogon yielded a much finer note than before. This was a very clever invention, but not exactly suited to a royal personage. The people in derision pretended to praise it. It passed into a proverb, and, when speaking of any useless improvement, they say: 'It is worthy of king Al-Haquem himself.' This saying was so often repeated, that it came at last to the ears of the king, who inquired its meaning, and in spite of the silence of those whom he questioned, he insisted so pertinaciously on an answer, that they were obliged to

explain it to him. When he knew this, the king grieved sorely, as, after all, he was in truth a very good king. He inflicted no punishment upon those who had thus spoken of him, but he made a resolution in his own heart to invent some other improvement which should compel the people to praise him in good earnest. He set his people to work to finish the great mosque of Cordova. He supplied every deficiency, and finally completed it, and made it the most beautiful, noble, and exquisite of all the Moorish mosques in Spain. Praise be to the Lord, it is at this day a church, and is called St. Mary's. It was dedicated by that holy Saint, King Ferdinand, after he had taken Cordova from the Moors. When the king had finished it, he said, that if his improvements on the albogon had hitherto exposed him to derision, he expected that for the future he should be applauded for the completion of the mosque of Cordova. The proverb was in fact changed, and even unto this day, when the Moors speak of an addition superior to the object to which it is attached, they say: King Al-Haquem has mended it."

It is evident that Patronio did not give himself much trouble in disguising his instructions. The apologue is little more than a repetition of Lucanor's own story. The counsel is sensible and just enough, but it must be confessed that it does not display much wit. In general we must not look to the writers of the fourteenth century for quickness, precision, wit, and polish. Those qualities are only produced in an age of high civilization, and by the collision of intellect. The education which was bestowed in castles, and the severe discipline of the feudal system, acted upon the imagination rather than upon the judgment. The writers of the middle ages are most valuable when they give us pictures of themselves; for human nature, which in every state is worthy of observation, is still more so when it has not cast off its native simplicity. Of the various compositions of those writers, their poetry is the most remarkable; for there the imagination supplies the deficiencies of knowledge, and depth of feeling the want of variety. In matters of thought, however, their goal has been our starting-place, and we can only look for information from their writings, so far as regards them, and not ourselves.

Prince Juan Manuel was likewise the author of some

didactic pieces on the duties of a knight, which have not come down to us. Some of his romances are, however, preserved; they are written with a simplicity which adds to the value of compositions in themselves tender and touching. The Spaniards had not yet renounced that natural style of expression, which at once proceeds from and affects the heart. They still faithfully preserved it in their romances, but they had already begun to deviate from it in their lyrical poems; and some amatory poems of this same Prince Juan Manuel have been preserved, in which this deviation may be seen.

A short time after Prince Juan, flourished Pedro Lopez de Ayala, who was born in Murcia, in 1332, and died in 1407, after having filled the offices of Grand Chamberlain, and Grand Chancellor of Castile. His poems, which were promised to the public by Sanchez, have, I believe, never yet been printed. They would possess, in a greater degree than the poems of Prince Juan, that interest which results from the exhibition of strong political passions, and from the developement of a character, which would seem to forebode to the individual a stormy and troubled life. Ayala, who had previously been in the service of Peter the Cruel, afterwards attached himself to the party of his brother, Henry de Transtamare, and justified the revolt of the Castilians by his writings, as he had aided it with his arms. In his chronicle of the four kings under whom he had lived, Peter, Henry II., John I., and Henry III., he paints in the blackest colours the ferocity of the first, and it is chiefly upon his authority that the accusations rest which have cast such infamy upon the memory of this ancient tyrant of Spain. Ayala, who first translated Livy into the Castilian, was the first likewise to lead the way in adapting the narrative style of the ancients to modern history. Amongst his poems, the most celebrated is his *Rimado de palacio*, which was written in prison, for the express purpose of rendering Peter odious to his subjects, and of conciliating their good will towards his brother. He fought by the side of Henry at the battle of Naxera, and together with Duguesclin was taken prisoner by the English, the allies of Peter the Cruel, on the third of April, 1367. He was afterwards carried to England, and he has in his poems drawn a terrible picture of the gloomy

prison in which he was confined, the wounds under which he was suffering, and the chains with which he was loaded. His *Rimado de palacio*, contains sixteen hundred and nineteen *coplas* or stanzas, varying in the metre and the number of their lines. Politics, morals, and religion, are alternately the subjects of Lopez de Ayala's muse; and Sanchez assures us, that his writings are replete with profound learning, knowledge of the world, and high religious feelings. He passes some severe censures on the great statesmen, as well as on the ecclesiastics of his day; but the great corruption of both classes during the fourteenth century justifies the bitterness of his satire. Lopez de Ayala, after his release, became one of the counsellors of Henry, and his ambassador to France; but he was again taken prisoner in the year 1385, at the battle of Aljubarrota, which was fought against the Portuguese. This double captivity made him feel most sensibly all the grievances attached to the loss of liberty, and tinctured his poetry with a solemnity of imagery and a melancholy tone of sentiment, which give it an elevated character. Yet it is probable, that the greater part of the poems, which he has dated from his prison, were in fact composed when he had recovered his liberty, and after he had been raised by John I. to the highest dignities in the kingdom. At the period when Ayala wrote, the other poets of Spain composed little else than amatory verses; but in all his numerous productions there is scarcely a single verse to be found, which touches upon a profane passion. Many of them, it is true, are filled with that divine love which borrows the language of human passion, and are evidently the production of a man devoted to mysticism.*

It is to a contemporary of Prince Juan that we owe the Amadis of Gaul, the best and most celebrated of the romances of chivalry. Vasco Lobeira, whom the Spaniards acknowledge to be the author, was a Portuguese, who was

* I have perused the poems of the arch-priest of Hita, written about the year 1343, which Sanchez has published in his fourth volume of the *Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas*. They may perhaps afford some idea of the *Rimado de Palacio*, as they are written in irregular stanzas, and contain all the politics and morality of the author and of the age. They are none of them, however, sufficiently interesting to merit insertion in this work.

born in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and died in the year 1325. He wrote the four first books of the Amadis in Spanish; but for some unexplained reason his work did not become generally known until the middle of the fourteenth century. This celebrated romance was certainly an imitation of the French romances of chivalry, which, in the preceding century, had acquired so high a reputation throughout Europe, and had produced such important effects on its literature. The French have even some pretensions to the first invention of the Amadis. But whatever may be the truth with regard to that fact, the work became naturalized in Spain by the avidity with which it was read by all classes, the enthusiasm it excited, and the powerful influence which it exerted over the taste of the Castilians. The perpetual errors in geography and history escaped the attention of readers, who were utter strangers to those branches of knowledge. The diffuse and yet stiff style of the narrative, instead of being a reproach, was in accordance with the manners of the age. It seemed to present a stronger picture of those Gothic and chivalric virtues which the Moorish wars still cherished in Spain, and which the Castilians delighted to attribute to their ancestors in a greater degree than the truth warranted. The brilliant fairy mythology of the East, with which a commerce with the Arabians had rendered the Spaniards acquainted, assumed fresh charms in this romance, and captivated the imagination. Love, also, was painted with an excess of devotion and of voluptuous tenderness, which affected the people of the south much more powerfully than the same sentiments would have influenced the French. The passion of love thus represented was so submissive, so constant, and so religious, that it almost seemed a virtue to entertain it; and yet the author has denied to his heroes none of its privileges. He has effectually captivated inflammable imaginations, by confounding the allurements of voluptuousness with the duties of chivalry.

The celebrity of the Amadis de Gaul, and its numerous imitations, together with the frequent translations of all the French romances of chivalry, have given the national poetry of Spain a very animated and chivalric character. The spirit of these popular works passed to the romances, which were equally popular, and it is to the fourteenth century that

we owe those poetical tales for which the Spaniards are so eminently distinguished. In most of these romances, we may remark a touching simplicity of expression, a truth of painting, and an exquisite sensibility, which invest them with the highest charms.* Some of them are still more distinguished by the powers of invention which they display. When this is the case, they form little chivalric romances, the effect of which is lively and impressive in proportion to the brevity of the poem. The author strikes at once into the middle of his subject, and thus produces a powerful effect upon the imagination, and avoids long and useless introductions. The weakest memory was able to retain these romances. They were sung by the soldiers on their march, by the rustics in their daily labours, and by the women during their domestic occupations. The knowledge of their ancient history and of chivalry was in this manner diffused throughout the whole nation. Few individuals were able to read, or indeed

* The *Romancero general*, collected by Pedro de Florez, and printed at Madrid in 1614, in quarto, was probably only a bookseller's speculation. It is a confused collection of all the popular romances, displaying neither taste nor critical acumen. It is a painful task to wade through this immense collection. It is divided into thirteen parts, which, instead of distinguishing the contents, render the whole more confused. But the reader will be rewarded for his labour, should he have the courage to undergo it. There are many romances as simple and beautiful as the following, in which we recognize in an European language the imagination and melancholy sentiments of the Arabians, from whom the Spaniards borrowed many of their popular songs.

Fonte frida. fonte frida,
Fonte frida y con amor,
Do todas las avezicas
Van tomar consolacion,
Sino es la tortolica
Que esta biuda y con dolor;
Por ay fuera a passar
El traydor del ruy señor,
Las palabras que el dezia
Llenas son de traycion:
Si tu quisisses señora
Yo seria tu servidor;
Vete de ay enemigo
Malo falso enganador,
Que ni poso en ramo verde
Ni en prado que tenga flor,
Que si el agua hallo clara
Turbia la bevio yo,
Que no quiero aver marido
Porque hijos no aya no,
No quiero plazer con ellos
Ni menos consolacion;
Dexame triste enemigo
Malo falso, mal traydor,
Que no quiero ser tu amiga
Ni casar contigo no.

It is difficult to explain in what consists the charm of this little romance, unless it be in the air of truth and the absence of all design for which it is so remarkable. It was certainly highly appreciated by the Spaniards, and the romance has been annotated upon by Tapia.

had any kind of literary instruction; and yet it would have been difficult to have found amongst them one who was not acquainted with the brilliant adventures of Bernard de Carpio, of the Cid, of Don Gayferos, of Calaynos the Moor, and of all the knights of the time of Amadis, or of the court of Charlemagne. The people, no doubt, derived very little real instruetion from indulging in these pursuits of the imagination. History was confounded in their mind with romance, and the same credit was given to probable events, and to marvellous adventures. But this universal acquaintance with the exploits of chivalry, and this deep interest in characters of the noblest and most elevated cast, excited a national feeling of a singularly poetical nature. The Moors, who were, in almost every village, intermingled with the Christians, were still more sensible than the latter to the charm of these romances, and still more attached to the love of music. Even at the present day they can forget their labours, their griefs, and their fears, to abandon themselves wholly to the pleasures of song. They are probably the authors of many of the Castilian romances, and others have, perhaps, been composed for their amusement. The Moorish heroes were certainly as conspicuous in those works as the Christians; and the admiration which the writers endeavoured to excite for the "Knights of Grenada—gentlemen, although Moors:" *Caballeros Granadinos—aunque Moros hijos d'algo:* strengthened the ties between the two nations, and by cherishing those benevolent feelings, which their priests in vain attempted to destroy, inspired them with mutual affection and esteem.*

* The Spanish devotees were at one period much scandalized at the number of their poets who had sung the loves and exploits of the infidels. In the *Romancero general* there is a romance against this pretended impiety.

Renegaron a su ley — Y ofrecieron a Mahoma
Los romancistes de España; — Los primicios de sus gracias.

In the same place we meet with a more liberal poet, who is unwilling that the Spaniards should abandon this portion of their national glory.

Si es español don Rodrigo — Las Zambras tambien lo son
Español fue el fuerte Audalla — Pues es España Granada;
. . . . . — Y entienda el miscro pobre
Si una gallarda española — Que son blazones de España
Quiere baylar, doña Juana, — Ganados a fuego y sangre
— No (como el dize) prestadas.

Bernard del Carpio, who has been celebrated in so many romances and tragedies, belonged equally to both nations. The romantic and often fabulous adventures of this Castilian Hercules, are peculiarly suited to poetry. In these romances we have an account of his parentage, being the offspring of a secret marriage between Don Sancho Diaz, Count of Saldaña, and Ximena, the sister of Alfonso the Chaste, a marriage which that king never pardoned; of the long and wretched captivity of the Count of Saldaña, whom Alfonso threw into the dungeons of the Castle of Luna, after having deprived him of his eyes; of the prodigious strength and prowess by which Bernard, who had been brought up under another name, proved himself worthy of the royal stock from which he sprang; of his efforts to obtain his father's liberty, which Alfonso had promised him as the reward of his labours, and which he afterwards refused; of that king's last treacherous act, when, after all the conquests of Bernard had been surrendered to him as the ransom of the Count of Saldaña, he strangled the unfortunate old man, and delivered only his breathless body to his son; of the first alliance of Bernard with the Moors to avenge himself; of his second alliance with them in order to defend the independence of Spain against Charlemagne, and of his victory over Orlando at Roncevalles. Every incident of this ancient hero's life was sung with transport by the Castilians and the Moors.

Another series of these romances relate to a more modern period of history, and comprise the wars between the Zegris and Abencerrages of Grenada. Every joust, every combat, and every intrigue which took place in the court of the later Moorish kings was recited by the Castilians, and all the old romances are again met with in the chivalric history of these civil conflicts.

The extreme simplicity of these romances, which are not relieved by a single ornament, would seem to render them peculiarly easy of translation. There is, however, a singular charm in the monotonous harmony of the Spanish redondilha, in which the short lines of four trochees each follow one another with great sweetness, as well as in that imperfect but reiterated rhyme with which the second line in each stanza of these romances terminates. These rhymes, which preserve

the image by the repetition of the same sound, produce a general impression in unison with the subject. Thus the assonants are generally spirited and sounding in martial songs, and sweet and melancholy in the amatory and elegiac romances. I shall attempt, however, to give the reader an idea of two of these romances. The first is merely a relation of a simple fact in the history of Spain, which is told with all the melancholy circumstances attending it. The subject is the destitute condition of Roderic, the last king of the Goths, after his defeat. The great battle of Xeres, or of the Guadaleta, which, in the year 711, opened Spain to the Musulmans, is deeply impressed upon the memory of all the Castilians, who claim, even at the present day, to be the heirs of the glory of the Goths, and who delight in tracing back their nobility and their departed power to these semi-fabulous times.

THE LAMENTATION OF DON RODERIC.

The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame—he could no farther go;
Dismounted without path or aim, the king stepped to and fro:
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderic,
For sore athirst and hungry, he stagger'd faint and sick.

All stain'd and strew'd with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand
Pluck'd from the flame Rodrigo shew'd; his sword was in his hand:
But it was hack'd into a saw of dark and purple tint;
His jewell'd mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He clim'd unto a hill-top, the highest he could see;
Thence all about of that wide route, his last long look took he;*

* Las huestes de don Rodrigo
Desmayavan y huyan,
Quando en la octava batalla
Sus enemigos vencian.

Rodrigo dexa sus tierras
Y del real se salia,
Solo va el desventurado
Que non lleva compañia.

El cavallo de cansado
Ya mudar no se podia,
Camina por donde quiere
Que no le estorva la via.

El rey va tan desmayado
Que sentido no tenia,
Muerto va de sed y hambre
Que de vello era manzilla.

Yva tan tinto de sangre
Que una braza parecia;
Las armas lleva abolladas
Que eran de gran pedreria

La espada lleva hecha sierra
De los golpes que tenia,
El almete de abollado
En la cabeça se hundia.

He saw his royal banners, where they lay drench'd and torn;
He heard the cry of victory, the Arabs' shout of scorn.

He look'd for the brave captains that had led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled, except the dead,—and who could count the slain?
Where'er his eye could wander all bloody was the plain;
And while thus he said the tears he shed run down his cheeks like rain.

Last night I was the king of Spain—to-day no king am I:
Last night fair castles held my train, to-night where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee,
To-night not one I call my own; not one pertains to me.

O luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day
When I was born to have the power of this great seignory!
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to-night!
O death, why now so slow art thou, why fearest thou to smite?*

I shall confine myself to giving a few extracts only from another and much longer romance; that of the *Count Alarcos*, upon which a German writer of the present day has founded a tragedy. It commences with a touching description of the grief of the Princess Soliza, the royal Infanta, who has been secretly betrothed to the Count Alarcos, and abandoned by him. The Infanta remains in retreat, and beholds with sorrow the flower of her days consuming away in solitude, for the

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La cara llevava hinchada
Del trabajo que sufria;
Subiose en cima de un cerro
El mas alto que veya.

Dende alli mira su gente
Como yva de vencida,
Dalli mira sus vanderas
Y estandartes que tenia.

Como estan todos pisados
Que la tierra los cubria.
Mira por los capitanes
Que ninguno parecia.

Mira el campo tinto en sangre
La qual arroyos corria,
El triste de ver aquesto
Gran manzilla en si tenia.

Llorando de los sus ojos
Desta manera dezia:

Ayer era rey d' España
Oy no lo soy de una villa.

Ayer villas y castillos
Oy ninguno posseya;
Ayer tenia criados
Y gente que me servia.

Oy no tengo una almena
Que pueda dezir que es mia.
Desdichada fue la hora
Desdichado fue aquel dia.

En que naci y heredé
La tan grande señoria,
Pues lo avia de perder
Todo junto y en un dia.

O muerte porque no vienes
Y llevas esta alma mia
De aqueste cuerpo mezquino
Puez se te agradeceria?

* [The spirited translation in the text is borrowed from Mr. Lockhart's Ancient Spanish Ballads. The Lamentation of Don Roderic is mentioned in the second part of Don Quixote, in the chapter of the puppet-show.—*Tr.*]

Count is married to another lady, by whom he has several children. After concealing her grief for a long time, the Princess reveals the cause of her unhappiness to her father. The king is exceedingly indignant, and thinks his honour so deeply wounded, that the death of the Count's wife can alone wipe out the stain. He summons the Count to his presence, and treats him with mingled courtesy and dignity, demanding from him at the same time on his obedience as a subject, that his Countess shall be put to death. The marriage, in his eyes, is illegal; the Countess had usurped his daughter's rights, and brought dishonour on the royal house. Alarcos, who had bound himself by prior vows to the Princess Soliza, considers it his duty as a man of honour and a loyal vassal, to grant the satisfaction which the king demands. He, therefore, promises to execute the royal orders, and proceeds in search of the Countess :

In sorrow he departed, dejectedly he rode
The weary journey from that place, unto his own abode ;
He grieved for his fair Countess, dear as his life was she ;
Sore grieved he for that lady and for his children three.

The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,
For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best.
The others were young children that had but little wit,
Hanging about their mother's knee while nursing she did sit.*

The Countess meets her husband with her accustomed tenderness, but vainly endeavours to discover the cause of the grief which she observes in his countenance. Alarcos, however, sits down at table with his family.

The children to his side were led, he loved to have them so,
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did flow ;—
" I fain would sleep—I fain would sleep," the Count Alarcos said ;—
Alas ! be sure that sleep was none that night within their bod.†

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* Llorando se parte el Conde
Llorando sin alegria,
Llorando a la Condesa
Que mas que a si la queria.
Lloraba tambien el Conde
Por tres hijos que tenia,
El uno era de teta,
Que la Condesa lo cria,
Que no queria mamar
De tres amas que tenia
Si no era de su madre.

[The whole ballad of the Count Alarcos and the Infanta Soliza is translated by Mr. Lockhart, p. 202. From his version the extracts in the text are borrowed.—*Tr.*]

† Sentose el Conde a la mesa
No cenava ni podia ;
Con sus hijos al costado.
Que muy mucho los queria.

Echo

The apparent fatigue of the Count induces the Countess to accompany him herself to his chamber; but no sooner are they alone, than the Count fastens the door. He then informs the lady that the King has discovered their union, which he considers injurious to his honour, and that he has promised the Princess Soliza to avenge her. At last he informs the Countess that she must prepare to die before daybreak:

"It may not be, mine oath is strong; ere dawn of day you die."*

She begs, in her infant's name, that he will spare her; but the Count bids her for the last time to press to her heart the child which was clinging to her bosom:

"Kiss him that lies upon thy breast, the rest thou may'st not see."†

She then submits to her fate, and only asks time to repeat her *Ave Maria*. This the Count presses her to do with speed, and she throws herself upon her knees and prays briefly but fervently. She still begs a further respite, that her infant may take the last nourishment it will ever receive from her bosom; but the Count will not allow her to waken the child. The unfortunate lady then pardons her husband, but predicts to him that ere thirty days shall pass, the King, the Princess, and himself, must appear before the judgment-seat of God. The Count at last strangles her with a handkerchief which he throws round her neck. The prophecy is subsequently accomplished. On the twelfth day after the murder, the Princess dies suddenly. On the twentieth the King follows her; and on the thirtieth the Count himself is called away.

This romance will probably recall to our recollection some of our common ballads, in which we find the same natural and simple sentiments, together with the same improbability of situation. Thus in some of the tales of our infancy, as in Blue-Beard for instance, the atrocious conduct of the hero is related with the utmost simplicity, as if it were a matter of very common occurrence, and the greatest interest is excited by an

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Echo se sobre los hombros, De lagrimas de sus ojos
Hizo como se dormia: Teda la mesa cubria.

* De morir aveis, Condesa,
Antes que amanesca el dia.

† Abrazad este chiquito Pesa me de os, Condesa,
Que aquesto es el que os perdia, Quanto pesar me podia.

incident which appears to be impossible. In fact, the Spanish romances, like our popular tales and ballads, had their obscure birth amongst the people. We remark in them the same infantine imagination which appears to be rich in proportion to the ignorance of the world which it displays, and which heeds not the boundaries of the possible or of the probable, provided it can express the true sentiments of the heart. In poetry, as well as in religion, faith may be said to be of the highest importance. To feel deeply we must believe without examining. The most poetical ages are those in which credit is given to the most incoherent fictions. Amongst the Spaniards, the credulous imagination of the earlier ages has been preserved in greater purity than amongst us. They never enquire from their poets, their romance writers, or their dramatists, whether their incidents are possible. It is sufficient that they are affected by the images and feelings which are presented to them. The judgment is altogether neglected. Some literary men in Germany and even in France, who prefer poetry to every other intellectual pursuit, have exerted themselves to revive this credulity, so favourable to the power of the imagination. They seize upon some incoherent or improbable subject, by which they flatter themselves they shall render their work more poetical; and they thus lose the advantages of their own age, without reaping the benefits of another. Ignorance must be natural and not assumed, before we can pardon it and join in its prejudices. If a knight of the fourteenth century were to relate to us the story of the Count Alarcos, or of Blue-Beard, we might give him our serious attention; but we could only be expected to smile if it were told us by one of our contemporaries.

During the commotions which incessantly agitated the reigns of the descendants of Henry de Transtamare, some men of high character appeared amongst the proud nobility of Castile. They directed the Cortes, they placed bounds to the royal authority, and even threatened to depose the sovereigns. But while their minds appeared to be thus engrossed with politics and ambition, we behold with surprise the same individuals passionately attached to poetry, and often, in the midst of factions and carnage, devoted to the interests of literature. The reign of John II. (1407-1454,) during which Castile lost all its power and nearly all its

consideration abroad, is one of the most brilliant epochs of Castilian poetry. That feeble monarch, perpetually menaced with the subversion of his throne, still preserved some credit in the midst of the continual revolutions which harassed him, by his taste for poetry, and by attaching to him many of the first men of his kingdom, who, being themselves distinguished poets, gladly crowded to his literary court.

One of the first of these poetical courtiers was the Marquis Henry de Villena, who, on the paternal side, was descended from the kings of Aragon, and on the maternal, from the kings of Castile. His reputation had extended itself into both kingdoms. Himself a poet and a patron of poets, he attempted to establish in Aragon an academy of Troubadours, for the cultivation of the Provençal language, on the model of the academy of the Floral Games at Toulouse. He at the same time founded a similar institution in Castile, under the name of *Consistorio de la Gaya Ciencia*, devoted to Castilian poetry. To this assembly he dedicated a poem, entitled *La Gaya Ciencia*, in which he attempts to shew how essentially necessary is the union between erudition and imagination, and how expedient it was, in the cultivation of modern literature, to profit by the progress which had been made in classical pursuits. He died in 1434.

A pupil of the Marquis de Villena, Don Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis de Santillana, was one of the first nobles and most celebrated poets of the court of John II. He was born on the first of August, 1398, and died on the twenty-fifth of March, 1458. Eminent by his political and military virtues, as well as by his rank and riches, he was destined to acquire no small influence in the state. The severity and purity of his manners contributed no less to his reputation than his love for literature and science. It is asserted that strangers were in the habit of visiting Castile solely for the purpose of beholding this accomplished cavalier. During the internal commotions of that kingdom, he did not invariably attach himself to the fortunes of King John, though that monarch frequently attempted to regain the friendship of a man whom he highly esteemed, and to whom he had been in the habit of confiding the most important affairs. A letter by him to the Prince of Portugal, on the ancient poets of Spain, is still preserved; a little work remarkable for the

erudition and the sound criticism which it contains. Sanchez has reprinted it and added a commentary; and in many of the preceding pages we have been much indebted to this volume. In the midst of the revolutions at court, and of his victories over the Moors, Santillana found time to compose some little poems full of that martial ardour and gallant feeling which at that period distinguished the Spanish nation. It was on occasion of his exploits at the battle of Olmedo in 1445, in which the king of Castile vanquished the king of Navarre, that Mendoza was created Marquis de Santillana. The first marquisate in Castile had been created in favour of the house of Villena, but it had already reverted to the crown. Santillana was the second.

The works of the Marquis de Santillana owe their principal reputation to that which, in our eyes, is now their greatest defect, their learning, or rather their pedantry. The passionate attachment to learning, which reigned in Italy in the fifteenth century, had also become prevalent in Spain. The allegories which the Marquis frequently borrows from Dante, and the numerous citations for which he seems to have put all antiquity under contribution, render his poems dull and fatiguing. His *Centiloquio, or Collection of a hundred maxims on morals and politics*, each inculcated in eight short verses, was composed for the instruction of the Prince Royal, afterwards Henry IV. of Castile, and has enjoyed a high reputation. It has been printed several times in Spain and in other countries, and commentaries have been added to it. But several other little poems, of which I know only the titles, more powerfully excite my curiosity; such are *The Prayer of the Nobles*, *The Tears of Queen Margaret*, and *La Comedieta de Ponza*. Under the latter title, the Marquis de Santillana described the battle of Ponza, in which Alfonso V. of Aragon, and the King of Navarre, were made prisoners by the Genoese, on the fifteenth of August, 1435. Another curious work is the dialogue between Bias and Fortune, which the Marquis, at the time when he was detained in prison on account of his opposition to the arbitrary measures of the king, composed and placed at the commencement of a Life of the Greek philosopher. By the side of these productions, which are evidently the composition of a man who has mingled in important affairs of state, we find some

light poems possessing all the simplicity and sweetness of the most pleasing pastorals.*

Juan de Mena, who was born at Cordova in 1412, and died in 1456, was another of the poets of the court of John II., and was patronised by that monarch, and by the Marquis de Santillana. He is called by the Spaniards, the Ennius of

* As for example, the following *serrana*, or serenade, to the shepherdess de la Finojosa. [The English version subjoined has been kindly communicated by Mr. Wiffen, to whose elegant pen the Editor will have more than one opportunity, in the course of this work, of acknowledging his obligations.—*Tr.*]

Moza tan fermosa
Non vi en la frontera,
Como una vaquera
De la Finojosa.

Faciendo la via
De Calateveño
A santa Maria,
Vencido del sueño
Por tierra fragosa
Perdi la carrera,
Do vi la vaquera
De la Finojosa.

En un verde prado
De rosas y flores,
Guardando ganado
Con otros pastores,
La vi tan fermosa
Que apenas creyera
Que fuese vaquera
De la Finojosa.

Non crio las rosas
De la primavera
Sean tan fermosas
Nin de tal manera;
Fablando sin glosa,
Si antes supiera
Da quella vaquera
De la Finojosa.

Non tanto mirara
Su mucha beldad
Porque me dejara
En mi liberdad;
Mas dixe, donosa,
Por saber quien era
Aquella vaquera
De la Finojosa.

I ne'er on the border
Saw girl fair as Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

Once making a journey
To Santa Maria,
Of Calataveño,
From weary de ire
Of sleep, down a valley
I strayed, where young Rosa
I saw, the milk-maiden
Of lone Finojosa.

In a pleasant green meadow,
Midst roses and grasses,
Her herd she was tending,
With other fair lasses;
So lovely her aspect,
I could not suppose her
A simple milk-maiden
Of rude Finojosa.

I think not primroses
Have half her smile's sweetness,
Or mild modest beauty;
(I speak with discreetness.)
O had I beforehand
But known of this Rosa,
The handsome milk-maiden
Of far Finojosa;

Her very great beauty
Had not so subdued,
Because it had left me
To do as I would.
I have said more, oh fair one!
By learning 'twas Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

Castile. From his education at Salamanca he had derived much more pedantry than learning; and a journey which he made to Rome, and during which he became acquainted with the writings of Dante, instead of inflaming his poetical zeal, seems to have fettered his taste, and converted him into a frigid imitator. His great work is entitled *El Labyrintho*, or *las tresciento Coplas;* an allegorical composition in tetradactylic verses of eight lines each, descriptive of human life. His object is to describe every æra of history, to honour virtue, to punish crimes, and to represent the power of destiny. Implicitly following the allegories of Dante, he commences by wandering in a desert, where he is pursued by voracious wild beasts. Here a beautiful woman takes him under her protection. This is Providence. She shews him the three wheels of destiny, which distribute men into the past, the present, and the future, according to the influence of the seven planets. Numerous pedantic descriptions, conveyed in tiresome allegories, form the bulk of this work, which still finds admirers in Spain, on account of the patriotic enthusiasm with which Juan de Mena speaks of the celebrated men of his country.*

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* I have seen an edition of the *tresciento Coplas* of Juan de Mena, printed at Toledo in 1547, *folio, lit. goth.* accompanied with a very diffuse and affected commentary. Few works appear to me more difficult to read, or more tiresome. In order to give an idea of the versification of this celebrated poet, who little deserves his reputation, I have extracted two stanzas in which he describes the machinery of his poem.

Bolviendo los ojos a do me mandava,
Vi mas adentro muy grandes tres ruedas;
Las dos eran firmes, immotas y quedas,
Mas la del medio boltar no cessava.
Vi que debaxo de todas estava
Cayda por tierra gran gente infinita,
Que avia en la frente cada qual escrita
El nombre y la suerte por donde passava.

Y vi que en la una que no se movia,
La gente que en ella avia de ser,
Y la que debaxo esperava caer,
Con turbido velo su morte cubria;
Y yo que de aquello muy poco sentia
Fiz de mi dubda complida palabra,
A mi guiadora, rogando que me abra
Aquesta figura que yo no entendia. *St.* 56 *and* 57.

The

The Spanish poets of the fifteenth century, however, rarely undertook works of any length. Their poems in general were merely the expression of a single sentiment, a single image, or a single witty idea, conveyed with an air of gallantry. These fugitive pieces, usually of a lyrical nature, in many respects resemble the songs of the ancient Troubadours, and have been united in a work which may be regarded as a complete collection of the Spanish poetry of the fifteenth century. This work is entitled the *Cancionero General*, or Collection of Songs. It was commenced in the reign of John II. by Alfonso de Baena, and was continued by Fernando del Castillo, who published it in the early part of the sixteenth century. Since that period it has had many additions made to it, and has been frequently reprinted.* The earlier editions contain the songs and lyrical poems of a hundred and thirty-six writers of the fifteenth century, besides a number of anonymous pieces. In this *Cancionero*, the devotional poems are placed at the commencement of the volume. Bouterwek, with whose opinion I am happy to corroborate my own, has expressed his surprise at the absence of feeling and enthusiasm which these compositions betray. They contain, for the most part, wretched attempts to play upon words, and even upon letters; as for instance, upon the letters composing the name of Mary. Scholastic definitions and personifications still more frigid, are found in others of these poems.† The amatory pieces which fill the greater part of this work are very mono-

The only portion of the whole poem which possesses any interest, is the episode of the Count de Buelna, overwhelmed together with his soldiers by the flowing of the tide, at the siege of Gibraltar. But as there was neither allegory nor enigma to be explained in this part of the volume, the commentors have neglected it, considering it unworthy of their notice.

* Tesoro de los Romançeros y Cançioneros Españoles. 8vo. Paris, Baudry, 1838.

† It was regarded as a high effort of the poetic art, to describe the most incomprehensible mysteries in a few verses, which thus formed a mass of contradiction. The following *cancion* of Soria is an instance.

El sy, sy, el como no sè
Desta tan ardua quistion,
Que no alcança la razon
Adonde sube la fé.

Ser Dios ombre, y ombre Dios,
Ser mortal y no mortal,
Ser un ser, estremos dos,
Y en un ser no ser ygual,
Es siempre, sera, no fue.
Siempre fue, y siempre son,
Siempre son, mas no son due,
Y aqui la razon es fé.

tonous and fatiguing. The Castilian poets of this period appear to have thought it necessary to dwell upon, and to draw out their subject, as long as they could give a new turn to the preceding ideas and expressions. To this they frequently sacrificed truth and feeling. If we sometimes discover in them the same poverty of thought which we remark amongst the Troubadours, we may likewise observe the same simplicity, together with a pomp and power of expression peculiar to the Spanish writers. It was not any imitation of the Troubadours which produced this resemblance, the cause of which may be traced to that spirit of romantic love which pervaded the whole South of Europe. In Italy, after the time of Petrarch, that spirit yielded to the purer taste which an acquaintance with the classical authors introduced ; but in Spain the writers of love-songs were by no means so refined, and were rather passionate than tender in the expression of their feelings. The sighs of the amorous Italians were converted amongst the Spaniards into cries of grief. Burning passions and despair, the stormy feelings, and not the ecstasies of the heart, are the subjects of the Spanish love-songs. One very characteristic peculiarity of these songs is the perpetually recurring description of the combats between reflection or reason, and passion. The Italians, on the contrary, interested themselves much less in displaying the triumphs of reason. The Spaniards, whose habits were more serious, endeavoured to preserve, even amidst their follies, an appearance of philosophy; but their philosophy, thus strangely and unseasonably introduced, is productive of a most incongruous effect.

Perhaps no poets have ever equalled the Spanish in describing the power of love, when the heart is abandoned to its impetuosity. Thus in some stanzas, by Alonzo of Carthagena, afterwards archbishop of Burgos, we meet with a storm of passion, to which the now neglected measure of the *versos de arte mayor*, which is well adapted to describe the emotion of the heart, adds great truth and nature.

Oh ! fierce is this flame that seizes my breath,
My body, my soul, my life, and my death ;*

* La fuerça del fuego que alumbra que ciega
Mi cuerpo, mi alma, mi muerte, mi vida,
Do entra, do hiere, do toca, do llega,
Mata y no muere su llama encendida.

Pues

It burns in its fury, it kindles desire,
It consumes, but alas ! it will never expire.

How wretched my lot ! No respite I know,
My heart is indifferent to joy or to woe ;
For this flame in its anger kills, burns, and destroys,
My grief and my pleasures, my sorrows and joys.

In the midst of such perils, all methods I try
To escape from my fate—I weep, laugh, and sigh;
I would hope, I would wish for some respite from grief,
But have not a wish, to wish for relief.

If I vanquish this foe, or if vanquish'd I be,
Is alike in the midst of my torments to me ;
I would please, and displcase, but, between me and you,
I know not, alas ! what I say or I do.

Many of the amatory poems of the Spaniards are paraphrases of prayers and devotional pieces. This mixture of divine and human love, which was not the result of any improper feeling, may well be regarded at the present day as highly profane. Thus Rodriguez del Padron wrote *The*

Pues que hare triste, que todo me ofende ?
Lo bueno y lo malo me causan congoxa,
Quemandome el fuego que mata, qu'enciende,
Su fuerça que fuerça, que ata, que prende,
Quc prende, que suelta, que tira que afloxa.

A do yre triste, que alegre mc halle,
Pues tantos peligros me tienen cn medio,
Que llore, que ria, que grite, quc calle,
Ni tengo, ni quiero, ni espero remedio.
Ni quiero que quiere, ni quiero querer,
Pues tanto mc quiere tan raviosa plaga,
Ni ser yo vencido, ni quiero vencer,
Ni quiero pesar, ni quiero plazer,
Ni sé que me diga, ni sé que me haga.

Pues que haré triste con tanta fatiga ?
Aquien me mandays que mis males quexe ?
A que mc mandays quc siga que diga,
Que sienta, que haga, que tomc, que dexe ?
Dadme remedio que yo no lo hallo
Para este mi mal que no es cscondido ;
Que muestro, que encubro, que sufro, quc callo,
Por donde de vida ya soy despedido.

These three stanzas arc amongst the most celebrated specimens of ancient Spanish poetry; as we may gather from the numerous commentaries of which they have been the subject. The first in date is by Carthagena himself, who has extended the same thoughts into twenty stanzas.

Seven Joys of Love, in imitation of *The Seven Joys of the Virgin Mary*. He likewise published *The Ten Commandments of Love*. On the other hand Sanchez de Badajoz wrote the Testament of Love, in which he has whimsically imitated the style of the notaries in making the final disposition of his soul. He occasionally borrows passages from Job and other parts of the Old Testament, in order to give his Testament a scriptural character.*

In the works of the Spanish poets we find regular forms of composition, which are peculiarly adapted to lyrical poetry, as the Italians had their sonnets, and the Provençals their *retrouanges*. In the first rank must be placed the *cancioni*, properly so called, which resemble epigrams or madrigals in twelve lines. The four first lines present the idea, and the eight which follow develope and apply it.†

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* Amongst the profane productions of these very pious individuals the following appears to me to be one of the most highly wrought: *El Pater noster de las mugeres, hacho por Salazar:*

Rey alto a quien adoramos,
Alumbra mi entendimiento,
A loar en lo que cuento
A ti que todos llamamos
Pater noster.

Porque diga el dissavor
Que las crudas damas hazen,
Como nunca nos complazen,
La suplico a ti señor
Qui es in cœlis.

Porque las heziste belas,
Dizien solo con la lengua,
Porque no caygan en mengua
De mal devotas donzellas,
Sanctificetur.

Pero por su vana gloria
Viendose tan estimadas,
Tan queridas, tan amadas,
No les cabe en la memoria
Nomen tuum.

Y algunas damas que van
Sobre interesse de aver,
Dizien con mucho plazer
Si cosa alguna las dan
Adveniat.

Y con este dessear
Locuras, pompas y arreos,
Por cumplir bien sus desseos
No se curan de buscar
Regnum tuum.

Y estas de quien no se esconde
Bondad que en ellas se cuida,
A cosa que se les pida
Jamas ninguna responde
Fiat.

Mas la que mas alto està
Miraldo si la hablays,
Si a darle la combidays
Sereys cierto que os dira
Voluntas tua, &c.

† The following *cancion*, likewise by Carthagena, is very much in the Spanish spirit and taste:

No sé para que nasci,
Pues en tal estremo esto
Que l morir no quiere a mi,
Y el bivir no quiero yo.
Todo el tiempo que biviere
Teré muy justa querella
De la muerte, pues no quiere
A mi, queriendo yo a ella.
Que fin espero de aqui,
Pues la muerte me nego;
Porque claramente vio
Que era vida para mi.

The *Villancicos* contain a single sentiment, expressed in two or three lines, and enlarged upon in two or three little couplets.* The comments, which Boutterwek happily compares to musical variations of a well-known air, are founded upon a distich or a quatrain from some other author, each verse of which is the theme of a couplet, and forms the last line.†

The poetry of Spain up to the reign of Charles V. may be divided into various classes. First, the romances of Chivalry, which amount in number to upwards of a thousand, and which were at once the delight and instruction of the people. These compositions, which in fact possess more real merit, more sensibility, and more invention than any other poetry of that remote period, have been regarded by the learned with disdain, while the names of their authors have been entirely forgotten. The lyrical poems are animated with great warmth of passion and richness of imagination ; but they frequently display traces of too great study and refinement, so that the sentiment suffers by the attempt at fine writing, and *concetti* usurp the place of true poetical expression. The allegorical pieces were then placed in the first rank, and are those upon which the authors founded their chief claims to glory. From the versification alone

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* A *villancico,* by Eseriva, is here given :

Que sentis coraçon mio
No dezis,
Que mal es el que sentis?

Que sentistes aquel dia
Quando mi señora vistes,
Que perdistes alegria?
Y des quando despedistes,
Como a mi nunca bolvistes?
No dezis,
Donde estays que no venis?

Qu'es de vos, qu'en mi no hallo,
Coraçon, quien os agena?
Qu'es de vos, que aunque callo,
Vuestro mal tambien me pena?
Quien os atò tal cadena
No dezis,
Que mal es el que sentis?

† The following motto was the device of a knight :

Sin vos, y sin Dios, y mi.

Glosa de don Jorge Manrique.

Yo soy quien libre me vi,
Yo quien pudiera olvidaros,
Yo soy el que por amaros
Estoy desque os conoci
Sin Dios y sin vos y mi.

Sin Dios porque en vos adoro,
Sin vos pues no me quereys,
Pues *sin mi* ya esta decoro,
Que vós soys quien me teneys.
Assi que triste naci,
Pues que pudiera olvidaros,
Yo soy el que por amaros
Esto desque os conoci
Sin Dios, y sin vos, y mi.

we may perceive the high estimation in which this style of writing was held by the poets themselves, since the *versos de arte mayor* (the highly artificial verse) were always made use of. These poems are generally frigid and high-flown imitations of Dante, as little qualified to rival the Divina Comedia as the *Dettamondo* of Fazio de' Uberti, or any other of the allegories of his Italian imitators. In the course of four centuries the poetry of Castile made no perceptible progress. If the language had become more polished, and the versification a little more smooth, and if the literary productions of that period had been enriched from the stores of foreign countries, these advantages were more than outweighed by the introduction of pedantry and false taste.

The art of prose composition had likewise made a very slow progress. Some writers of this period have been transmitted to us, particularly the chroniclers; but their style is overloaded and tiresome. Facts are heaped upon facts, and related in involved sentences, the monotony of which equals their want of connexion. Notwithstanding this, they attempt, in imitation of the classical authors, to give the speeches of their heroes. These orations, however, have nothing of the spirit of antiquity about them, no simplicity, and no truth. We seem as if we were listening to the heavy and pedantic speeches of the chancellors, or to the oriental pomp of the Scriptures.

Boutterwek, however, discovers considerable merit in some of the biographical writers, and mentions with praise Gutierre Diez de Gamez, who wrote the Life of Count Pedro Niño de Buelna, one of the most valiant knights of the court of Henry III. The following is the description given by Gamez of the French, after the expedition of Du Guesclin against Peter the Cruel had given him an opportunity of observing that people. "The French are a noble nation; they are wise, prudent, and discreet in all that appertains to a good education, to courtesy, and to good manners. They bestow much pains upon their garments, and dress richly; they attach themselves strongly to every thing which is proper for them; they are, besides, frank and liberal; they delight in giving pleasure to every one; they honour strangers much; they are skilful in giving praise, and they bestow it freely on noble actions. They are not suspicious;

they do not allow their pique or anger to endure long, and they never attack another's honour, in word or deed, unless, perhaps, their own be exposed to danger. They are courteous and graceful in speech; they have much gaiety, and take great pleasure in lively conversation, which they much encourage. Both they and the French ladies are of an amorous complexion, upon which they pride themselves."

The Spaniards were thus initiated in every species of composition, in epic, lyric, and allegorical poetry, in history, and in philosophy. They advanced in these various pursuits by their own exertions, opening their own way, without the assistance of strangers. Their progress, however, was necessarily slow; and until the period when Charles V. united the rich provinces of Italy to his empire, they derived little assistance from the advanced state of literature in other parts of Europe. They thus became proud of what they owed to their own intellectual exertions. They felt attached to these national objects, and their poetry has, therefore, preserved its own strong and original colours. The drama thus arose amongst them before they had intermingled with other nations, and being formed on the ancient Castilian taste, and suited to the manners, the habits, and the peculiarities of the people for whom it was intended, it was much more irregular than the drama of the other nations of Europe. It did not display the same learning, nor was it formed upon those ingenious rules to which the Greek philosophers had subjected the art of poetry. Its object was to affect the hearts of the Spaniards, to harmonize with their opinions and customs, and to flatter their national pride. It is on this account, therefore, that neither the satirical remarks of other nations, nor the criticisms of their own men of letters, nor the prizes of their academies, nor the favours of their princes, have ever succeeded in persuading them to adopt a system which, at the present day, is predominant in the rest of Europe.

The Spaniards refer the origin of their drama in the fifteenth century, to three works of a very dissimilar kind: the mysteries represented in the churches, the satirico-pastoral drama entitled *Mingo Rebulgo*, and the dramatic romance of *Calixtus and Melibœa*, or *la Celestina*. *The Mysteries* with which their religious solemnities were accompanied, and in which the most gross buffooneries were introduced into the

representations of sacred writ, had incontestably a considerable influence on the Spanish drama. The *Autos sacramentales* of the most celebrated authors are formed, for the most part, on the model of these pious farces. The text, however, has not been preserved, and we cannot compare them with subsequent attempts. The *Mingo Rebulgo*, which was written in the early part of the fifteenth century, during the reign of John II. in order to ridicule that monarch and his court, is rather a political satire in dialogue, than a drama. *La Celestina*, however, merits the attention of all who wish to trace the true origin of the drama amongst the moderns at a period when the Parisians were passionately fond of the Mysteries and Moralities which were represented by the Fraternity of the Passion, and the clerks *De la Bazoche*, but long before any attempt was made at dramatic composition in any other of the modern languages. This singular production, the first act of which was written by an anonymous author towards the middle of the fifteenth century, may be considered the first essay of the Spaniards in the kind of historic comedies which they pursued with so much ardour. In fact we meet with the same chivalric characters in the lover, the heroine, and all her relations; the same wit in painting low and vicious characters, the same intrigues, and abundance of wild and improbable adventures: often the same spirit in the dialogue, and original representation of manners and opinions. The reputation of this romance in Spain, its influence on the literature of different countries, for it was soon generally translated, and the difficulty of meeting with it, now induce me to think that a detailed analysis will afford pleasure: I shall confine it, however, to the first act. Fernand de Rojas, who published the entire work about the year 1510, pretends that this first act, extending over more than fifty pages, was written towards the middle of the fifteenth century by Juan de Mersa, or Rodrigo Cota, while he himself had added the twenty acts that follow. This assertion has not been disputed, and if true, the first act presents a singular picture of the manners and opinions of Castile in that age.*

* I have met with an edition of *La Celestina*, printed at Venice, in Spanish, and black letter, 12mo. 1534; another at Madrid, 24mo. 1619; and a French translation, printed at Paris, 1527, 12mo., from an Italian version.

The stage is supposed to represent a garden, in which Calixtus, a young and handsome cavalier, enters in pursuit of a falcon, and where he finds Melibœa, daughter of a great lord of the country ; the piece commences with these words.

Calixtus.—I recognise clearly in this, oh Melibœa, the greatness of God !

Melibœa.—In what, Calixtus ?

Cal.—In what ? That he has given nature the power of arraying thee in such perfect beauty, and in according me, so little worthy, so high a favour as to behold thee ; in a place, too, so convenient for my acquainting you with my secret grief. Doubtless such a favour is incomparably greater than all services, sacrifices, devotion offered to God, in order that he might permit me to come here. What man was ever so glorified in this life, as I am to-day ? I am quite sure the glorious saints, who take such delight in the divine vision, cannot possess more bliss than I do now in contemplating thee.

But, alas ! see what a difference ? Whilst they are being glorified, they are in no fear of falling from so high a state ; whilst my joy is alloyed with the torment which thy absence must soon cause me.

Mel.—Do you, then, estimate this meeting at so high a price ?

Cal.—Truly, it is so great, that if God were to offer me the most precious earthly blessings, I should esteem them of far less worth..

Mel.—However, if you persevere, I will give you a yet greater reward.

Cal.—Oh ! my lucky ears, which, vile as they are, have heard a word so sweet !

Mel.—Unlucky, rather, as they will soon hear ; for the punishment will be as severe as thy insensate boldness, and the tone of thy speech well merit. How dare a fellow like you think that a woman like I would so trifle with her virtue ? Begone, begone, wretch ! It is not in patience to bear the idea of seeing a man so far inflated, as to express to me the delirium of an illicit amour.

After this reprimand Melibœa withdraws and appears no more during the first act. Calixtus remains on the stage with Sempronio, his valet, to whom he communicates his despair, gets into a passion with him, chases him off, calls him back again; to whom he describes his beloved, pouring a torrent of theological and fabulous lore, and everything which we may regard as the invariable character of this dramatic romance.

Sempronio endeavours to enliven the scene by his pleasantries. He accuses his master of being a heretic, and verily the accusations seem well merited. Probably the author's object is to prepare in this way the catastrophe.

Sempronio.—For my part I protest that what you have just said is downright heresy !

CAL.—Why?
SEMP.—Because it is against the Christian religion.
CAL.—And what care I?
SEMP.—Are you not a Christian, then?
CAL.—I? I am a Melibœan; it is Melibœa whom I adore. I believe in Melibœa, and I love Melibœa.

After an intolerably tedious scene, and sallies of wit at least as indecent as profane, Sempronio at last tries to console his master by representing that his adored is still but a woman, that all women are frail, that all have capitulated, and that Melibœa will yield in her turn. He even pledges himself to bring the matter about.

CAL.—And how do you think of contriving this notable exploit.
SEMP.—I am going to tell you. Some time past, I have known an old hag with a beard, called S. Celestina, who lives near here. She is crafty and subtle, is an adept in sorcery and all kinds of wickedness. I am assured that in this town only there are five thousand young women whose reputations she has either destroyed or restored; nay, if she liked she could make the very rocks themselves go mad with love!

Calixtus orders Sempronio to go in search of her. Sempronio visits Celestina, and meets his own mistress, Elise, who had deceived him, in the company of another man. Though his jealousy was momentarily excited, Celestina contrived to soothe him, and, to prevent his declaring himself by his looks, persuaded him to set out with her immediately to join Calixtus. The latter was attended by Parmenio, another of his valets. They see the hag approaching, and Parmenio gives free vent to the horror and contempt her sight inspires. Calixtus asks him the reason.

PARMENIO.—That fine lady possesses, at the far end of the town, close to a stream, a solitary house, half in ruins, of ugly aspect, and vilely furnished. She there follows six different trades—those of a laundress, perfumeress, dealer in love-philters and charms, a botcheress of lost reputations, a go-between, and, finally, a bit of a witch. The first trade was a blind for all the others; under that pretence you saw going to her house numbers of young *femmes-de-chambres* with linen. She had means of communicating with the most scrupulous women to gain her ends; she chose the most favourable hours—at early mass, at night processions, at confessionals, and all other devotional appointments. I have frequently seen women in veils go into her house, followed by barefooted fellows, penitents, men in hoods, who doubtless went thither to bewail their sins.

Celestina meanwhile is introduced to Calixtus, who hastens to bring her the golden bribe. She remains with Parmeno.

tries to corrupt him, and the dialogue is conducted with infinite spirit, displaying the skill of Celestina, and her insinuating character. She talks of her attachment to his mother, declares that she had entrusted her with money for him which she kept quite safe. She makes him laugh with her licentious ribaldry; advises him to attach himself to Sempronio rather than his master, because the great have never any affection for the poor. Lastly, she promises her good offices with Arethusa, a cousin of Elise's, whose love he shall possess. After these bye scenes Calixtus returns, gives her the money, and the act closes. The ancient author stopped there, his production being already the length of an ordinary comedy, though hardly begun. The new writer added twenty acts, so long that a whole day would not suffice for their representation. I can perceive no difference in the style, in the spirit of dialogue, and painting of the characters, any more than in the degree of license or wit, or the tableaux presented to the view of the spectators; it is extreme. Events are precipitated; on one side we see the amours of the two valets for Elise and Arethusa; on the other, Celestina's insinuating art with Melibœa first extorting an innocent favour, next an interview. She ends it by receiving Calixtus into her apartment by night: but then the valets wish to constrain Celestina to divide the bribe she has received from their master with them. She refuses; they beat her, they kill her; justice pursues them, and the next morning they are beheaded, after having confessed their guilt and its motives, in the public place. Elise and Arethusa vow to avenge the deaths of Celestina and the two valets on the head of Calixtus. They apply to some bandits smitten with their charms, and bring them to the house of Melibœa. Calixtus is assassinated as he is leaving it; and the lady, on learning the tidings, after *confessing her fault* to her parents, throws herself from the top of a tower.

Few works have had a success so brilliant as this drama. The author boasted that it was composed with a perfectly moral view, to warn the young against the snares of love, and especially of its female panders. No assertion is made as to its representation, but it was read by every class of people; relished, perhaps, more for the evil examples it exhibited to view, than for the lessons it supplied with which to resist them. Widely diffused by the armies of Charles V. which

inundated Europe, as the chef d'œuvre of Spanish books; printed in the Spanish in other countries to promote the study of that tongue; transferred to the Italian and the French; commented on by Ecclesiastics, though last of all condemned on the score of Celestina's immoralities; it is a work in which the Spanish literati still take pride for its nationality, and for its opening, they assert, the way to the dramatic career of other nations.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AGE OF CHARLES V. THE CLASSICS OF SPAIN: BOSCAN; GARCILASO; MENDOZA; MIRANDA; MONTEMAYOR.

THE Spanish nation had, for a long period, dissipated its strength in internal contests. It had for four centuries attempted to expel its most industrious inhabitants from its bosom, while it had prodigally expended its blood in aggrandizing alternately the sovereigns of Castile or of Aragon, of Navarre, or of Portugal; or in struggles against their prerogative. This nation, unknown it may almost be said in Europe, and which had taken no part in European politics, became at length united under one crown at the commencement of the sixteenth century. Spain now turned against other nations the prodigious power which had been hitherto confined within her own bosom. While she menaced the liberties of all the rest of Europe, she was deprived of her own, perhaps without remarking the loss, in the agitation of her many victories. Her character sustained an entire change; and at the period when Europe was gazing with astonishment and terror on this phenomenon, her literature, which she formed in the schools of the vanquished nations. shone out in its full brilliancy.

The power of the Spanish nation, at the end of the fifteenth century, had received accessions fully sufficient to shake the equilibrium of Europe. Alfonso V. of Aragon, after having completed the conquest of Naples, had, it is true, left that kingdom to his natural son; and it was not until the year 1504, that Ferdinand the Catholic, by the most revolting treachery, recovered those dominions. Sicily Sar-

dinia, and the Balearic Isles, had been already united to the crown of Aragon. The marriage of Ferdinand with the queen of Castile, without consolidating the two monarchies, gave that ambitious prince the command of all the armies of Spain, of which he speedily availed himself in Italy. Grenada was conquered from the Moors in the year 1492, by the united troops of Ferdinand and Isabella. In the same year Christopher Columbus discovered those vast countries, so remarkable for their riches and for their happy situation, in which the Spaniards found a new home, and from whence they drew treasures with which they flattered themselves they should subdue the world. In 1512, Ferdinand, as regent of Castile, conquered Navarre ; and the whole of that extensive peninsula, with the exception of Portugal, yielded to the same power. When, in 1516, Charles V. added to this monarchy, the rich and industrious provinces of the Low Countries, his paternal dominions, and in 1519, the Imperial Crown, with the territories inherited from Maximilian, in Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, the novelty of this extraordinary power, which so greatly exceeded the authority of any European potentate since the reign of Charlemagne, was certainly sufficient to turn the head of a youthful sovereign, and to inspire him with the fatal project of founding an universal monarchy. The reputation which Charles V. acquired by his victories, the respect and fear with which he impressed all the other nations of Europe, the glory of the Spanish arms, which he triumphantly led into Italy, France, and Germany, into countries whither the standard of Castile had never penetrated, all tended to deceive the Spanish nation, and to inspire them with an enthusiastic attachment to him whom they regarded as their hero, but who was, in fact, studiously endeavouring to subvert their laws and their constitution. The dreams of ambition in which the king and the nation equally indulged, were fatal to both. Charles V. in the midst of his victories, and notwithstanding the immense extent of his territories, was always, in proportion to his situation, weaker and poorer than Ferdinand and Isabella, his immediate predecessors. In every enterprise he was deprived of the fruits which he should have gathered, by the want of soldiers and of money; a want unknown to the former monarchs. The taxes col-

lected from Italy, Spain, Flanders, and Germany, together with all the treasures of the new world, were not sufficient to prevent his troops from disbanding for want of pay. The prodigious levies, which were perpetually making in all the subject states, never enabled him to meet the enemy with superior numbers in the open field; and, although he had succeeded as heir to very large territories, and had acquired others by union with the imperial crown, he did not add a single province to his states by the sword; but was, on the contrary, compelled to contract his hereditary territories on the Turkish frontier. The Spanish nation, the only one amongst the states subject to him, which he was enabled to preserve from foreign invasion, was, in his minority, despoiled by Cardinal Ximenes of a portion of its privileges. Intoxicated with the victories of their sovereign, they, day by day, surrendered more. The brave knights, who had been accustomed to fight only for the interests of their country, and to make war as long and in such manner as it pleased them, now conceived it a point of honour to display the most implicit obedience and devotion. Perpetually combating in quarrels which they little understood, and in which they took not the slightest interest, they entirely reduced their duties to the observance of the most severe discipline. In the midst of nations with whose language they were unacquainted, and whom they regarded with contempt, they signalized themselves by their inflexibility and their cruelty. The first of European soldiers, they united no other qualifications to that character. To the enemy, the Spanish infantry presented a front of iron; to the unfortunate, an iron heart. They were invariably selected for the execution of any cruel project, from an assurance that no sympathies would stay them in the performance even of the most rigorous commands. They conducted themselves in a ferocious manner, during the wars against the Protestants in Germany, and they displayed equal cruelty towards the Catholics in the sacking of Rome. At the same period, the soldiers of Cortes and Pizarro, in the New World, gave proofs of a ferocity which has been the opprobrium of the Castilians; but of which no instance is to be found in the whole history of Spain before the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Cruelty seemed to become the characteristic of the Spanish

soldiery, as duplicity, of their chiefs. The most celebrated men of this age sullied themselves with acts of treachery, unequalled in history. The great Captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, Piero Navarro, the Duke de Toledo, Antonio de Leva, and the most illustrious Castilians, who served under Ferdinand the Catholic and Charles V., made light of their word, and even of the most sacred oaths. So frequently are they accused of assassinating and poisoning their adversaries, that, though we should suspend our belief in each individual case, yet, when we consider how numerous the accusations are, they necessarily tarnish the characters of these pretended heroes. At the same period, the clergy gained in power, in proportion as morality lost its influence. The Inquisition was established in 1478, in Castile, by the united authority of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was armed with extraordinary powers in order to repress the Moors, against whom there was not the slightest necessity for adopting such rigorous measures, even in the height of their power; and at this period, they had long ceased to be formidable.* Ferdinand, who was the most crafty of kings, although his zeal for the Inquisition had procured him the title of the Catholic, did not in fact take any interest in religion. He would never have devoted himself so eagerly to the establishment of the Inquisition, had he not regarded it as a powerful political engine, by which he might be able to terrify the nobles, and to reduce the people to dependence. It was necessary that a generation should pass away before the Spaniards could become inured to the sanguinary proceedings of the Inquisition, and that infernal system had scarcely been firmly established, when Charles V. commenced his reign. The revolting spectacles of the *autos da fé* probably inspired the Spanish soldiers with that singular ferocity for which they were remarkable at this period, and which was so foreign to their national character. The Jews, against whom the people were much exasperated by jealousy

* Juan de Torquemada, a Dominican, the confessor of Isabella, whom he induced before her marriage to take an oath, that if ever she ascended the throne, she would employ all her power in persecuting heretics and infidels, was the first Grand Inquisitor. In the space of fourteen years he summoned before the holy tribunal, a hundred thousand persons, and condemned six thousand to the flames.

of their commercial prosperity, were the first victims of the Inquisition. Though they formed a large proportion of the population, they were almost entirely extirpated. The Moors were next abandoned to the fury of the holy tribunal. The severities to which they were exposed drove them to resistance, and their resistance drew upon them fresh sufferings. The ancient ties, which had formerly connected the two people, were broken, and a spirit of irreconcileable hatred sprang up between them. The Inquisition never remitted its labours, until, having converted one portion of the Moors, devoted another to the faggot, and reduced still greater numbers to absolute ruin, Philip III. was at last prevailed upon to expel from their homes six hundred thousand of these unfortunate creatures, the relics of a numerous and powerful nation. The Inquisition then turned its watchful eye upon the Christians themselves; anxious that no error or dissent in matters of faith should exist within the Spanish territories. At the period of the Reformation, when the intellect of all Europe was occupied with religious controversies, the holy office succeeded in preventing the establishment in Spain of any of the reformed opinions. All who attempted to introduce them were no sooner discovered, than they were committed to the flames. Terrified by this example, the rest of the nation anxiously avoided all metaphysical studies and religious speculations; and with them they abandoned every intellectual pursuit which might lead them into such frightful dangers upon earth, while they exposed them, according to their instructors, even to more fatal perils in another state of existence.

Thus it appears that the reign of Charles V., notwithstanding the blaze of glory by which it is surrounded, was no less destructive to Spain than to Italy. The Spaniards were at once despoiled of their civil and religious liberty, of their private and public virtues, of humanity and of good faith, of their commerce, of their population, and of their agriculture. In return for these losses they acquired a military reputation, and the hatred of the nations amongst whom they had carried their arms. But, as we have had occasion to observe in speaking of Italy, it is not at the moment when a nation loses its political privileges that the progress of the intellect is stayed. It requires the lapse of half a century before the spirit of

literature declines, or becomes extinct. Whilst Charles V. was laying the foundation for the false wit, the tumid style, and the affectation which, with other defects, distinguish Gongora and his school in the succeeding age, he produced an entirely contrary effect upon his contemporaries. He roused their enthusiasm, by placing before their eyes their national glory; and he developed their genius, while, by the mixture of foreigners with Castilians, he matured their taste.

After the union of Aragon and Castile, the superior importance of the latter country induced the Spanish monarch to transfer the seat of government to Madrid. The Castilian now began to be considered as the language of all Spain. The Limousin, or Provençal, which was still preserved in the legal proceedings of the Aragonese, and amongst the common people, had been abandoned by authors and poets for the language of the court. It was, however, from amongst those who thus abandoned the native language of Aragon for that of Castile, that an individual proceeded, who, in the reign of Charles V., produced an entire revolution in Castilian poetry. He had never become attached by early association to the harmony of Castilian verse, or to the spirit of Castilian poetry, and he probably found the poetry of Italy more analogous to the Provençal, to which he had been from his infancy accustomed. He was, in fact, endowed with a graceful delicacy of style and a richness of imagination, which enabled him to introduce a purer taste, and to give his own personal feelings an ascendancy over those of a whole nation.

The name of this author was Juan Boscan Almogaver; he was born about the close of the fifteenth century, and was of a noble family at Barcelona. He had served in his youth, and afterwards devoted himself to travelling; but on his return to Spain in 1526, he became acquainted at Grenada with Andrea Navagero, then ambassador from the Venetians to the Emperor, and a celebrated poet and historian, who inspired him with the classical taste which then reigned in Italy. His friend Garcilaso de la Vega associated himself with him in the project of effecting a reformation in Spanish poetry. Both of these writers were distinguished by their correct and graceful style, and both despised the accusations of their adversaries, who reproached them with endeavouring to introduce into a valiant nation the effeminate tastes of the people whom

it had subdued. They went so far as to overthrow all the laws of Castilian versification, in order to introduce new canons, founded upon a system diametrically opposite to that which had hitherto prevailed. In this attempt they succeeded. The ancient Castilian metre consisting of short lines, which was the true national measure, was always composed of a long syllable preceding a short one. In fact four trochees succeeded one another. Boscan introduced iambics instead of trochees, as in Italian, and the lines were thus composed of short syllables preceding long ones. In the *redondilhas* they seldom made use of more than six or eight syllables, and in the verses *de arte mayor* of twelve. Boscan abandoned both these forms, and adopted the heroic Italian verse of five iambics, or ten syllables, and the mute. When we remember that the greater part of the ancient Spanish romances were never rhymed, but merely terminated with assonants, and that in determining the verse, the ear was guided only by the quantity, it is curious to see a nation consenting to the loss of an harmonious metre, in which they had always found delight, and adopting a measure directly contrary to that which they had before employed.

Boscan, who was one of the instructors of the too celebrated Duke of Alva, ended his days in a pleasant retreat, in the bosom of his family and his friends. He died before the year 1544.

The first volume of Boscan's poems contains his youthful compositions in the ancient Castilian taste. The second consists of sonnets and songs in the Italian style. Although in the latter poems we easily trace an imitation of Petrarch, yet they exhibit much of the spirit of a Spaniard. Boscan has happily caught the precision of Petrarch's language, but he has rarely preserved the sweetness of his melody. His colours are stronger, and his warmth is more impassioned, but it does not affect us so much as the deep and sweet feelings of the Tuscan poet. The perpetually recurring conflicts between the reason and the passions, so favourite a theme with the Spanish poets, fatigue us by their monotony. The merit of lyrical poetry, and more especially of sonnets, depends so much upon the expression and the harmony of the language, that I have no hopes of being able to give any idea of the charm of Boscan's poetry to those who are not acquainted with the Spanish

Indeed, that precision of style and that rare judgment which constitute his chief merits, will, when he is compared with the other Spanish poets, give his compositions an air of studious refinement and affectation, if they are judged by our own rules of criticism. *

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* I subjoin a specimen of the poems of Boscan for the benefit of the Spanish scholar, but I have not ventured upon a translation. The sonnet is of a melancholy cast, and cannot be wholly freed from the charge of affectation :

Aun bien no fuy salido de la cuna,
Ni de l'ama la leche huve dexado,
Quando el amor me tuvo condennado
A ser de los que siguen su fortuna ;

Diome luego miserias, de una en una,
Por hazerme costumbre en su cuydado,
Despues, en mi d'un golpe ha descargado
Quanto mal hay debaxo de la luna.

En dolor fuy criado y fuy nascido,
Dando d'un triste passo en otro amargo,
Tanto que si hay mas passo es de la muerte.

O coraçon, que siempre has padecido,
Dime, tan fuerte mal como es tan largo,
Y mal tan largo, di, como es tan fuerte ?

The following is the conclusion of his poem of Hero and Leander, which, as it contains about 2,800 verses, may be considered his principal work :

Canta con boz suave y dolorosa,
O Musa, los amores lastimeros
Que en suave dolor fueron criados.
Canta tambien la triste mar en medio,
Y a Sesto de una parte, y de otra Abydo,
Y amor aca y alla yendo y viniendo.
Y aquella diligente lumbrezilla
Testigo fiel y dulce mensagera
De los fieles y dulces amadores.

. . . . . .

Pero comiença ya de cantar Musa.
El proceso y el fin de estos amantes,
El mirar, el hablar, el entenderse,
El yr del uno, el esperar del otro,
El dessear y el acudir conforme,
La lumbre muerta, y a Leandro muerto.

Boscan, who survived Garcilaso by five or six years, was desirous of publishing his own works in conjunction with those of his friend. He announced four volumes of poems, three by himself, and the fourth by the poet, who, in concert with him, had reformed the tastes of the

The third volume of Boscan's poems consists of a translation or imitation of the poem of Hero and Leander, usually attributed to Musæus. The language is pure and elegant, the versification natural, and the style of the narrative at once pleasing and noble. In the same volume we find an elegy under the name of *Capitulo*, and two Epistles, one of which, addressed to Diego de Mendoza, gives us a pleasing picture of the poet enjoying, in his country retreat and in the bosom of his family, the happiness of domestic life.

I cannot conclude without mentioning a fragment by Boscan, in stanzas of eight lines each, giving a description of the Kingdom of Love, which was probably designed to form part of an epic poem. The verses are remarkable for the harmony of their style and for their elegance of expression, which enable us to comprehend the praises which the Spaniards have bestowed upon a writer whom they regard as their first classical poet. But the ideas, the sentiments, and the thoughts, are all that can be transferred from one language to another. When the beauty of poetry consists merely in its harmony and its colouring, it is in vain to hope that it can ever be appreciated by foreigners.

Garcilaso de la Vega was born in 1500, or, according to others, in 1503, at Toledo, of a noble family. He was the friend and rival of Boscan, the disciple of Petrarch and of Virgil, and the man who contributed most towards the introduction of Italian taste into Spain. He was a younger son of Garcilaso de la Vega, counsellor of state to Ferdinand and Isabella; who, according to the romances and the history of the wars of the Moors of Grenada, displayed great bravery in single combat against a Moor, on the Vega, or plain of Grenada. In remembrance of this act of heroism Ferdinand bestowed upon his family the surname of Vega. Although designed by nature for a rural life, and although his poems invariably manifest the benevolence and the extreme mildness of his character, his brilliant but troubled life was passed amidst the turmoils of a camp. In 1529, he was attached to a Spanish corps which valiantly repulsed the Turks in Austria. A romantic adventure with one of the ladies of the court, in

Spaniards. He did not live to finish this work, and his poems, together with those of Garcilaso, appeared after his death. I am only acquainted with the edition of Venice, 1553, 8vo.

which he was engaged at the instigation of one of his relatives, drew upon him the displeasure of the Emperor. He was banished to one of the islands on the Danube, where he employed himself in the composition of some melancholy poems. In 1535, he accompanied Charles V. in his hazardous expedition against Tunis. He returned from thence to Sicily and Naples, where he wrote several pastorals. In the following year, upon the invasion of Provence by Charles V. he had the command of a body of eleven companies of infantry. Being despatched by the Emperor to attack a fortified tower, he was the first to mount the breach, when he was mortally wounded on the head. He died a few weeks afterwards at Nice, whither he had been conveyed, in 1536.*

The poems of this writer present few traces of his active and troubled life. His delicacy, his sensibility, and his imagination, remind us of Petrarch more than even the works of Boscan. Unfortunately, he occasionally abandons himself to that refinement and false wit which the Spaniards mistook for the language of passion. Amongst the thirty sonnets which Garcilaso has left, there are several in which we remark that sweetness of language and that delicacy of expression which so completely captivate the ear, together with a mixture of sadness and of love, of the fear and the desire of death, which powerfully expresses the agitation of the soul. The translation of one of these sonnets of Garcilaso, although it should give only a faint idea of his poetry, will afford a picture of the singular nature of Castilian love ; a passion which even in the fiercest warriors assumed so submissive and so languishing a character :

SONNET XIII.

If lamentations and complaints could rein
The course of rivers as they roll'd along,
And move on desert hills, attir'd in song,
The savage forests ; if they could constrain†

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* It was another Garcilaso de la Vega, but of the same family, although his mother was a Peruvian, who wrote the History of Peru and of Florida.

† Si quexas y lamentos pueden tanto
Que enfrenaron el curso de los rios,
Y en los desertos montes y sombrios
Los arboles movieron con su canto ;

Fierce tygers and chill rocks to entertain
The sound, and with less urgency than mine,
Lead tyrant Pluto and stern Proserpine,
Sad and subdued with magic of their strain;
Why will not my vexations, being spent
In misery and in tears, to softness soothe
A bosom steel'd against me? with more ruth
An ear of rapt attention should be lent
The voice of him that mourns himself for lost,
Than that which sorrow'd for a forfeit ghost!

But the most celebrated of Garcilaso's poems is that in which he has given a model to the Spanish writers, which has been imitated by numbers who have never been able to equal the original. This poem is the first of his three Eclogues. It was written at Naples, where he felt inspired at once with the spirit of Virgil and of Sanazzaro. Two shepherds, Salicio and Nemoroso, meeting one another, mutually express in verse the torments which they have suffered; the one from the infidelity, the other from the death, of his shepherdess. In the complaints of the former there is softness, delicacy, and submission, and in those of the latter, a depth of grief; while in both we find a purity of pastoral feeling which appears more remarkable when we remember that the author was a warrior, destined a few months afterwards to perish in battle.

The shadow, at all events, of a pastoral is capable of being preserved in a translation; whilst an ode or a sonnet is frequently lost. In order to produce its full effect, an eclogue has, however, need of all the ornaments peculiar to that style

---

Si convertieron a escuchar su llanto
Los fieros tigres, y peñascos frios,
Si en fin con menos casos que los mios
Baxaron a los reynos del espanto:

Porque no ablandará mi trabajosa
Vida, en miseria y lagrimas passada,
Un coraçon comigo endurecido?

Con mas piedad devria ser escuchada
La voz del que se llora por perdido,
Que la del que perdio y llora otra cosa.

[The above translation, as well as that which follows from the Eclogue, is borrowed from Mr. Wiffen's very elegant and spirited translation of the works of Garcilaso; to which he has prefixed an able Essay on Spanish Poetry.—*Tr.*]

of composition. If it is deprived of even one of the ... sions with which it is invested, its defects become visible, and we are struck with its insipid monotony. The translation is injurious to the poet, even from its apparent fidelity, which exposes the feebleness of the composition, whilst it suffers the charm to evaporate. On the other hand, we should communicate a very vague idea of the early poets of Spain did we only give the opinions of their critics without presenting a single example of their own sentiments and thoughts. The following are a few stanzas from this celebrated eclogue:

SALICIO.

Through thee the silence of the shaded glen,
Through thee the horror of the lonely mountain
Pleased me no less than the resort of men;
The breeze, the summer wood, and lucid fountain,
The purple rose, white lily of the lake,
Were sweet for thy sweet sake;
For thee the fragrant primrose, dropt with dew,
Was wish'd, when first it blew.
Oh, how completely was I in all this
Myself deceiving! Oh, the different part
That thou wert acting, covering, with a kiss
Of seeming love, the traitor in thy heart!
This my severe misfortune long ago
Did the soothsaying raven, sailing by
On the black storm, with hoarse sinister cry,
Clearly presage; in gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!

How oft when slumbering in the forest brown,
(Deeming it fancy's mystical deceit,)
Have I beheld my fate in dreams foreshewn.
One day methought that from the noontide heat,*

---

* SALICIO.

Por ti el silencio de la selva umbrosa,
Por ti la esquividad y apartamiento
Del solitario monte me agrabada.
Por ti la verde hierba, el freseo viento,
El blanco lirio y colorada rosa
Y dulce primavera deseaba.
Ay! quanto me engañaba!
Ay! quan diferente era,
Y quan de otra manera
Lo que, en tu falso pecho, se escondia!
Bien claro con su voz me lo decia
La siniestra corneja repitiendo
La desventura mia.
Salid sin duelo lagrimas corriendo.

See Garcilaso de la Vega, Obras Poeticas

I drove my flocks to drink of Tagus' flood,
And, under curtain of its bordering wood,
Take my cool siesta, but arrived, the stream,
I know not by what magic, changed its track,
And in new channels, by an unused way,
Roll'd its warp'd waters back:
Whilst I, scorch'd, melting with the heat extreme,
Went ever following in their flight, astray,
The wizard waves: in gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow.

* * * * *

But though thou wilt not come for my sad sake,
Leave not the landscape thou hast held so dear;
Thou may'st come freely now without the fear
Of meeting me, for, though my heart should break,
Where late forsaken, I will now forsake.
Come, then, if this alone detains thee, here
Are meadows full of verdure, myrtles, bays,
Woodlands, and lawns, and running waters clear,
Belov'd in other days;
To which, bedew'd with many a bitter tear,
I sing my last ó lays.
These scenes, perhaps, when I am far remov'd,
At ease thou wilt frequent
With him who rifled me of all I lov'd.
Enough! my strength is spent;
And leaving thee in his desir'd embrace,
It is not much to leave him this sweet place.

* * * * *

NEMOROSO.

As at the set of sun the shades extend,
And when its circle sinks, that dark obscure
Rises to shroud the world, on which attend
The images that set our hair on end,
Silence, and shapes mysterious as the grave:
Till the broad sun sheds, once more, from the wave
His lively lustre, beautiful and pure;
Such shapes were in the night, and such ill gloom
At thy departure; still tormenting fear
Haunts, and must haunt me, until death shall doom
The so much wish'd for sun to re-appear,
Of thine angelic face, my soul to cheer,
Resurgent from the tomb.

* * * *

Poor lost Eliza! of thy locks of gold
One treasured ringlet in white silk I keep
For ever at my heart, which when unroll'd,
Fresh grief and pity o'er my spirit creep,
And my insatiate eyes, for hours untold,
O'er the dear pledge will like an infant weep:

With sighs more warm than fire, anon I dry
The tears from off it, number, one by one,
The radiant hairs, and with a love-knot tie;
Mine eyes, this duty done,
Give over weeping, and with slight relief,
I taste a short forgetfulness of grief.

The two other eclogues of Gareilaso are regarded as inferior to the first. They are all three of considerable length. He has likewise written a few elegies, of which one was composed at the foot of Etna. His poems, when collected, form only a single small volume, but such is the power of harmonious language when accompanied by harmony of thought, that the few poems of Gareilaso de la Vega have secured him an immortal reputation, and gained him the first rank amongst the lyric and pastoral poets of his nation.

Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, the third of the Spanish classical poets, was one of the celebrated politicians and generals who distinguished the brilliant reign of Charles V. He acted a principal part in the important events of that period; but the extreme severity of his character has left an unfavourable impression of him on the minds of those who know him only in the pages of history. He was born at Grenada about the commencement of the sixteenth century, of an illustrious family. To the study of the classics he united that of the Hebrew and Arabic tongues. Scholastic philosophy, theology, and the civil law, likewise shared his attention. While still a student at Salamanca, he wrote the Life of Lazarillo de Tormes, the first and pleasantest of those memoirs of rogues, for which the Spaniards have manifested a peculiar taste. Being distinguished by Charles V. as a man well qualified to be employed in the most important transactions, he was appointed Ambassador to Venice soon after he had left the university. From thence he was despatched to the Council of Trent, to protect the interest of the Emperor, and his speech to this assembly in the year 1545 excited the admiration of all Christendom. In 1547 he proceeded with the title of Ambassador to the Papal Court, where he directed the movements of the imperial party, throughout Italy; endeavouring to ruin all who were attached to the French cause, or who preserved any love for the ancient liberties of their country. He was, at the same

time, named Captain-general and Governor of Sienna. In concert with Cosmo de' Medici he succeeded in enslaving this last of the Republics of the Middle Ages, and, with a sceptre of iron, he crushed the spirit of liberty which still animated the Tuscans. Detested by Paul III., whom he was directed to humble even in his own court, hated by all the friends of liberty, governing only by severity, and incessantly exposed to the knives of assassins, he still retained his power till the reign of Julius III. by whom he was appointed Gonfaloniere of the Church. It was not until the year 1554 that Charles V., yielding to the instances of all his Italian subjects, recalled to his Court this detested minister. During his residence in Italy, amidst the agitations of his life and the severities of his government, he was still actively occupied in the encouragement of letters. Since the time of Petrarch, no one had devoted himself with equal adour to the collection of Greek manuscripts, while he at the same time attempted to preserve from the injuries of time those works of art which reflect such glory on antiquity. In furtherance of this design, he caused the convent of Mount Athos to be examined, making use of the public character with which he was invested, and employing the credit which he enjoyed even at the Court of Soliman, to promote the interests of literature. Neither his public duties, nor his studies, nor the ruggedness of his character, preserved him from the influence of love. During his stay at Rome, his gallantry and intrigues procured him almost as many enemies as his severity. After the death of Charles V., in a dispute which he had at the Court of Philip II. with one of his rivals, the latter drew a poniard, but Mendoza, seizing his adversary, threw him over a balcony into the street. We are not told whether the consequences of the fall were fatal, but Mendoza was committed to prison. During his captivity the aged minister employed himself in composing love-verses, and complaints : *Redondilhas, estando preso por una pendencia que tuvo en palacio.* Being banished to Grenada, he was an attentive observer of the progress of the Moorish revolt in the Alpuxarra, of which he afterwards wrote an account ; a work esteemed one of the masterpieces of Spanish history. He occupied himself during the rest of his life in literary pursuits, and in translating and comment-

ing upon a work of Aristotle. He died at Valladolid in 1575. His library, which he bequeathed to the King, forms one of the most valuable portions of the collection of the Escurial.

The Spanish have placed Mendoza only in the third rank of their poets, Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega occupying the two first places; because, on a comparison between him and them, they discover considerable harshness in his verses. Boutterwek, on the other hand, considers his Epistles to be equal to those of Horace. He was the first to give perfect models of this kind of composition to his countrymen. With the exception of two, which are somewhat fatiguing love-complaints, the rest are all didactic; and though full of philosophical discussion, they are yet written in a neat and easy style. The happy mixture of opinion and description preserves them from the charge of monotony. Great correctness of judgment, and a thorough knowledge of the world, form the principal merit of the thoughts. In his epistle to Boscan he describes domestic life very delightfully. The first verses contain a beautiful picture of the wife of Boscan. We are astonished to discover in the tyrant of Sienna so much delicacy and so much sensibility.*

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* Tu la veras, Boscan, y yo la veo,
Que los que amamos, vemos mas temprano.
Hela, en cabello negro y blanco arreo.

Ella te cogera con blanca mano
Las raras ubas, y la fruta cana,
Dulces y frescos dones del verano.

Mira, que diligencia, con que gana
Viene al nuevo servicio, que pomposa
Està con el trabajo, y quan ufana.

En blanca leche colorada rosa
Nunca para su amiga vi al pastor
Mezclar, que pareciesse tan hermosa.

El verde arrayan tuerce en derredor,
De tu sagrada frente, con las flores
Mezclando oro immortal a la labor.

Por cima van y vienen los amores,
Con las alas en vino remojadas,
Suenan en el carcax los passadores.

Remedie quien quisiere las pissadas
De los grandes, que el mundo governaron,
Cuyas obras, quiza, estan olvidadas.

Deaveles

Nor are we less surprised at finding this ferocious man entertaining in the midst of his ambitious career a wish for retirement, and for the happiness and repose of domestic life. In his epistle to Don Luys de Zuñiga he thus expresses himself:

Another world I seek, a resting place,
Swect times and seasons, and a happy home,
Where I in peace may close my mortal race;
There shall no evil passions dare presume
To enter, turbulence, nor discontent;
Love to my honour'd king shall there find room;
And if to me his clemency be sent,
Giving me kindly wherewithal to live,
I will rejoice; if not, will rest content.
My days shall pass all idly fugitive,
Careless my meals, and at no solemn hour;
My sleep and dreams such as content can give.
Then will I tell how, in my days of power,
Into the East, Spain's eonquering flag I led,
All undismay'd amid the fiery shower;
While young and old around me throng in dread,
Fair dames, and idle monks, a coward race,
And tremble while they hear of foes that fled.
And haply some ambassador may grace
My humble roof, resting upon his way;
His route and many dangers he will trace
Upon my frugal board, and much will say
Of many valiant deeds, but he'll conceal
His secret purpose from the light of day;
To mortal none that object he'll reveal;
His secret mission you shall never find,
Though you should search his heart with pointed steel.

The sonnets of Mendoza are deficient in that grace and harmony which form the charm of Boscan's style. In all of them, however, the language is correct and noble. The fol-

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Desvelese en lo que ellos no alcançaron,
Ducrma descolorido sobre el oro,
Que no les quedara mas que llevaron.
Yo Boscan no procuro otro tesoro
Sino poder vivir medianamente,
Ni escondo la riqueza, ni la adoro.
Si aqui hallas algun inconvenicnte,
Como discreto y no como yo soy,
Me desengaña luego incontinente;
Y sino ven con migo adonde voy.

lowing is a very characteristic specimen, as it exhibits the national taste and the prevailing spirit of gallantry, together with some traces of those troubled scenes through which the author had passed.

SONNET.

Now by the Muses won, I seize my lyre;
Now roused by valour's stern and manly call,
I grasp my flaming sword, in storm and fire,
To plant our banner on some hostile wall:
Now sink my wearied limbs to silent rest,
And now I wake and watch the lonely night;
But thy fair form is on my heart impress'd,
Through every change, a vision of delight!
Where'er the glorious planet sheds his beams,
Whatever lands his golden orb illumes,
Thy memory ever haunts my blissful dreams,
And a delightful Eden round me blooms:
Fresh radiance clothes the earth, the sea, and skies,
To mark the day that gave thee to mine eyes.*

The canzoni partake of the same character. They are blamed for their obscurity: a common defect in Spanish poetry, arising from the too great study bestowed by the writer. Mendoza did not confine himself to compositions on the Italian model. The ancient Castilian style attracted his attention, and he endeavoured to carry it to a higher state of polish and perfection. His *redondillas,* in little stanzas of four verses, his *quintillas,* in stanzas of five verses, and his *villancicos,* are more finished than those of the ancient school, while they are at the same time more suited to his genius than the poems which he has written in the Italian metre.

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* Aora en la dulce ciencia embevecido,
Ora en el uso de la ardiente espada,
Aora con la mano y el sentido
Puesto en seguir la plaça levantada.
Ora el pesado cuerpo estè dormido,
Aora el alma atenta y desvelada;
Siempre en el coraçon tendre esculpido
Tu ser, y hermosura entretallada.
Entre gentes estrañas, do se encierra
El sol fuera del mundo, y se desvia,
Duraré y permaneceré deste arte.
En el mar en el cielo su la tierra
Contemplaré la gloria de aquel dia
Que tu vista figura en todo parte.

He left many satirical poems under burlesque names, but the Inquisition forbade them to be printed.

Mendoza, however, acquired a higher reputation by his prose compositions, which form an epoch in the history of Spanish literature. The comic romance of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the first of its kind, has been translated into all languages, and read in every nation of Europe. It was corrected and enlarged by the addition of a second part, by a writer named de Luna, who is otherwise unknown; and it is in this altered form that it is now known to the public. The wit of every nation has in it something peculiar, and in Lazarillo de Tormes we find the genuine Spanish vein. It seems that the grave dignity of the Castilians would not permit persons of rank to be made the subject of laughter, and the romance-writers therefore chose for their heroes persons insensible to all shame. The humour of these works consisted in contrasting all kinds of ignoble vices with the reserve and dignity of the national manners. Lazarillo de Tormes is an unfortunate youth, who was born in the bed of a torrent, was educated by the mistress of a negro, and who afterwards became the guide of a blind beggar. He recounts all the tricks and thefts of which he was guilty until he arrived at the high honour of espousing the housekeeper of a clergyman. It is surprising to find Mendoza, still a student at Salamanca, so early and so well acquainted with the vices and manners of the lower orders, and painting beggars and rogues with all the liveliness and satirical power which Fielding only acquired by long experience of the world. The description of Castilian manners which Lazarillo gives us is highly curious, from the period at which it was written. It must be dated about the year 1520, towards the commencement of the reign of Charles V., before the wars in which that monarch engaged, or the *mania* of emigrating to America, had impoverished Castile, and changed its ancient manners; and before that sumptuous parsimony, that stateliness united to extreme poverty, and that proud spirit of idleness which distinguish the Castilians from the Aragonese and the Catalonians, had deprived Castile of its agriculture, its manufactures, and its commerce. Lazarillo is perpetually tormented with hunger, and never receives from his master a sufficiency even of dry bread to satisfy his craving appetite. He is even compelled

to employ a thousand artifices to break off the corners of the loaves, and he then persuades his master that the rats have done the mischief. At length he enters the service of a noble esquire, who passes a portion of the day at church, and the remainder in lounging, arranging his mustachios, and striking his sword against the pavement. Dinner-time, however, never arrives in this gentleman's establishment; and Lazarillo is compelled to support his master by the bread which he has stolen in the streets. He next becomes gentleman-usher to seven ladies at once. The wives of the baker, the shoemaker, the tailor, and the mason, are ashamed of walking the streets and going to mass without an attendant to follow them in respectful style, with a sword by his side. As none of these ladies are able alone to support such an establishment, they arrange the matter amongst themselves; and Lazarillo by turns attends upon them all. Other scenes, no less amusing, follow, all exhibiting the national failing of the Castilians, who are ashamed of their actual condition, and desirous of appearing what they are not, haughtily preferring dependence and misery to the degradation of labour. Numberless romances have been written in imitation of Lazarillo de Tormes. This style of writing has been called by the Spaniards *El Gusto Picaresco;* and if we may believe them, no beggars of any country have ever equalled theirs in artifice, roguery, and subordination to their own private police, which always acts in opposition to that of society. The romances of *Guzman d'Alfarache*, and of *Picara Justina*, together with many others, have been translated into almost all languages, and were the models of Gil Blas. The father of this large family possessed, without doubt, a large fund of comic talent, since he has found so many imitators. In him we may remark qualities in which his successors have been unable to equal him, a soundness of intellect, a just and solid judgment, together with those profound views of society which indicated that Mendoza was destined for a statesman. Lazarillo de Tormes is the last Spanish work in which the Inquisition is attacked as odious and ridiculous. The holy office afterwards acquired the art of making even those whom it was destroying commend its proceedings.

The second work in prose by Mendoza, which was written

in his old age, and after he had retired from public life, *The History of the War of Grenada*, has conferred upon him more real fame. Taking Sallust and Tacitus alternately as his models, he may be said to have assumed a station near those colossal authors of antiquity. His style, which is exceedingly elegant, may perhaps occasionally betray the study of the writer; but the simplicity of the narrative is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the art of presenting the subject to the eye of the reader, and of interesting his feelings, appears almost to be carried to perfection. The statesman appears in almost every page. We immediately perceive that Mendoza was fully aware of the errors of Philip, who by his extreme severity and imprudence drove the Moors into rebellion. He does not, indeed, pronounce any direct opinion, but the reader easily collects it; and so sensible of this was the Spanish government, that the work was not permitted to be printed until the year 1610, thirty-five years after the death of the author, and then not without great alterations. The edition of 1776 alone is complete.

The revolt of the Moors of Grenada, the subject of this history, broke out in the year 1568, in consequence of the cruelties and fanaticism of Philip II. In the preceding reign the public exercise of their religion had been interdicted; and they had been compelled, under pain of death, to make an external profession of Christianity. A fragment from Mendoza respecting the fresh rigours of Philip will enable us to estimate at once the style of the historian, and the policy of the Spanish court. "The Inquisition," says he, "now began to torment them more than had been usual. The King ordered them to abandon the Moorish tongue, and with it all commerce and communication amongst themselves. He deprived them of their negro slaves, whom they treated with the same tenderness as their own children. He compelled them to throw aside their Arabian habits, in the purchase of which they had spent considerable sums, constraining them to adopt the Castilian dress at a great expense. He forced the women to walk abroad with their faces unveiled, and compelled them to open all their houses which they had been accustomed to keep closed, both which commands appeared an intolerable violence to this jealous nation. It was announced to them also, that the King was desirous of taking

from them their children, in order that they might be educated in Castile. They were interdicted from the use of their baths, which were at once necessary and delightful to them: and at the same time their music, their songs, their festivals, all their usual amusements, all their cheerful assemblies, were forbidden. All these new orders were promulgated without any addition to the guards, without despatching any fresh troops, and without any reinforcement of the old, or establishment of new garrisons." The Moors soon began to collect arms and ammunition in the rugged mountains of the Alpuxarra. They chose as their king the young Fernando de Valor, a descendant of their ancient sovereigns, who assumed the name of Aben-Humeya. Grenada was too strong to be surprised; and they had received only very inefficient succours from the Turkish Emperor Selim. Notwithstanding their weakness, they defended themselves for eight months in the mountains, with unconquerable valour, against a numerous army, commanded by Don John of Austria. The ferocity of the Spaniards displayed itself in a frightful manner during this war. Not only were prisoners without number put to the sword, but the inhabitants of whole villages in the plains, who had taken no part in the insurrection, were massacred on suspicion of holding intelligence with the rebels. Aben-Humeya and his successor Aben-Boo, were both assassinated by Moors, to whom the Spaniards had promised an indemnity at that price. The rest of the inhabitants of the Alpuxarra were sold into slavery, while those of the plains were dragged from their homes, and driven in troops into the interior of Castile, where they perished miserably. Philip, that he might act with perfect justice in this affair, consulted a theologian on the conduct which it behoved him to pursue with regard to the Moors. The latter, whose name was Oradici, answered that "the more enemies he destroyed, the fewer would remain."

The great reform which was wrought in the poetry of Castile, by the example of the Italians, was not without its partizans in Portugal. In this new school, we must grant the first rank to two Portuguese, Miranda and Montemayor, who distinguished themselves by their compositions in both languages. Saa Miranda, who was born in 1494, and died in 1558, may be more especially claimed by the Portuguese;

and in treating of the literature of that country, we shall again have occasion to mention him. In Castilian, he wrote only a few pastorals, which resemble Theocritus much more than the pastorals of Garcilaso de la Vega. He was passionately attached to the country, nor could he bear a residence elsewhere. It is evident that he wrote without art, abandoning himself to his feelings, and despising the rules which separate one style of composition from another. His pastorals, therefore, sometimes resemble the Italian canzoni, at others the Latin ode, while they occasionally approach the epic. This mixture of style has drawn down upon him the wrath of the critics, and none of his eclogues are considered as models, though in many of them may be found very beautiful specimens of the various styles of composition. The following lines, from the first eclogue, appear to me to contain that melancholy sensibility which constitutes the chief charm of the Northern poets, but which, with the exception of the Portuguese, is seldom found amongst the writers of the South.

Then fare thee well ! for on this earthly scene
The pleasures of to-day fly ere the morrow,
And all is frail and fugitive save sorrow ;
But in that region, where thou sitt'st serene,
That vision vain shall meet thine eyes no more
Which warr'd with thee upon this mortal shore,
Burning that breast which now lies still and cold.
What thy clear eyes behold,
Amid those regions bright,
Are not the vain shews of a false delight,
Such as erewhile thou knew'st in this dim bound ;
But such as aye shed peace and light around ;
While calm content thy bosom fills,
Free from the ills
Which ever in these stranger realms are found.*

* Vete, buen Diego, en paz, que en esta tierra
El plazer de oy no dura hasta a mañana,
Y dura mucho quanto desaplaze.
Allà aora no ves la vision vana,
Que acà viviendo te hizo tanta guerra,
Ardiendo el cuerpo que ora frio yaze.
Lo que allà satisfaze
A tus ya claros ojos,
No son vanos antojos
De que ay por esto cerros muchedumbre ;

Mas

George de Montemayor was born at Montemor, in Portugal, about the year 1520. As his family was very obscure, he translated into Castilian the name of the village at which he was born, and he assumed it as his own. He had received no education, and served as a common soldier in the Portuguese army. On account of his love of music and his fine voice, he was attached to the chapel of the Infant Don Philip, afterwards Philip II., during his progresses through Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries. He thus became acquainted with the world and the Court, and familiarized himself with the Castilian dialect, which he adopted in preference to the Portuguese. His attachment to Spain was increased by his passion for a beautiful Castilian lady, to whom he has given in his poems the name of Marfida. This Marfida was the divinity of his verses; but upon his return to Spain from a journey on which he had accompanied the Count, he found her married. He now endeavoured to dissipate his chagrin by devoting himself to a romantic composition, in which he represented the faithless fair one as a shepherdess, under the name of Diana, whilst he bestowed upon himself the appellation of Syrenus. This tedious pastoral, which reached the seventh book, ought rather to be considered as a vehicle for the expression of the writer's feelings and for the amatory effusions of his muse, than as a romance. No work in Spain, since the Amadis, had been so successful. As the Amadis had been the progenitor of a numerous family of chivalric romances, so a crowd of pastoral romances succeeded the *Diana*. Montemayor returned home by the command of the Queen of Portugal; but the rest of his history is unknown. He died a violent death in Spain or in Italy, about the year 1561 or 1562.

The prose writings of Montemayor have more harmony and elegance, and in general more simplicity, than those of his predecessors; nor does he forsake this style of writing, except in his philosophical disquisitions on the nature of love. There, and indeed wherever he attempts to be subtle or profound, he becomes pedantic. It is evident from his admira-

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Mas siempre una paz buena en clara lumbre.
Contentamiento cierto te acompaña,
No tanta pesadumbre,
Como acà va por esta tierra estraña.

tion of the scholastic rules that he is a novice in them. The grace, harmony, and delicacy of his writings have placed him in the first rank of Spanish poets.

The scene of Montemayor's pastoral is laid at the foot of the mountains of Leon. The period is more difficult to determine. The geography, the names, and every reference to real manners and customs, are modern. The mythology, however, is pagan. The shepherds and shepherdesses dance together on Sundays; but they invoke Apollo and Diana, the Nymphs and the Fauns. The shepherdess Felismena is brought up by her aunt, the abbess of a nunnery; and her chambermaid, when she is endeavouring to excuse herself, calls upon the name of Jesus. Yet she accounts herself under the protection of the pagan divinities. Venus, who has been irritated against her mother, has condemned her from her birth to be unfortunate in love, while Minerva has endowed her with a most martial spirit, and given her the superiority over the bravest warriors. The adventures of Abindarraes and Xarifa, who were contemporary with Ferdinand the Catholic, are related as having occurred in early times; but when the heroes visit the court, or meet with any prince, the names which are introduced are entirely fictitious. Indeed the Diana of Montemayor is laid in so poetical a world, and is so far removed from all reality, that it is perfectly useless to notice anachronisms or improbabilities. With regard to the mixture of the ancient mythology with modern fictions, it was the error of the age. Learning, after degenerating into pedantry, had become so intimately connected with the creations of poetry, that it would have been deemed an offence both against taste and imagination, to have deprived the fabulous deities of antiquity of their empire.

Diana was a shepherdess on the borders of the river Ezla, in the kingdom of Leon. She was beloved by two shepherds, Syrenus and Sylvanus; the former of whom possessed her heart, while the suit of the latter had been rejected. These three personages, who were poetical as well as pastoral, all played delightfully upon the harp and the pipe, to which they sang their loves, their hopes, and their resignation. In elegance, beauty, and virtue, they were models for all shepherds. No gross desire ever stained their chaste attachments; no impetuous passions ever overwhelmed the hearts that were

filled with tenderness alone. Syrenus, far from feeling towards Sylvanus either distrust or jealousy, pitied his unfortunate friend, whose sighs were breathed to an inexorable mistress. Sylvanus, on the other hand, found some consolation in his sorrow, when he beheld the happiness of his friend. Syrenus was at length summoned to a distant part of the country, in order to give to the sovereign of the territory an account of the flocks which had been committed to his charge. The despair of the two lovers at this separation was extreme, and they vowed by the most sacred oaths to preserve an eternal fidelity. Scarcely, however, had Syrenus departed, when the parents of Diana compelled her to marry Delio, a rich shepherd of Leon, but little worthy, from his uncouth figure and the dulness of his wit, of being united to the fairest of the shepherdesses. Syrenus returns, and the romance opens with his despairing songs.*

Sylvanus seeks Syrenus, and his rival is the first to offer him sympathy and consolation. In fact, Sylvanus, resigning himself to all the pains of despised affection, exhibits both in his conversation and in his verses a degree of submission

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* In order to give some idea of the poetical talents of Montemayor, I have given in this note the first song addressed by Syrenus to a ringlet of Diana's hair, which he wears in his bosom :

Cabellos, quanta mudanza
Hé visto despues que os vi,
Y quan mal parece ahi
Esa color de esperanza.
Bien pensaba yo, cabellos,
Aunque con algun temor,
Que no fuera algun pastor
Digno de verse cabe ellos.

Ay cabellos, quantos dias
La mi Diana mirava,
Si os traya, o si os dexaya,
Y otras cien mil niñerias :
Y quantas vezes llorando
(Ay lagrimas engañosas)
Pedia celos de cosas
De que yo estava burlando.

Los ojos que me mataban
Decid, dorados capellos,
Que culpa tuve en creellos,
Pues ellos me aseguraban ?
No vistes vos que algun dia
Mil lagrimas derramaba,
Hasta que yo le juraba
Que sus palabras creia ?

Quien vido tanta hermosura
En tan mudable sujeto ?
Y en amador tan perfetto
Quien vio tanta desventura !
O cabellos no os correis
Por venir de ado venistes,
Viendome como me vistes,
En verme como me veis ?

Sobre el arena sentada
De aquel rio la ví yo
Do con el dedo escribio :
Antes muerta que mudada.
Mira el amor lo que ordena,
Que os viene a hacer creer
Cosas dichas por muger,
Y escritas en el arena !

a horror of murmuring, and a scrupulosity of love, which are truly extraordinary.

Never belov'd, but still to love a slave,
Still shall I love, though hopeless is my suit;
I suffer torments, which I never gave,
And my unheeded sighs no ear salute;
Complaint is sweet, though we no favour have;
I reap'd but shame in shunning love's pursuit;
Forgetfulness alone I suffer not—
Alas! unthought of, can we be forgot?*

He concludes by saying that he who is not beloved has no right to complain.

Their conversation, together with that of the shepherdess Selvagia, who joins them, makes the reader acquainted with the story. Selvagia, who is a Portuguese shepherdess, in her turn relates her adventures, which, like the former, turn on the torments of love. Her history is remarkable for that confusion, that *intreccio* of attachments, which is peculiarly suited to the taste of the Spaniards, and which is as far removed from nature as it is rich in imagination. The coquetries of both shepherds and shepherdesses have created such a chain of attachments, that Montano loves Selvagia, the latter loves Alanio, Alanio loves Ismenia, and Ismenia loves Montano. This confused love-plot gives rise to an abundance of delicate sentiments and verses, though not without a considerable display of mannerism. At length, deserting her country, where love rendered her too unhappy, Selvagia arrives at the banks of the Elza, where she meets with Syrenus and Sylvanus. She immediately enters into a sentimental discourse with them on coquetry, and on the inconstancy of women and men. These questions of gallantry, the ancient property of the poetical shepherds, which is now happily lost, are treated of by her in the most profound style. Suddenly, three shepherdesses, who were refreshing themselves at the fountain, are attacked by three clowns who

* Amador soy, mas nunca fuy amado,
Quise bien y querre, no soy querido,
Fatigas passo, y las hé dado,
Sospiros di, mas nunca fuy oydo;
Quexarme quise, y no fuy escuchado;
Huyr quise de amor, quede corrido:
De solo olvido no podre quexarme,
Porque aun no se acordaron de olvidarme.

are in love with them, and who have clothed and armed themselves like savages. Syrenus and Sylvanus in vain attempt to rescue them; the combat is too unequal, and indeed their languishing songs do not prepare us to find in them very valorous warriors. The shepherdess Felismena, however, whom Pallas has endowed with unequalled bravery, unexpectedly arrives to succour them. She successively slays all the savages, and restores her companions to liberty. She then relates her adventures with Don Felix de Vandalia, who had conducted her to the court of the Princess Augusta Cesarina. Other shepherdesses are introduced in a similar manner, and we are entertained with the loves of Belisus, and Arsilea; of Abindarraes, one of the Abencerrages of Grenada, and the beautiful Xarifa; and of Danteo and Duarda, two Portuguese, together with the verses which they composed in their own language. The groundwork of many other plots is laid, which the author never finished, though before the conclusion of the seventh book the wishes of several of the lovers are fulfilled. Felicia, who is a shepherdess, and a witch at the same time, influences the hearts of some of the lovers by her potions. Syrenus and Sylvanus both forget Diana. The latter falls in love with Selvagia, who returns his passion, and they are happily married. Syrenus becomes indifferent to the charms of his former mistress, and Diana, who does not re-appear upon the scene until very late, is seized with a deep melancholy on beholding herself abandoned by him to whose affections she had herself been faithless. Here Montemayor concluded the work. Several persons, amongst whom the most distinguished is Gil Polo, have taken up the Diana at this place, and made that shepherdess the heroine of innumerable romances, less rich in adventures than in high-wrought sentiments and in elegant verses.

These, then, are the men who are properly called the classics of Spain; who, during the brilliant reign of Charles V., and in the midst of the disturbances which the ambitious policy of that prince created in Europe, changed the versification, the national taste, and almost the language, of Castile; who gave to the poetry of that country its most graceful, its most elegant, and its most correct form; and who have been the models of all who, from that period, have

had any pretensions to classical purity. It is certainly a matter of surprise to find so few traces of a warlike reign in their compositions; to hear them, amidst all the intoxicating excitements of ambition, singing only their sweet pastoral fancies, their tender, their delicate, and their submissive love. Whilst Europe and America were inundated with blood by the Spaniards, Boscan, Garcilaso, Mendoza, and Montemayor, all of them soldiers, and all of them engaged in the wars which at this period shook the foundations of Christendom, describe themselves as shepherds weaving garlands of flowers, or as lovers tremblingly beseeching the favour of a glance from their mistresses, while they stifle their complaints, suppress all the feelings of nature, and even renounce jealousy, lest it should render them not sufficiently submissive. There is in these verses a Sybaritic softness, a Lydian luxury, which we might expect to meet with in the effeminate Italians, whom servitude has degraded, but which astonishes us in men like the warriors of Charles V.

There exists, undoubtedly, a moral cause for this discordance. If Garcilaso de la Vega and Montemayor have not exhibited their own feelings in their poetry; if they have abandoned the habits, the manners, and the sentiments to which they were accustomed, in search of a poetical world, it was because they were disgusted with the realities around them. Poetry was attempting its first flight, when the Spanish nation lost every thing but the glory of its arms; and even this glory, soiled as it was by so many horrors, and prevented by the severity of discipline from becoming an individual feeling, was voiceless to the heart of the poet.

There was a noble spirit of martial enthusiasm in the ancient poem of the Cid, in the old romances, and in the warlike poems of the Marquis of Santillana; in short, the same inspiration appeared wherever the national honour was concerned. The Grand Master of Calatrava, Don Manuel Ponce de Leon, who in all the Moorish festivals appeared upon the Vega, or plain of Grenada, accompanied by a hundred knights, and after a courteous salutation to the king, offered to contend in single combat with the noblest and bravest of the Saracens, that he might thus contribute by a

feat of arms to the pleasures of the day, upheld in these combats the honour of the Castilians; and, indeed, his poetical bravery was a fit subject for romance. In a war which was really national, the rivalry in glory was sufficient to keep alive the ardour of the combatants, while reciprocal esteem was the consequence of the length of the contest. But Garcilaso de la Vega, Mendoza, and their compeers were perfect strangers to the French, the Italians, and the Germans, against whom they marched. The army, of which they formed a part, had already begun to delight in blood, in order that they might supply, by the excitement of ferocity, the absence of national interest. When, therefore, they left the field of battle, they attempted to forget the fierce and cruel feelings which they blushed to acknowledge, and they cautiously abstained from introducing them into their poems.

The effeminate languor and the luxurious enjoyment of life and love, which peculiarly characterise the Spanish poetry of this age, are discoverable in an equal degree in the Latin and Greek poets who wrote after the extinction of their national liberties. Propertius and Tibullus, as well as Theocritus, sometimes indulge in a degree of languor and tenderness, which often approaches to insipidity. They appear proud of exhibiting their effeminacy, as if for the purpose of demonstrating that they have voluntarily adopted it, and that they have not yielded to it from the influence of fear. The enervated poetry of the Spanish classics, was, perhaps, suggested to them by similar motives, and by their desire to preserve the dignity of their character; but for this very reason the Castilian poetry of the reign of Charles V. was of a transitory nature, and at the highest pitch of its reputation the symptoms of its approaching decay might be distinctly seen.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SPANISH LITERATURE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY CONTINUED.—HERRERA; PONCE DE LEON; CERVANTES; HIS DON QUIXOTE.

When we consider to what extent genius and talent are individual qualities, and how such qualities are modified by difference of opinion, of character, and of circumstances, we

feel surprised at the uniformity in the progress of the human mind, whether we compare with one another the distinguished individuals of the same period, and remark how they all partake of the spirit of the age; or whether we observe the progressive advance of literature and taste in different nations, and the successive epochs when epic, and lyric, and dramatic poetry have flourished. The reign of Charles V., to which we devoted the last chapter, and with which our attention will be occupied during a portion of the present, was the age of lyric poetry in Castile. That inventive spirit, that love of the marvellous, and that active curiosity which had, in the preceding century, produced so many romances to celebrate the heroes of Spain, and so many chivalrous tales in imitation of the Amadis to astonish the imagination by super-human exploits, suddenly deserted all the Spanish authors. The art of conceiving new characters, of endowing them with sentiments, of placing them immediately before our eyes, and of giving reality to imaginary incidents, was not yet discovered, for the drama had not yet been introduced. The reign of Charles V. was rich in great poets, but a sameness is observable in them all. Their object was merely to express, in harmonious numbers, the most noble and delicate feelings of the soul. The taste for pastoral poetry, which was adopted by all of them, added still more to this uniformity; for not only did it induce them to confine the action of their poems within stricter bounds, and to indulge only in sentiment, but it even made them reject all sentiment not conformable to the pastoral character. The poets of Spain, during the reign of Charles V., are therefore very indistinctly known, even to those who are best acquainted with the literature of that country. They leave an impression on the mind of an harmonious kind of musing, of an extreme delicacy of sentiment, and of a languid and intoxicating softness; but the thoughts to which they give rise speedily fade from the memory, like the strains of sweet music, which leave no traces on the ear. When once the sounds have ceased and the charm is fled, we in vain attempt to recall them. It would be a difficult task to convey an idea of these lyric poets in a few desultory translations; and, indeed, I am myself but imperfectly acquainted with them. I have searched for many of them in vain, in the libraries to which I have had access; and

were they before me, there would still remain the impossibility of adequately translating them.

It is therefore to historical notices, to a few rapid analyses and to criticisms, for the most part original, but occasionally borrowed, that we must confine ourselves upon the present occasion, as we have hitherto been compelled to do, until we arrive at the noblest ornaments of Spain, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, whose fame belongs to all nations, and whose genius has pierced into every language.

Amongst the lyrical poets of the age of Charles V. there still remain two to be mentioned, whom the people of Castile regard as classical, Herrera and Ponce de Leon. Upon these writers we must not consume much time. Ferdinand de Herrera, who received the surname of the Divine, and who has been placed at the head of the lyric poets of Spain more from party-spirit, than from any just appreciation of his merits, passed his life in obscurity. All that is known of him is, that he was born at Seville about the year 1500, and that after having very fully experienced the power of love, he entered into the church at an advanced age, and died about 1578. Herrera was a poet of vigorous talents, and full of ardour to launch into a new career in contempt of the critics of his age ; but the new style of composition, which he was so desirous of introducing into Spanish poetry, was modelled in his own mind on a predetermined plan. His expressions are never suggested by his feelings, and in the midst of his greatest beauties we cannot avoid observing the artifice of the poet. His language is extraordinary, and its attempt at elevation renders it often affected. Herrera thought the poetical diction of the Spaniards, even in their best attempts, much too common-place ; it appeared to him to resemble prose too nearly, and to be far beneath the dignity of classical poetry. With these ideas, he attempted to compose a new language. He separated, according to his own conceptions, the noble from the ignoble words ; he changed the signification of some to suit them to poetical purposes ; he used repetitions which seemed to him to give additional energy ; he introduced transpositions more analogous to the genius of the Latin language than of his own ; and he even formed several new words, either by the union of other Spanish words, or by adoption from the Latin. These inno-

vations were considered by the party who patronized Herrera as forming the perfection of true poetry, while at the present day they are rather an object of reproach to him. The real dignity of his language, the harmony of his verse, and the elevation of his ideas, must, however, be acknowledged. Herrera is the most truly lyrical poet of Spain, as Chiabrera is of Italy ; his flight is completely Pindaric, and he soars to the loftiest heights. Perhaps to a genius so rapid and so impetuous as his, the ancient form of the ode, with its short and regular measure, would have been better fitted, than the long stanzas of the Italian canzone which he has adopted, and which are more suited to rounded, harmonious, and somewhat effeminate periods.

Amongst the canzoni of Herrera, those which were composed on the battle of Lepanto must be placed in the first rank. This battle was not only the most glorious victory which the Spanish arms had achieved during that century, but while it promised the most happy consequences in securing the stability of the monarchy at home, and the permanency of its Italian possessions, it fully gratified the religious enthusiasm of the nation. Herrera himself was animated by this feeling, and for once his poetry is the expression of his real sentiments. It breathes a confidence in the protection of the God of armies, a pride in the triumph over such redoubtable enemies, and a hatred of those enemies as poetical as it is unchristian. The language, which is occasionally borrowed from the Old Testament, gives majesty tc the verse.*

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* El sobervio tirano, confiado
En el grande aparato de sus naves,
Que de los nuestros la cerviz cautiva,
Y las manos aviva,
Al ministerio injusto de su estado ;
Derribó con los brazos suyos graves
Los cedros mas excelsos de la cima ;
Y el arbol, que mas yerto se sublima
Bebio agenas aguas, y atrevido
Piso el vando nuestro y defendido.

Temblaron los perqueños, confundidos
Del impio furor suyo, alzò la frente
Contra tè, señor Dioz ; y con semblante,
Y con pecho arrogante,
Y los armados brazos estendidos,
Moviò el ayrado cuello aquel potente :

An ode of Herrera to Sleep possesses a very different kind of merit; grace of language, a pictorial talent, and great delicacy of composition. Though all these may escape in the translation, the truth of the sentiments must at all events remain.

ODE TO SLEEP.

Sweet Sleep! that through the starry path of night,
With dewy poppies crown'd, pursuest thy flight,
Stiller of human woes!
That shed'st o'er nature's breast a soft repose;
Oh! to these distant climates of the West
Thy slowly wandering pinions turn;
And with thy influence blest,
Bathe these love-burthen'd eyes that ever burn
And find no moment's rest;
While my unceasing grief
Refuses all relief!
O hear my prayer! I ask it by thy love,
Whom Juno gave thee in the realms above.*

Cercò su corazon de ardiente saña
Contra las dos Esperias, que el mar baña.
Porque en tí confiadas le resisten,
Y de armas de tu fe y amor se visten.

Dixo aquel insolente y desdeñoso,
No conocen mis iras estas tierras,
Y de mis padres los ilustres hechos?
O valieron sus pechos
Contra ellos con el Ungaro medroso,
Y de Dalmacia y Rodas en las guerras?
Quién las pudo librar? Quién de sus manos
Pudo salvar los de Austria y los Germanos?
Podrá su Dios, podra por suerte ahora
Guardallas de mi diestra vencedora.

* Soave sueño, tú que en tarde buelo,
Las alas perezosas blandamente
Bates, de adormideras coronado,
Por el puro, adormido y vago cielo;
Ven a la última parte de Ocidente,
Y de licor sagrado
Baña mis ojos tristes, que cansado,
Y rendido al furor de mi tormento,
No admito algun sosiego;
Y el dolor desconorta al sufrimiento.
Ven á mi humilde ruego,
Ven a mi ruego humilde, o amor de aquella
Que Juno te ofrecio tu ninfa bella.

Vide *Herrera*, in Parnaso Español.

Sweet Power, that dost impart
Gentle oblivion to the suffering heart,
Beloved sleep, thou only canst bestow
A solace for my woe!
Thriee happy be the hour
My weary limbs shall feel thy sovereign power!
Why to these eyes alone deny
The calm thou pour'st on Nature's boundless reign?
Why let thy votary all neglected die,
Nor yield a respite to a lover's pain?
And must I ask thy balmy aid in vain?
Hear, gentle Power, oh hear my humble prayer,
And let my soul thy heavenly banquet share.

In this extreme of grief, I own thy might;
Descend and shed thy healing dew;
Descend, and put to flight
Th' intruding dawn, that with her garish light
My sorrows would renew.
Thou hear'st my sad lament, and in my face
My many griefs may'st trace!
Turn then, sweet wanderer of the night, and spread
Thy wings around my head;
Haste, for th' unwelcome morn
Is now on her return!
Let the soft rest the hours of night denied,
Be by thy lenient hand supplied.

Fresh from my summer bowers,
A crown of soothing flowers,
Such as thou lov'st, the fairest and the best,
I offer thee; won by their odours sweet
Th' enamour'd air shall greet
Thy advent; oh then, let their hand
Express their essence bland,
And o'er my eye-lids pour delicious rest.
Enchanting Power! soft as the breath of Spring
Be the light gale that steers thy dewy wing;
Come, ere the sun ascends the purple East,
Come, end my woes; so, crown'd with heavenly charms,
May fair Pasithea take thee to her arms.

Luis Ponce de Leon is the last of the great poets who rendered illustrious the age of Charles V., and who shed such splendour upon that new epoch of Spanish literature. Differing from those whom we have hitherto noticed, his inspiration is entirely of a religious cast. Indeed, his whole life was consecrated to piety. He was born at Grenada, in 1527, of one of the most illustrious families of Spain, and manifested in his early youth that religious enthusiasm and

disposition to retirement, which rendered him indifferent to fame and to worldly pleasures. His heart, which was mild and tender, was never a prey to the dark fanaticism of the monks; moral and religious contemplations formed his only delight, without inducing a contempt for others, or a spirit of persecution. At sixteen years of age, he entered into the Order of St. Augustine at Salamanca, and applied himself with ardour to theological studies, in which his writings gained him considerable reputation. Poetry was to him a relaxation, while the exquisite sensibility to harmony, which nature had bestowed upon him, and his fine imagination, were exercised by the study of the classics and of Hebrew poetry. He was cruelly punished for having made a translation of the Song of Solomon. Not that he was supposed to have sought for improper images in that mystical composition, or to have attempted to present in a worldly light the amours of the king of Jerusalem, which he regarded as purely allegorical, but because the Inquisition had prohibited in the strictest manner the translation of any portion of the Bible, without special permission. Ponce de Leon confided his version, under an injunction of secrecy, to a single friend, who indiscreetly shewed it to others. The author was in consequence denounced to the holy office, and immediately cast into prison, where he passed five years separated from human society and deprived of light. Even in this situation, he experienced, in the purity of his conscience and in the strength of his religious principles, that serenity and repose which innocence alone can confer. He was ultimately restored to his dignities, and re-established in his monastery. His talents raised him to the rank of Vicar-general of the province of Salamanca, which he continued to fill until the period of his death in 1591.

No Spaniard, it is said, ever expressed in poetry the intimate sentiments of the heart with a more happy mixture of elegance and of sensibility. He is, without exception, the most correct of all the Spanish writers, and yet the poetical form which his thoughts assumed, was with him a matter of only secondary consideration. The classical simplicity and dignity of expression, for which the ancient authors, and more especially Horace, whose works he had deeply studied, are remarkable, were the objects of his emulation. His

resemblance, however, to Horace was the result of too deep a feeling ever to give him the appearance of an imitator. In his versification he substituted a short rhymed measure for the long stanzas of the canzoni, and by that means also he approached more nearly to the poetry of the ancients. But whilst the compositions of Horace generally breathe only the Epicurean philosophy, those of Ponce de Leon unfold the love of God in mystical verse, and the whole world of moral and religious feelings. The sentiments adopted by Ponce de Leon are so very different from my own, and I have such an imperfect comprehension of religious ecstasies and allegories, that I am unable properly to appreciate the merit which is attributed to him. I shall content myself with giving, in a note, the most celebrated of his odes on the Life of the Blessed. To despoil it of its versification, and of its correct and harmonious language, would be doing an injustice to the poet.*

There are three books of Ponce de Leon's works. The first contains his original compositions ; the second, his translations from the Classics ; the third, his translations of the Psalms and of the book of Job. In these versions his object has been to make the ancients speak as they would have spoken, had

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* Alma region luciente,
Prado de bien andança, que ni al hielo,
Ni con el rayo ardiente
Fallece, fertil suelo,
Producidor eterno de consuelo.

De purpura y de nieve
Florida la cabeça coronado,
A dulces pastos mueve
Sin honda ni cayado
El buen pastor en ti su hato amado.

El va, y empos dichosas
Le siguen sus ovejas, do las pace
Con inmortales rosas,
Con flor que siempre nace,
Y quanto mas se goza, mas renace.

Y dentrò a la montaña
Del alto bien las guia, y en la vena
Del gozo fiel las baña,
Y les da mesa llena,
Pastor y pasto el solo y suerte buena.

Y de su esfera quando
A cumbre toca altissimo subsido
El sol, el sesteando,
De su hato ceñido,
Con dulce son deleyta el santo oido.

Toca el rabel sonoro
Y el immortal dulçor al alma passa.
Con que invilece el oro,
Y ardiendo se traspassa
Y lança en aquel bien libre de tassa.

O son, o voz si quiera
Pequeña parte alguna dccendiesse
En mi sentido, y fuera
De si el alma pusiesse
Y toda en ti, o amor, la convertiera.

Conoceria donde
Sesteas dulce esposo, y desatada
Desta prision adonde
Padece, a tu manada
Vivirá junta, sin vaga errada.

they lived at his time and had their language been the Castilian. Pursuing this principle, he was more properly an imitator than a copyist, and has only given an imperfect idea of the ancient authors. His example was generally followed; and all the translations from the ancients into Spanish verse are executed upon the same principle.

These, then, are the celebrated men, who during the reign of Charles V., gave a new character to Castilian poetry. A few others, though of minor reputation, deserve to be mentioned. Fernando d'Acuña madè an elegant translation of some portions of Ovid, and has been celebrated for the grace and feeling which he has displayed in his elegies, his sonnets, and his canzoni. Gutiere de Cetina was the first happy imitator of Anacreon in the Spanish language. Pedro de Padilla, a knight of St. James, was the rival of Garcilaso in pastoral poetry; and Gaspar Gil Polo continued the romance of Montemayor, under the name of *Diana enamorada*, with so much talent, that the continuation has been regarded as superior to the work itself, in the brilliancy and polish of the versification.

Although this was the period at which Ariosto had attained the height of his fame, and Italy was inundated with chivalric epics in imitation of the Orlando Furioso, Spain, which still respected and paid serious homage to the spirit of chivalry, never encouraged an imitation of a style so fashionable in the country which she had taken as her model. Ariosto had only been translated into careless and fatiguing prose; and under this disguise, his poem became a mere romance of chivalry. No Castilian poet would have suffered himself to adopt the half-jocular tone of the original. There were during the age of Charles V. many attempts amongst the Spaniards to produce an epic poem, but they all failed. These were the compositions of the king's flatterers, and Charles was invariably their hero. Thus we have a *Carlos Famoso* by Louis Zapata, *Carlos Vitorioso* by Jerome de Urrea, and a *Carolea* by Jerome Samper, all which are now, as they deserve to be, forgotten.

On the other hand, a man of considerable talents, D. Christoval de Castillejo, devoting himself to the ancient style of Spanish poetry, gave the preference to the *redondilhas*, or verses composed of four trochees, over the Italian models.

He had travelled to Vienna with Charles V., and in that city he remained as secretary of state to Ferdinand I. His verses exhibit spirit, grace, and ease, together with no small share of humour. But notwithstanding the enthusiastic admiration which those who are attached to the early literature of Spain express for him, he cannot be classed amongst the poets who are celebrated for their creative genius.* Disgusted with the world, he returned in his old age to Spain, where he died in a monastery, in 1596.

Hitherto the attention of the reader has only been called to the works of poets and of scholars, with whom, however celebrated they may be in their own country, he was probably unacquainted; but we are now about to introduce one of those individuals whose celebrity is bounded by no language, and by no country, and whose names, not confined to men of learning, to men of taste, or to any one class of society, are spread throughout the world. It will readily be supposed that Miguel Cervantes is here alluded to, the celebrated author of Don Quixote. He stands foremost in that band of classic authors who cast such glory on the reigns of the three

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* As a specimen of the style of this celebrated writer, I have selected the following little song, which appears to me to possess all the grace of Anacreon, with all the gallantry of a Castilian:

Por unas huertas hermosas
Vagando, muy linda Lida,
Texio de lyrios, y rosas
Blancas frescas y olorosas
Una guirnalda florida;
Y andando en esta labor,
Viendo a deshora al amor
En las rosas escondido,
Con las que ella avia texido,
Le prèndio como a traydor.

El muchacho no domado,
Que nunca penso prenderse,
Viendose preso y atado,
Al principio muy ayrado
Pugnava por defenderse.
Y en sus alas estrivando
Forcejava peleando,
Y tentava, (aunque desnudo)
De desatarse del ñudo,
Para valerse bolando.

Pero viendo la blancura
Que sus tetas descubrian,
Como leche fresca y pura,
Que a su madre en hermosura
Ventaja no conoeian;
Y su rostro que encender
Era bastante, y mover
Con su mucha loçania
Los mismos Dioses; pedia
Para dexarse vencer.

Buelto a Venus, a la hora
Hablandole desde alli,
Dixo, madre, Emperadora,
Desde oy mas, busca señora
Un nuevo amor para ti.
Y esta nueva con oylla,
No te mueva, o dè manzilla;
Que aviendo yo de reynar,
Este es el propio lugar
En que se ponga mi silla.

Philips, during the latter part of the sixteenth, and the commencement of the seventeenth century.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was born in poverty and obscurity, in 1549, at Alcala de Henares. He assumed the title of *Hidalgo*, or gentleman, but nothing is known of his family or early education. The only circumstance relative to this with which we are acquainted is, that he was sent to a school in Madrid, where he acquired some knowledge of the classics. During this period, he read with extreme avidity all the poets and romance-writers of Spain, and set the highest value, even at this early period of his life, on elegance of diction and on the purity of the Castilian language. He wrote in his youth a number of poems and romances, as well as a pastoral romance entitled *Filena*, which has been lost. The entire want of fortune compelling him to travel in search of a livelihood, which he was unable to find at home, he attached himself to the person of the Cardinal Aquaviva, with whom he visited Rome. A love of glory and the activity of his mind soon induced him to abandon the servile office which he had accepted from the prelate. He now entered into the army, and served under Marc-Antonio Colonna. He was also present under the banners of Don John of Austria at the battle of Lepanto, where he lost his left hand by a wound from an arquebuss. Being obliged to renounce the profession of arms, probably without having ever risen above the rank of a common soldier, he embarked for Spain ; but the vessel in which he was sailing being captured by a Barbary corsair, he was carried to Algiers. He remained there five years and a half in slavery, and was ransomed in 1581.

Thus did Cervantes return to his country, maimed, ruined, and friendless, without prospects, and without resources ; but such was the strength of his mind, the liveliness of his temper, and the fire of his imagination, that he not only soon gained the means of livelihood, but acquired a high reputation by his dramatic genius, which he exercised in the composition of comedies and tragedies, all of which were received with loud approbation by the public. It was in the year 1584, and consequently when he was thirty-five years of age, that he published his *Galatea*, and about the same time he gave to the theatre about thirty comedies which have not been preserved. The rivalry of Lope de Vega, who, about the same

period, met with prodigious success, humiliated him a little, and induced him for some time to lay aside his pen. He had married, and he was then, probably, living on the dowry which his wife had brought him. It likewise appears that he obtained at Seville some little office, which preserved him from absolute want, during the life of Philip II. The death of this monarch, in 1598, liberated the minds that had been weighed down by his despotism. Cervantes, who had not appeared before the public for one-and-twenty years, gave to the world, in 1605, the first part of his *Don Quixote*. The success of this work was incredible : thirty thousand copies are said to have been struck off in the author's lifetime. It was translated into all languages, and was loudly praised by all classes of readers. Philip III. himself seeing, from his balcony, a student walking along the banks of the Mançanares, and as he read bursting into involuntary fits of laughter, exclaimed to his courtiers, that the man was mad, unless he was reading *Don Quixote*. Neither Philip III., however, nor any of his courtiers, thought fit to grant any assistance to an indigent author, who was the glory of Spain, and who had written a work so full of comic talent within the walls of a prison, where he was confined for debt.

A contemporary writer, assuming the name of Avellaneda, undertook a continuation of *Don Quixote*, which he published in 1614, at Saragossa, but this attempt is very inferior to the original. Cervantes was highly indignant at this literary theft. In 1615, he published a second volume of *Don Quixote*, in which he frequently turns into ridicule the Aragonese continuation of his romance ; and the Don himself is made to complain of the contemptible impostures which have been circulated to his prejudice. In 1613, his twelve novels appeared ; in 1614, his *Journey to Parnassus ;* and in 1615, eight comedies and eight interludes, which being rejected by the theatre, were sold to a bookseller for a very inconsiderable sum. He likewise bestowed much time upon a romance which he entitled the *Labours of Persiles and Sigismunda ;* but which he was unable to complete in his lifetime. It was published after his death by his widow, Catherine de Salazar, in the year 1617. The preface, which was written a little time before the author's death, exhibits the philosophy and the gaiety and energy of mind which he preserved even in his

last moments. The following is an extract from the preface :

"It happened afterwards, dear reader, that as two of my friends and myself were coming from Esquivias, a place famous for twenty reasons, more especially for its illustrious families and for its excellent wines, I heard a man behind me whipping his nag with all his might, and seemingly very desirous of overtaking us. Presently he called out to us, and begged us to stop, which we did ; and when he came up, he turned out to be a country student, dressed in brown, with spatterdashes and round-toed shoes. He had a sword in a huge sheath, and a band tied with tape. He had indeed but two tapes, so that his band got out of its place, which he took great pains to rectify. 'Doubtless,' said he, 'Senors, you are in quest of some office or some prebendal stall at the court of my Lord of Toledo, or from the king, if I may judge from the celerity with which you journey ; for, in good truth, my ass has hitherto had the fame of a good trotter, and yet he could not overtake you.' One of my companions answered : 'It is the stout steed of Senor Miguel Cervantes that is the cause of it, for he is very quick in his paces.' Scarcely had the student heard the name of Cervantes, than throwing himself off his ass, whilst his cloak-bag tumbled on one side and his portmanteau on the other, and his bands covered his face, he sprang towards me, and seizing me by the left hand, exclaimed : 'This, then, is the famous one-handed author, the merriest of writers, the favourite of the Muses!' As for me, when I heard him pouring forth all these praises, I thought myself obliged in politeness to answer him ; so embracing his neck, whereby I contrived to pull off his bands altogether, I said : 'I am indeed Cervantes, Senor, but not the favourite of the Muses, nor any other of those fine things which you have said of me. Pray, sir, mount your ass again, and let us converse together for the small remainder of our journey.' The good student did as I desired. We then drew bit, and proceeded at a more moderate pace. As we rode on, we talked of my illness, but the student gave me little hope, saying : 'It is an hydropsy, which all the water in the ocean, if you could drink it, would not cure ; you must drink less, Senor Cervantes, and not neglect to eat, for this alone can cure you.' 'Many other people,' said I, 'have told

me the same thing; but it is as impossible for me not to drink, as if I had been born for nothing but drinking. My life is pretty nearly ended, and to judge by the quickness of my pulse, I cannot live longer than next Sunday. You have made acquaintance with me at a very unfortunate time, as I fear that I shall not live to shew my gratitude to you for your obliging conduct.' Such was our conversation when we arrived at the bridge of Toledo, over which I was to pass, while he followed another route by the bridge of Segovia. 'As to my future history, I leave that to the care of fame. My friends will no doubt be very anxious to narrate it, and I should have great pleasure in hearing it.' I embraced him anew, and repeated the offer of my services. He spurred his ass and left me as ill inclined to prosecute my journey, as he was well disposed to do so. He had, however, supplied my pen with ample materials for pleasantry. But all times are not the same. Perhaps the time may yet arrive when, taking up the thread which I am now compelled to break, I may complete what is now wanting, and what I fain would tell. But, adieu to gaiety, adieu to humour, adieu, my pleasant friends! I must now die, and I wish for nothing better than speedily to see you well contented in another world."

In the calm gaiety with which Cervantes contemplated his approaching fate, we recognize the soldier who fought so valiantly at Lepanto, and who so firmly supported his five years' captivity in Algiers. A few days afterwards, Cervantes dedicated this work to the Count de Lemos, who, in his old age, had granted him protection and assistance. The dedication is dated the nineteenth of April, 1616. "I could have wished," says he, "not to have been called upon to make so close an application of those ancient verses, which commence with the words: *With foot already in the stirrup:* for with very little alteration I may truly say, that with my foot in the stirrup, and even now experiencing the pains of dissolution, I address to you, Senor, this letter. Yesterday I received extreme unction. To-day I have again taken up my pen; the time is short; my pains increase; my hopes diminish; yet do I greatly wish that my life might be extended, so that I might again behold you in Spain." The Count de Lemos was then on his road from Naples, and was expected at home. Cervantes died on the twenty-third of

April, 1616, aged sixty-seven years, four days after he had written this dedication.

To *Don Quixote* Cervántes owes his immortality. No work of any language ever exhibited a more exquisite or a more sprightly satire, or a happier vein of invention worked with more striking success. Every one has read Don Quixote; and, indeed, the work cannot be analysed, or given in fragments. Every one is acquainted with the Knight of La Mancha, who, losing his reason over his books of chivalry, imagines that he lives in the times of Paladins and enchanters; who, resolved to imitate Amadis and Orlando, whose histories he has read with such delight, mounts his lean and ancient steed, braces on his rusty armour, and traverses woods and fields in search of adventures. Every common object is transformed by his poetical imagination. Giants, Paladins, and enchanters, meet him at every step, and all his misfortunes are not sufficient to undeceive him. But the Don, with his faithful Rosinante and his squire Sancho Panza, have already taken their places in our imagination; every one is as well acquainted with them as I am myself. There is nothing left for me to say on their character or history, and I must, therefore, confine myself to a few observations on the views which the author entertained, and on the spirit which animated him in the composition of this work.

This diverting tissue of laughable and original adventures will, therefore, only furnish us with serious reflections. If we wish to taste all the humour which is afforded by the heroism of the knight, and the terror of the squire, when, in the middle of a dark night, they hear the sound of a fulling-mill, we must read Don Quixote itself. No extract could give any idea of the adventures at the inn, which Don Quixote mistook for an enchanted castle, and where Sancho was tossed in a blanket. It is in the work itself, and there only, that we can enjoy the wit of the fine contrast between the gravity, the measured language, and the manners of Don Quixote, and the ignorance and vulgarity of Sancho. We must leave it to Cervantes alone to sustain both the interest and the humour of his work; to unite the liveliness of imagination, which results from the variety of adventures, with the liveliness of wit, which displays itself in the delineation of character. Those who have read the work itself would

not for a moment be contented with an extract; and with regard to those who have not read it, I can only congratulate them on the pleasure which they have yet in store.

The most striking feature in the composition of Don Quixote is the perpetual contrast between what may be called the poetical and the prosaic spirit. The imagination, the feelings, and all the generous qualities, tend to raise Don Quixote in our esteem. Men of elevated minds make it the object of their lives to defend the weak, to aid the oppressed, to be the champions of justice and innocence. Like Don Quixote, they everywhere discover the image of those virtues which they worship. They believe that disinterestedness, nobility, courage, and chivalry, are still in existence. Without calculating upon their own powers, they expose themselves in the service of the ungrateful, and sacrifice themselves to laws and principles altogether imaginary. The devotion of heroism and the illusions of virtue are the noblest and most affecting themes in the history of the human race. They are the true subjects of the highest species of poetry, which is nothing but the representation of disinterested feelings. A character, however, which excites our admiration, when viewed from an elevated situation, is often ridiculous when seen from the level of the earth. Error is a fertile source of laughter; and a man who sees nothing around him but heroism and chivalry, is certainly sufficiently prone to error. Next to such errors as these, striking contrasts are, perhaps, most productive of risible effects, and nothing can be more powerfully contrasted than poetry and prose; the romance of the imagination, and the petty details of social life; the valour and the great appetite of the hero; the palace of Armida and an inn; the enchanted princesses and Maritorna.

These considerations may account for the fact, that some persons have considered Don Quixote to be the most melancholy book that was ever written. The groundwork and moral of the romance are, in fact, of a mournful character. Cervantes has, in some degree, exhibited the vanity of noble feelings and the illusions of heroism. He has described in Don Quixote an accomplished man, who is, notwithstanding, the constant object of ridicule; a man, brave beyond all that history can boast of; who affronts the most terrific, not only

of mortal, but of supernatural perils; a man whose high sense of honour permits him not to hesitate for a single moment in the accomplishment of his promises, or to deviate in the slightest degree from truth. As disinterested as brave, he combats only for virtue; and when he covets a kingdom, it is only that he may bestow it upon his faithful squire. He is the most constant and most respectful of lovers, the most humane of warriors, the kindest master, the most accomplished of cavaliers. With a taste as refined as his intellect is cultivated, he surpasses in goodness, in loyalty, and in bravery, the Amadises and the Orlandos, whom he has chosen for his models. His most generous enterprises, however, end only in blows and bruises. His love of glory is the bane of those around him. The giants, with whom he believes he is fighting, are only windmills; the ladies, whom he delivers from enchanters, are harmless women, whom he terrifies upon their journey, and whose servants he maltreats. While he is thus repairing wrongs and redressing injuries, the bachelor, Alonzo Lopez, very properly tells him: "I do not precisely understand your mode of redressing wrongs; but as for myself, you have made me crooked when I was straight enough before, and have broken my leg, which will never be set right all the days of my life; nor do I understand how you repair injuries, for that which I have received from you will never be repaired. It was the most unfortunate adventure that ever happened to me, when I met you in search of adventures."* The conclusion which we draw from the perusal of Don Quixote is, that a high degree of enthusiasm is not only prejudicial to the individual who nourishes it, and who is thus resolved to sacrifice himself to others, but that it is equally dangerous to society, the spirit and institutions of which it counteracts and throws into disorder.

Although a work which treated this question seriously and logically, would be as melancholy as degrading to humanity, yet a satire, written without bitterness, may still be a gay and lively production, because it is evident that not only the author of the ridicule, but those against whom the ridicule is directed, are themselves susceptible of generosity and high feeling. It is amongst such persons that we ought to look

* Don Quixote, book iii. c. 19.

for a Don Quixote. There was, in fact, a sort of knight-errantry in the character of Cervantes. It was the love of glory which led him to desert his studies and the enjoyments of life, for the banners of Marc-Antonio Colonna; which prompted him, though never raised above the rank of a common soldier, to rejoice in having lost an arm at the battle of Lepanto, that in his own person he might exhibit a monument of the noblest military achievement in Christendom; which excited, by the hardy bravery which he displayed during his captivity at Algiers, the astonishment and respect of the Moors; and which at last, after he had received extreme unction, and with the knowledge that he could not live until the next Sunday, enabled him to look upon death with that gay indifference, which is manifested in the preface and dedicatory epistle of Persiles and Sigismunda. In these latter writings, it appears to me that we may discover a resemblance between himself and the undeceived hero, who becomes conscious of the vanity of glory, and the illusion of that career of ambition, which was always impeded by misfortunes. If it be true that "to ridicule oneself is the highest effort of good taste," we find much in Cervantes to display the ridicule which might attach even to his most generous attempts. Every enthusiastic mind, like his, readily joins in pleasantry which does not spare the individual himself, nor that which he most loves and respects, if at the same time it does not degrade him.

This primitive idea in the Don Quixote, this contrast between the heroic and the vulgar world, and this ridicule of enthusiasm, are not the sole objects which Cervantes had in view. There is another more apparent still, and of more direct application, but which is now entirely forgotten. The literature of Spain, at the period when Don Quixote appeared, was overrun with books of chivalry, for the most part miserable compositions, by which the national spirit was misdirected, and its taste corrupted. We have done ample justice in the preceding chapters to the sublimity of that poetical invention in which knight-errantry had its origin. This chivalric mythology probably contributed more than any other to impress the imagination with notions of morality and honour, and thus to produce a benefical effect on the character of modern nations. Love was purified by this spirit of romance,

and it is probably to the authors of Lancelot, of Amadis, and of Orlando, that we owe that spirit of gallantry which distinguishes the nations of modern Europe from the people of antiquity, as well as that homage towards women, and that respect, bordering upon adoration, with which the Greeks were perfectly unacquainted. Briseis, Andromache, and Penelope, humbly and tremblingly resign themselves to the arms of the conqueror, at once his mistress and his slave. Good faith in modern times became the handmaid of force, and dishonour was then, for the first time, attached to falsehood; which, though looked upon as immoral by the ancients, was never considered to be shameful. The sentiment of honour was connected with our very existence; disgrace was rendered worse than death; and to conclude, courage was made a necessary quality, not only to the soldier but to man in every rank of society.

But if the genuine romances of chivalry had so happy an influence on national manners, the imitations of them were no less fatal to the public taste. The imagination, when it has no foundation of reality upon which to rest, and no reference to the congruity of things, is a quality not only frequent, but even vulgar. There have been, it is true, a few nations or a few ages to which it has been denied; but, when it does exist, it is endemic throughout a whole nation. The Spaniards, the Italians, the Provençals, and the Arabians, have all their own peculiar cast of imagination, which is distinguishable in every individual, from the poet to the peasant. If this imagination is not subjected to the restriction of rules, it is astonishing to observe the number and variety of the extravagancies into which writers are hurried. In the examination of Don Quixote's library, by the Curate and the Barber, they mention many hundred chivalrous romances which Cervantes condemns to the flames. It does not appear that the fault, even of the worst, was that they were destitute of imagination. There was imagination in Esplandian, in the continuation of the Amadis of Gaul, in the Amadis of Greece, and indeed in all the Amadises. There was imagination in Florismart of Hircania, in Palmerin d'Oliva, and in Palmerin of England; for all these books were rich in enchantments and giants and battles, in extraordinary amours and marvellous adventures. In the vast field through which

the romance writers might wander without encountering a single obstacle, it was always in their power to tread a new path. Many of them, however, did not submit to be guided by nature, who ought to be our mistress even in works of fiction. The consequence is, that we continually meet with causes disproportioned to the effects, characters without unity, incidents without connexion, and a spirit of exaggeration, which, at the first view, seems to be the result of the imagination, but which in fact chills it, and by its absurdity disgusts the reader. There is thus no probability in these compositions; not only not the probability of nature, which we do not look for, but not even the probability of fiction. Even in prodigies and in fairy-tales, a certain probability must be preserved, without which miracles cease to be extraordinary and striking.

The facility of inventing these productions, and the certainty of such strange adventures being read, opened the field of literature to a crowd of inferior writers, unacquainted with all that an author ought to know, and more especially with everything which tends to form a graceful style. The Spaniards, already addicted to far-fetched and antithetical expressions, and imitating in this the taste of the Africans and of the Arabians, passionately devoted themselves to a puerile play upon words, and to that tortured and inflated style which seems to be the result of a diseased imagination, and which, when it is considered to be a perfection, is in the power of the meanest intellects. This is the style which Cervantes touches upon in his *Feliciano de Sylva:* "The reason of the unreasonableness which you impute to my reason so weakens my reason, that it is with reason that I complain of your beauty;" and again: "The high heavens which divinely fortify your divinity by their stars, and which make you merit the mercy which your greatness merits."

Whilst the fashionable writers thus overthrew all the rules of probability, of taste, and of composition, the multiplicity of the books of chivalry had the worst influence on the feelings and the judgment of the readers. The Spaniards began to esteem nothing but bombast and inflation, both in conversation and in action. They devoted themselves entirely to the perusal of these empty authors, who fed the imagination without employing any other of the faculties of the soul

History became dull and tiresome when compared with these extravagant fables. They lost that lively sense of truth which distinguishes it wherever it is met with. They were anxious that their historians should mingle in their gravest narratives, and even in the annals of their own country, circumstances only worthy of figuring in an old woman's tale. Of this the General Chronicle of Spain by Francis de Guevara, Bishop of Mondonedo, affords a sufficient instance. The romances of chivalry were, it is true, the inventions of men of an elevated character, and they inspired a taste for noble sentiment; but of all books these are the last to convey any instruction. Strangers as the authors were to the world, it is impossible to apply any of the matter which we there meet with to the concerns of real life, or, if we do so, it is at the risk of violating all propriety and correctness of feeling and opinion.

It was therefore a useful and patriotic design in Cervantes to exhibit, as he has done in *Don Quixote*, the abuse of the books of chivalry, and to overwhelm with ridicule those romances which are the creations of a diseased imagination, giving birth to incidents and characters which could never have existed. In this attempt Cervantes was completely successful. The romances of chivalry ended with *Don Quixote*. It was in vain for subsequent writers to contend against so witty and ingenious a satire, and to expose themselves to the chance of finding that they had been caricatured even before they made their appearance. It would be very desirable if in every style of composition, after we have once secured the masterpieces, we could thus place a barrier against the crowd of succeeding imitators.

The vigorous talents which Cervantes possessed are powerfully manifested in his comic productions, in which we never find him trespassing against either religion, or law, or morals. The character of Sancho Panza is an admirable contrast to that of his master. The one is full of poetry; the other, of prose. In Sancho are displayed all the qualities of the vulgar; sensuality, gluttony, idleness, cowardice, boasting, egotism, and cunning, all of them mingled with a certain degree of worth, fidelity, and even sensibility. Cervantes was aware that he could not place on the fore ground, more especially in a comic romance, an odious character. In spite of all his ridicule, he wishes Sancho as well as Don Quixote

to attract the affections of the reader; and though he has invariably placed the two characters in contrast, he has not given virtue to the one and vice to the other. Whilst the madness of Don Quixote consists in pursuing too far that lofty philosophy which is the offspring of exalted minds, Sancho errs no less in taking for his guide that practical and calculating philosophy on which the proverbs of all nations are founded. Both poetry and prose are thus turned into derision; and if enthusiasm suffers in the person of the knight, egotism does not escape in that of his squire.

The general plot of the Don Quixote, and the chain of incidents which it contains, are absolutely prodigies of wit and imagination. The province of the imagination is to create. If it were admissible to make a profane application of the words of the Evangelist, the imagination represents the things which are not as the things which are; and indeed the objects which have been once presented to us by a powerful imagination, remain impressed upon the memory as though they possessed an actual existence. Their form, their qualities, their habitudes, are so marked out and determined they have been so clearly exhibited to the eye of the mind, they have so palpably assumed their place in the creation, and they form so distinct a link in the general chain of being, that we could with greater facility deny existence to real objects, than to these creatures of our imagination. Thus Don Quixote and Sancho, the Governante and the Curate, have taken a place in our imaginations from which they can never be removed. We become familiar with La Mancha and the solitudes of the Sierra Morena. All Spain lies before our eyes. The manners and customs and spirit of its inhabitants are painted in this faithful mirror. We derive a more accurate knowledge of this singular nation from the pages of Don Quixote, than from the narratives and observations of the most inquisitive traveller.

Cervantes, however, did not devote himself to wit alone. If his principal hero was not calculated to excite dramatic interest, he has yet proved by the episodes which he has introduced into his romance, that he was able to excite a livelier interest by the exhibition of tender and passionate sentiments and the ingenious disposition of romantic incidents. The different stories of the shepherdess Marcella, of Cardenio,

of the Captive, and of the Curious Impertinent, form almost half the work. These episodes are infinitely varied both in the nature of the incidents, in character, and in language. They may, perhaps, be blamed for some degree of tediousness at the commencement, and for an occasional pedantry in the opening narrative and the dialogue. As soon, however, as the situation of the characters becomes animated, they immediately rise and develope themselves, and the language becomes proportionably pathetic. The tale of the Curious Impertinent, which is perhaps more faulty than any of the others in its tedious commencement, terminates in the most touching manner.

The style of Cervantes in his *Don Quixote* possesses an inimitable beauty, which no translation can approach. It exhibits the nobleness, the candour, and the simplicity of the ancient romances of chivalry, together with a liveliness of colouring, a precision of expression, and a harmony in its periods, which have never been equalled by any other Spanish writer. The few passages in which Don Quixote harangues his auditors, have gained great celebrity by their oratorical beauty. Such, for example, are his observations on the marvels of the Age of Gold, which he addresses to the shepherds, who are offering him nuts. In this dialogue the language of Don Quixote is lofty and sustained: it has all the pomp and grace of antiquity. His words, like his person, seem always surrounded with cuirass and morion; and this style becomes more amusing when contrasted with the plebeian language of Sancho Panza. He promises the latter the government of an island, which he always denominates, according to the ancient language of the romance writers, *insula*, and not *isla*. Sancho, who repeats this word with much emphasis, does not exactly comprehend its meaning; and the mysterious language which his master employs raises his expectation in proportion to his ignorance.

The most extensive learning, and an intellect at once various and refined, are exhibited in the Don Quixote. It was the casket which Cervantes delighted to store with all his most ingenious thoughts. The art of criticism appears to have occupied a great share of his attention. This observation will apply to many authors; and, indeed, the art of composition is a subject to which every writer ought to devote the most

mature reflection. The examination of the library of Don Quixote by the Curate, furnishes us with a little treatise on Spanish literature, full of refinement and correct judgment but this is not the only occasion upon which the subject is introduced. The prologue, and many of the discourses of Don Quixote, or of the other characters who are introduced, abound in critical remarks, sometimes serious, sometimes playful, but always correct, novel, and interesting. It was, doubtless, in order to obtain pardon for the severity with which he had treated others, that he was by no means sparing upon himself. In the library of Don Quixote, the Curate asks the Barber: "What is the book placed side by side with the Cancionero of Maldonado?" "It is the Galatea of Miguel Cervantes," said the Barber. "This Cervantes has long been my friend," rejoined the Curate, "and I know he has much more to do with misfortunes than with poetry. His book does, indeed, display a little power of invention; it aims at something, but it reaches nothing. We must wait for the second part which he promises (which Cervantes never published); who knows whether, when it is corrected, the author may not obtain the mercy which we are now compelled to refuse him?"

Cervantes, three years before his death, wrote another work more immediately devoted to criticism and literary satire: it was a poem in *terza rima*, in eight cantos, of about three hundred verses each, and entitled *A Journey to Parnassus*. Cervantes, tired of his state of poverty, and impatient to obtain the name of a poet, though he asserts that heaven has refused him the requisite talents, departs on foot from Madrid for Carthagena: "A white loaf and a few pieces of cheese, which I placed in my wallet, were all my provision for the journey; a weight not too heavy for a pedestrian traveller. Adieu, said I to my humble habitation; adieu Madrid! Adieu, meadows and fountains, from whence flow nectar and ambrosia! Adieu society, where, for one truly happy man, we find a thousand lost pretenders to happiness! Adieu, agreeable and deceitful residence! Adieu, theatres, honoured by well-praised ignorance, where day after day a thousand absurdities are repeated!" The poet on his arrival at Carthagena is reminded, by a view of the sea, of the glorious exploits of Don John of Austria, under whom he had served. While he is seeking for a vessel, he sees a light boat approach, propelled

both by sails and oars, to the sound of the most harmonious musical instruments. Mercury, with his winged feet, and his Caduceus in his hand, invites Cervantes in the most flattering manner to embark for Parnassus, whither Apollo has summoned all his faithful poets, to protect himself by their assistance against the invasion of bad taste. At the same time he exhibits to him the extraordinary construction of the vessel, into which he invites him to enter. From prow to poop it is composed entirely of verses, the various styles of which are ingeniously represented by the different purposes to which they are applied. The spars are made of long and melancholy elegies ; the mast, of a prolix song ; and the other parts of the vessel are formed in a similar manner.

Mercury then presents to Cervantes a long catalogue of Spanish poets, and asks his advice as to the propriety of admitting or rejecting each individual. This question gives Cervantes an opportunity of characterising the contemporary poets in a few brief verses, which at the present day are exceedingly obscure. It is often very difficult to determine whether his praises are ironical or sincere. The poets now arrive by enchantment, and crowd into the vessel, but a violent tempest overtakes them. In the adventures which succeed, the marvellous is mingled with the satirical. The names introduced are all of them of unknown personages, and the production is obscure, and to my apprehension fatiguing. A few passages, indeed, notwithstanding the frequent satirical allusions which are scattered through them, still display many poetical charms. The commencement of the third canto may be cited as an instance :

Smooth-gliding verses were its oars ; by these
Impell'd, the royal galley, fast and light,
Won her clear course o'er unresisting seas.
The sails were spread to the extremest height
Of the tall masts. Of the most delicate thought,
Woven by Love himself, in colours bright,
The various tissue of those sails was wrought.
Soft winds upon the poop, with amorous force,
Breath'd sweetly all, as if they only sought
To waft that bark on her majestic course.
The Syrens sport around her, as she holds
Her rapid voyage through the waters hoarse,
Which, like some snowy garment's flowing folds,
Roll to and fro ; and on the expanse of green
Bright azure tints the dazzled eye beholds.

Upon the deck the passengers are seen
In converse. These discuss the arts of verse,
Arduous and nice; those sing; and all between,
Others the dictates of the muse rehearse.*

Cervantes pleads his own cause before Apollo, and sets forth the merits of his different works with a degree of pride which has sometimes been censured. But who will not pardon the proud feeling of conscious superiority, which sustains genius when sinking beneath the pressure of misfortune? Who will insist upon humility in a man, who, whilst he formed the glory of his age, found himself, in old age and in sickness, exposed to absolute want? Was it not just that Cervantes, to whom his country had denied all recompense, should appropriate to himself that glory which he felt that he had so truly merited?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON THE DRAMAS OF CERVANTES.

THE comic powers which Cervantes had manifested in his Don Quixote seemed eminently to qualify him for dramatic attempts. We have already seen that his first literary compositions were of this class; but, although he had considerable success in this career, he likewise experienced some mortifications. He did not at that time conceive that his dramatic talent was proportioned to the superiority which he afterwards manifested in other branches. Thus, when compared with Lope de Vega, whose fertility is so wonderful, his dramas are but few in number. This might, perhaps, have afforded a reason for commencing our notice of the Spanish Theatre by examining the works of Lope before those of Cervantes, had we not wished to present to the reader, from the mouth of Cervantes himself, a history of the early progress of the dramatic art in Spain. The extract is taken from the preface to his comedies:

"I must entreat your pardon, dear reader, if you should see me in this prologue a little overstep my accustomed

* Cervantes, Viage al Parnaso, 8vo. Madrid, 1784.

modesty. Some time since I happened to find myself in company with a few friends who were discoursing about comedies, and other matters relating thereto, and they treated this subject with so much subtilty and refinement, that they appeared to me almost to approach perfection. They spoke of the man who was the first in Spain to free the Drama from its swathing bands, and to clothe it in pomp and magnificence. As the oldest of the company, I remarked that I had frequently heard the great Lope de Rueda recite, a man equally celebrated as an actor and a scholar. He was born at Seville, and was by trade a gold-beater. As a pastoral poet he had great merit; and, in that species of composition, no one, either before or since his time, has surpassed him. Although I could not judge of the excellence of his poems, for I was then but a child, yet some of them still remain in my memory; and recalling these at a riper age, they appear to me to be worthy of their reputation. In the time of this celebrated Spaniard, all the apparatus of a dramatist and a manager was contained in a bag, and consisted of four white cloaks, bordered with gilt leather, for shepherds, four beards and wigs, and four crooks, more or less. The dramas were mere dialogues, or eclogues between two or three shepherds and a shepherdess; and these conversations were enlivened and prolonged by two or three interludes, in which negresses were introduced as confidantes, or go-betweens; and, occasionally, some clowns and Biscayans made their appearance. At this time there was no scenery; no combats between Moors and Christians, on horseback and on foot; no trap-doors, by which figures might appear to rise from the centre of the earth. The stage was merely composed of four square blocks of wood, upon which rested five or six planks, so as to elevate the actors a foot or two above the ground. No angels or spirits descended in clouds from heaven. The sole ornament of the theatre was an old curtain, supported at both ends by strings, which separated the dressing-room from the audience. At the back were placed the musicians, who sang without any guitar some ancient ballad. Lope de Rueda at last died, and on account of his celebrity and excellence was buried between the two choirs in the great church at Cordova, where he died, in the same place where that renowned madman Luis Lopez is interred. Naharro, a

native of Toledo, succeeded Lope de Rueda. He attained great celebrity, more especially in his representation of a meddling poltroon. Naharro added something to the scenic decorations, and changed the bag, in which the wardrobe was contained, for trunks and portmanteaus. He introduced the music upon the stage, which had been formerly placed in the background, and he took away the beards from the actors for until his time no actor ever appeared without a false beard. He wished all his actors to appear undisguised, with the exception of those who represented old men, or changed their characters. He invented scenes, clouds, thunder, lightning, challenges, and combats; but nothing of this kind was carried to the perfection which at this day we behold, (and it is here that I must trespass upon my modesty,) until the time when the theatre of Madrid exhibited the *Captives of Algiers*, which is my own composition, *Numantia*, and the *Naval Engagement*. It was there that I made an attempt to reduce the comedies of five acts into three. I was the first to represent the phantoms of the imagination, and the hidden thoughts of the soul, by introducing figures of them upon the stage, with the universal applause of the spectators. I composed during this period from twenty to thirty dramas, all of which were represented without a single cucumber or orange, or any other missile usually aimed at bad comedians, being thrown at the actors. They proceeded through their parts without hisses, without confusion, and without clamour. I was at length occupied with other matters, and I laid down my pen and forsook the drama. In the mean time appeared that prodigy, Lope de Vega, who immediately assumed the dramatic crown. He reduced under his dominion all the farce-writers, and filled the world with excellent and well-contrived comedies, of which he wrote so many, that they could not be comprised in ten thousand pages. What is no less surprising, he himself saw them all represented, or was credibly assured that they had been so. All his rivals together have not written a moiety of what he himself achieved alone. Notwithstanding this, as God grants not all things to every one, the labours of Doctor Ramon, who was the most laborious writer after the great Lope, have been much esteemed. The ingenious plots of the licentiate Migue. Sanchez, and the gravity of Doctor Mira de Mescua, have

likewise met with applause, which has also been granted to the wisdom and prodigious power of invention of the Canon Tarraga, to the sweetness of Guillen de Castro, to the refinement of Aguilar, to the sonorous pomp and grandeur of the comedies of Luis Velez de Guevara, to the polished wit of D. Antonio de Galarza, whose dramas are written in a provincial dialect; and, lastly, to the love-plots of Gaspard d'Avila; for these, as well as some others, assisted the great Lope in the creation of the Spanish drama."

Such, then, was the first age of the Spanish theatre, and, if we may believe Schlegel and Bouterwek, dramatic poetry never assumed in Spain more than two different characters. They consider the first age, that of Cervantes and Lope de Vega, as one of barbarian grandeur; the second, that of Calderon, as the perfection of romance. They scarcely concede the title of poets to those writers, who in the last century abandoned the example of their predecessors to become subject to the theatrical laws of the French. I do not share in the admiration which the German critics profess for the romantic theatre of Spain; while, on the other hand, I am not inclined to despise a branch of literature to which we owe the great Corneille. As it is my object rather to enable the reader to judge for himself, than to offer my own opinions, I shall present such extracts from Cervantes, from Lope de Vega, and from Calderon, as will afford some idea of their respective merits and defects.

The fragment of Cervantes, which we have just translated, represents the Spanish drama as still in a state of uncultivated barbarism, even after the middle of the sixteenth century. If we compare these pastoral dialogues, diversified with indecent interludes, with the comedies of Ariosto and Machiavelli, or with the tragedies of Trissino and Rucellai, it must be acknowledged that the Italians were at least half a century before the Spaniards in all the mechanical parts of the dramatic art. In Italy, indeed, it must be remembered that men of the highest genius, seconded by the munificence of their princes, attempted to revive the dramatic representations of the ancients; whilst, in Spain, mountebanks and pretenders composed and recited their own dramas, frequently without committing them to writing, and without any other object than that of amusing the populace, and rendering the representation a source of

profit to themselves. Cervantes himself could not accurately tell whether he had written twenty or thirty comedies. Those published by him in his old age are not the same which were represented on the stage, which, with the exception of two, have been lost. This very dissimilar origin has impressed an indelible charaeter on the drama of the two countries. The Italian dramatists wrote to please the learned ; the Spanish, to please the people. The former, influenced by an imitation of the ancients, while they possessed more method, refinement, and taste, manifested something of a pedantic spirit, and servilely adopted the rules of composition by whieh the ancients were governed. The latter, on the contrary, recognized no rule but that of conforming themselves to the spirit of the nation and to the taste of the populace. Their dramas, therefore, exhibited more vigour and more nature, and were more in harmony with the spirit of the people for whom they were composed, than the productions of the Italian dramatists. By their absolute neglect, however, of the ancients, these writers deprived themselves of all the advantages of experience, and the dramatic art amongst them was, consequently, as inferior to that of the Greeks, as the population of Madrid and Seville, from whom the laws of the drama emanated, were inferior in point of intelligence, taste, and polish, to the people of Athens, where every citizen received some degree of education.

The conclusion of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth century was a very learned epoch. The Spanish scholars of this period, becoming disciples of the classical authors, upheld with as much fervour as La Harpe and Marmontel, amongst the French, the poetical system of Aristotle and the rules of the three unities. The dramatic writers, while they recognized the authority of these rules, neglected to act upon them, for they were compelled to follow the taste of the public. None of them were acquainted with the nature of the independence which they possessed, or of that system of romantic poetry which has been only in our own days developed by the Germans. On the contrary, the Spanish dramatists confessed in a curious manner the superiority of the laws which they neglected. Lope de Vega, in some verses addressed to the Academy of Poetry at Madrid, exculpates himself from this charge in the following manner :

I write a play! Then, ere I pen a line,
Under six locks and keys let me confine
All rules of art—Next, Plautus! 'tis thy doom,
And, Terence, thine, to quit forthwith the room,
Lest ye upbraid me.—Books can speak, though dumb,
And tell unwelcome truths. By other laws
I write, laid down by those who seek applause
From vulgar mouths; what then? the vulgar pay;
They love a fool—and let them have their way.*

Cervantes in the first part of his Don Quixote (ch. xlviii.) introduces a canon of Toledo, who, after blaming the Spaniards with some asperity for having perpetually violated the laws of the dramatic art, regrets that the government has not established a censor for the drama, who might have power to prevent the representation of pieces, not only when they are injurious to morals, but likewise when they offend against the laws of classical poetry. The censor would be sufficiently ridiculous who should maintain upon the stage the three unities of Aristotle; and those authors have a strange idea of authority who imagine that a censor must possess a more just and correct taste than the public, and that a king can bestow upon his favourite the power of discriminating between the good and the bad in literature, while the academies of the learned, and the assemblies of the ignorant, have not yet been able to agree on the subject of abstract beauty and excellence.

If the magistrate thus proposed by Cervantes had beeu instituted, and had he been, though it be a most improbable supposition, inaccessible to intrigue, to favour, and to prejudice, he would in all probability have forbidden the representation of the dramas of Cervantes, since they are by no means constructed upon those classical rules, the neglect of which the poet so deeply regrets. The tragedy of *Numantia* and

* Lope de Vega, *Arte nuevo de hacer Comedias en este tiempo:*

Y quando hé de escribir una comedia
Encierro los perceptos con seis llaves;
Saco a Terencio y Plauto de mi estudio,
Para que no me den voces, que suele
Dar gridos la verdad an libros mudos;
Y escribo por el arte que inventaron
Los que el vulgar aplauso pretendieron:
Por que como las paga el vulgo, es justo
Hablarle en necio, para darle gusto.

the comedy of *Life in Algiers*, which we are about to analyse, are the only two which have been preserved out of twenty or thirty dramas, written in 1582, soon after the author's release from captivity. Those which he published in 1615 were never represented, and therefore merit less attention; though it is from the preface to the latter that we have drawn the history of the dramatic art already presented to the reader. When Cervantes speaks of this work of his old age, his simplicity and gaiety have in them something touching, for it is evident that he was suffering an inward mortification, more severe in proportion as his poverty rendered success desirable to him.

"Some years since," says he, "I returned to the ancient occupation of my leisure hours; and imagining that the age had not passed away in which I used to hear the sound of praise, I again began to write comedies. The birds, however, had flown from their nest. I could find no manager to ask for my plays, though they knew that I had written them. I threw them, therefore, into the corner of a trunk, and condemned them to eternal obscurity. A bookseller then told me, that he would have bought them from me had he not been told by a celebrated author that much dependence might be placed upon my prose, but none upon my poetry. To say the truth, this information mortified me much. I said to myself: Certainly, I am either changed, or the world, contrary to its custom, has become much wiser, for in past time I used to meet with praise. I read my comedies anew, together with some interludes which I had placed with them. I found that they were not so bad but that they might pass from what this author called darkness into what others may perhaps term noon-day. I was angry, and sold them to the bookseller who has now printed them. They have paid me tolerably, and I have pocketed my money with pleasure, and without troubling myself about the opinions of the actors. I was willing to make them as excellent as I could; and if, dear reader, thou findest any thing good in them, I pray thee, when thou meetest any other calumniator, to tell him to amend his manners, and not to judge so severely, since, after all, the plays contain not any incongruities or striking faults."

I must beg the same kind indulgence towards the dramas

of Cervantes, which the author himself entreated from his readers. In order to be just towards him we must commence by rejecting all our theatrical prepossessions ; remembering that he wrote before any of those authors whom we regard as the legislators of the drama, upon a different system, and with another object in view. Let us consider his dramas as a series of pictures, all connected by the chain of historical interest, though varying in subject. In some he has endeavoured to excite the noblest sentiments of the heart : in his *Numantia*, patriotism ; in his *Life in Algiers*, zeal for the redemption of captives. Such are the only unities for which we must seek in his dramas. Let us abandon ourselves to his eloquence, without endeavouring to resist the feelings of terror or of pity which he seeks to awake ; and let us forget, if it be in our power, those rules which our own dramatists obey, but which to him are entirely inapplicable. When we analyse even the models of antiquity, we do not apply to all of them rules equally severe. We do not forget that Æschylus, like Cervantes, was in the van of his art. Perhaps, if we compared the Numantia with the Persians, or with the Prometheus, many points of resemblance between these two celebrated authors would strike us. We should probably find, that, in the grandeur of the incidents, in the depth of feeling, in the nature and language of the allegorical personages introduced upon the stage, and lastly in the patriotic sentiments of the compositions, the oldest of the Spanish dramatists has approached nearer to the most ancient of the Greek tragedians, than any voluntary imitation could have accomplished.

There is a strong feeling of patriotism manifested by Cervantes in his Numantia. He has taken as the subject of his tragedy, the destruction of a city which valiantly opposed the Romans, and whose inhabitants, rather than surrender themselves to the enemy, preferred perishing beneath the ruins of their homes, slaughtering one another, and precipitating themselves into the flames. This terrible subject is not one which would be considered, at the present day, as suitable to the purposes of the drama. It is too extensive, too public, too little adapted to the display of individual passions, and of those motives which operate upon persons and not upon nations. A certain degree of admiration, however, cannot be

refused to this poetical attempt of Cervantes, which seems like an expiatory sacrifice offered up to the manes of a great city.

The tragedy opens with a dialogue between Scipio and Jugurtha. This scene, like the greatest part of the drama, is written in octave stanzas of the heroic Italian verse. In a few scenes only, in which the dialogue is more lively, is the Spanish *Redondilha* of four trochees, rhymed in quatrains, employed. Cervantes has never made use of the assonants, which by later writers were almost constantly adopted for the dialogues.

Scipio declares to Jugurtha the repugnance which he feels to continue a war, which has already cost the Roman people so much blood, and in which he has at the same time to contend against the obstinate valour of the enemy, and the want of discipline which his own army betrays. He then gives orders for all the troops to be assembled, that by haranguing them he may recall them to a sense of their duty. The novelty of these dramatic representations is curiously manifested in the stage directions, which Cervantes has added to his dramas. Thus, in one scene it is said ; "Here enter as many soldiers as the stage will hold, and Caius Marius with them : they must be armed in the ancient fashion, without musquets. Scipio, ascending a little rock upon the stage, gazes on the soldiery before he addresses them." The speech of Scipio is too long to be given entire, and indeed too long for representation. It is, however, full of elevated feeling and of martial eloquence. He thus commences :

Well, by your pride of feature, noble friends,
And splendour of your martial decorations,
I recognize in you the sons of Rome,
Yea, brave and valiant sons ! But, by your hands,
Fair and effeminate, by the glossy shew
Of your smooth faces, rather should I deem you
Of Britain born, or Belgium. You yourselves,
By your neglect, your reckless disregard
Of all your duties, you yourselves have raised
Your foe, already vanquish'd, from the ground,
And wrong'd at once your valour and your fame.
Behold these walls, that yet unshaken stand
Firm as the rocks on which they rest ! These walls
Bear shameful witness to your weak attempts,
That boast of nothing Roman but the name.
What ! when the whole world trembles and bows down

Before the name of Rome, will you alone
Betray her claims to empire, and eclipse
Her universal glory here in Spain?

Scipio then directs various reforms. He orders the women to be removed, and that nothing shall be introduced into the army which can be productive of luxury and effeminacy ; and he then expresses his confidence that, as soon as discipline is re-established within the camp, it will be an easy task to vanquish the handful of Spaniards who have shut themselves up within the walls of Numantia. Caius Marius answers in the name of the rest, and promises that the soldiers shall shew themselves true Romans, and submit cheerfully to the most rigorous discipline.

Two Numantian ambassadors now present themselves before the general and the army. They declare that it was to the severity, avarice, and injustice of the generals who had hitherto commanded in Spain, that the revolt of Numantia was owing ; that the arrival of Scipio, with whose virtues they are acquainted, and in whom they place the fullest confidence, had now induced them to sue as ardently for peace as they had before courageously sustained the war. Scipio, however, demands a higher satisfaction for the insults offered to the majesty of the Roman people. He refuses all overtures for peace, and dismisses the ambassadors with an exhortation to look well to their defence. He then informs his brother, that, instead of exposing his army in fresh engagements, and moistening the soil of Spain with Roman blood, he has determined to surround Numantia with a deep fosse, and to reduce the place by famine. He therefore orders the army to commence the circumvallations.

In the second scene (and between each scene some time is supposed to have elapsed,) Spain is introduced in the figure of a woman, crowned with towers, and bearing in her hand a castle, as a symbol of those castles from which are derived the name and arms of Castile. She invokes the mercy and favour of heaven, and complains bitterly of her state of perpetual bondage. She has seen her riches alternately the prey of the Phœnician and of the Greek ; and her most valiant sons divided amongst themselves, combating with one another, when they should have united their arms against the common enemy

Numantia only, careless of her blood,
Has dared to draw her shining sword, and strike
For that old liberty she long has cherish'd.
But now, oh grief! her time of doom is near
Her fatal hour approaches, and her life
Is waning to its close; but her bright fame
Shall still survive, and, like the Phœnix, burst
More glorious from her ashes.

The circumvallation being now accomplished, the Numantians have to contend against hunger, without any opportunity of engaging with the enemy. One side of the city is washed by the Douro, and the Spaniards therefore address themselves to that river, beseeching him to favour the people of Numantia, and to swell his waters, so as to prevent the Romans from erecting towers and machines on its banks. The Douro, followed by three tributary streams, advances upon the stage, and declares that he has made the greatest efforts to remove the Romans from the walls of Numantia, but in vain; that the fatal hour is arrived, and that the only consolation he has left is derived from Proteus, who has revealed to him the future glories reserved for the Spaniards, and the humiliations to which the Romans are destined. He predicts the victories of Attila and the conquests of the Goths, which are to renovate Spain; the title of "Most Catholic" which will be bestowed upon her kings; and lastly, the glory of Philip II. who will unite the territories of Portugal to the two kingdoms of Spain.

In the second act the Numantians are seen assembled in council. Theogenes enquires from his countrymen by what means they can escape from the cruel vengeance of their enemies, who, without daring to combat with them, have reduced them to perish by hunger. Corabino proposes that an offer shall be made to the Romans to decide the fate of the two nations by single combat, and that if this is refused, they should try the effect of a sortie through the fosse, and attempt to open a passage through the enemy. Others present support this proposition, and at the same time describe their despair, and the sufferings which they endure from famine. They likewise propose sacrifices to appease the gods, and auguries to ascertain their wishes.

The scenes in the dramas of Cervantes are as distinct as the acts. They seem intended in the Numantia to exhibit

the sentiments and ideas of a whole people, under the various aspects of public affairs. To accomplish this design we are sometimes introduced into the assemblies of the nobles; at others, simple citizens appear upon the stage, and occasionally allegorical personages come forward. The second scene of this act is between two Numantian soldiers, Morandro and Leoncio; the former, the lover of Lira, a young damsel of Numantia, was on the eve of marriage, when the nuptials were deferred on account of the war and the public misfortunes. Leoncio accuses him of forgetting, in his passion for his mistress, the dangers of his country. Morandro thus replies:

> Never did love teach lover cowardice:
> Have I e'er been a truant from my post
> To visit her I love? Have I e'er closed
> My eyes in slumber when my captain watch'd?
> Have I e'er fail'd when duty call'd on me,
> Because my heart was fill'd with her sweet image?
> If, then, these things be not objected to me,
> Why will you blame me for my passionate love?

The dialogue is interrupted by the arrival of the people and the priests, with the victim and the incense for the sacrifice to Jupiter. As the priests proceed in the sacrificial ceremonies, the most terrible presages present themselves. The torches will not light; the smoke curls towards the West, and the invocations are answered with thunder. It is curious to remark the expedients by which the author proposes to imitate thunder: "Here," says he, "a noise must be made by rolling a barrel full of stones, and fire-works must be let off." In the air, eagles are seen pouncing upon vultures, and tearing them in their talons. At last the victim is carried away by an infernal spirit, at the moment when it is about to be slain.

Marquino, a magician, then endeavours in his turn to discover the will of heaven by enchantment. He approaches a tomb where, three hours previously, a young Numantian had been buried who had died of hunger, and he invokes his spirit from the infernal regions. His address to the spirits of darkness is singularly poetical. He speaks in that commanding style, and at the same time with that contempt and anger, with which the poets have gifted those magicians who have not allowed themselves to become the slaves of Lucifer

The tomb opens; the dead rises, but moves not. Marquino by fresh enchantment bestows animation, and compels the body to speak. The corpse announces that Numantia will neither be the conquered, nor the conqueror; but that her citizens shall destroy one another. The corpse then sinks again into the tomb, and Marquino in despair stabs himself, and falls into the same grave.

The third act again leads us into the Roman camp. Scipio congratulates himself on having reduced Numantia to the last extremity, without finding it necessary to expose his soldiers. In the mean time a solitary trumpet is heard from within the walls. Corabino then appears with a white flag in his hand. He proposes to terminate the quarrel by single combat, on condition that if the Numantian champion is vanquished, the gates of the city shall be opened; if, on the contrary, the Roman combatant is overcome, that the siege shall be raised. At the same time he flatters the Romans, by assuring them that from the valour of their champions, they may count upon a victory. Scipio rejects with ridicule a proposal which would place him on equal terms with the enemy, at a time when he is assured of the conquest.

Corabino, left alone on the walls, overwhelms the Romans with vituperation. They, however, hear him not, and he retires. The next scene represents the interior of Numantia. The council of war is assembled, and Theogenes having given an account of the failure of the sacrifices, of the enchantments, and of the challenge, proposes again to make a sally. The warriors dread the opposition of their wives, whom they will be compelled to abandon. The women, informed of the proposed sortie, crowd around the council-chamber with their infants in their arms, and each, in eloquent language, demands to share the fortunes of her husband:

> What is it that you wish, brave warriors?
> Have, then, your sorrowful fancies work'd on you
> To fly us and forsake us? Do ye think
> To leave the virgins of Numantia
> A spoil to arrogant Romans, and your sons,
> Your free-born sons, in bondage to the foe?
> Were it not better that your own right hand
> At once should take the life which ye have given?
> Would you, then, feed the Roman avarice?
> Would you, then, suffer them in unjust pride

To triumph o'er us, while with foreign hands
They pillage all our mansions?
* * * *
If you are well resolved to attempt the sortie,
Then take us with you. It will be life to us
To perish by your sides. Nor will ye thus
Shorten our way to death, for famine ever
Threatens to cut the thread of life in twain.*

Another woman then presents her children to the senators of Numantia, and thus speaks:

Oh, children of most desolate mothers, why,
Why speak ye not, and why with moving tears
Do ye not supplicate your cruel sires
Not to desert you? Doth it not suffice
That terrible famine should oppress your lives,
But must you also prove the bitterness
Of Roman rigour? Tell them that ye were
Begotten free, free born, and that your mothers,
Your wretched mothers, nurs'd you still in freedom:
And tell them, if our fate so adverse is,
They who have given you life should take it back.
O walls! if ye can speak, exclaim aloud,
A thousand times repeat, "Numantians!
Numantians! Liberty!"

After several of the women have spoken, Theogenes answers their complaints with great tenderness. He swears that they shall not be abandoned by their husbands, but that living or dying they shall still be protected. Lastly, he endeavours to persuade the Numantians to adopt a still more desperate course, and not to leave within the walls of Numantia a single relic of their persons or their property to adorn the triumphs of the enemy. He proposes that in the middle of the great square of the city a pile should be raised, upon which the citizens should themselves cast all their riches, and that to mitigate for a few hours at least the hunger which consumes them, the Roman prisoners should be slain, and eaten by the soldiery. The people immediately adopt this frightful resolution, and separate in order to put it into execution. Morandro and Lira remain alone upon the stage, and a terrific scene of love, struggling with famine, succeeds. Lira, to the passionate exclamations of her lover, only answers that her brother had died of hunger on the preceding day, that

* La Numancia, Tragedia, (con y el Viage al Parnaso,) Madrid, 1784.

on that very day her mother had perished, and that she herself is on the verge of death. Morandro determines to penetrate into the Roman camp in search of food to prolong the life of his mistress. Leoncio, his friend, notwithstanding his remonstrances, resolves to accompany him, and the two friends wait till the obscurity of night shall afford them an opportunity to make their attempt.

Two citizens now announce that the pile is lighted, and that the inhabitants are eagerly heaping upon it all the remains of their property. Men, loaded with burthens of rich and precious articles, are seen passing over the stage towards the pile. One of the Numantians then declares that as soon as their riches are consumed, the women, the children, and the old men, will be all massacred by the soldiery, to save them from the conquerors. A Numantian mother is then introduced, leading by the hand her little son, who bears a valuable packet. She holds an infant at her breast:

MOTHER. Oh life, most cruel and most hard to bear!
Oh agony, most deep and terrible!
BOY. Mother! will no one give me a little morsel
Of bread, for all these riches?
MOTHER. No, my son!
No bread, nor aught to nourish thee, my child.
BOY. Must I then die of hunger? mother, mother,
I ask one morsel only, nothing more.
MOTHER. My child, what pain thou giv'st me!
BOY. Do *you* not
Wish for it, then?
MOTHER. I wish for it, but know not
Where I may seek it.
BOY. Why not buy it, mother?
If not, I'll buy it for myself, and give
To the first man I meet, even all these riches—
Ay, for one single morsel of dry bread,
My hunger pains me so.
MOTHER (*to her infant*). And thou, poor creature,
Why cling'st thou to my breast? dost thou not know
That in my aching breast despair has changed
The milky stream to blood? Tear off my flesh,
And so content thine hunger, for my arms
Are weak, and can no longer clasp thee to me.
Son of my soul, with what can I sustain thee?
Even of my wasted flesh, there scarce remains
Enough to satisfy thy craving hunger.
Oh hunger, hunger! terrible and fierce,
With what most cruel pangs thou tak'st my life;

Oh war, what death dost thou prepare for me!
Boy. My mother! let us hasten to the place
We seek, for walking seems to make me worse.
Mother. My child, the house is near us, where at length
Upon the burning pile thou may'st lay down
The burthen that thou bearest.

I almost repent of having introduced this terrible scene, so full of cruel sufferings. It is the prison of Ugolino rendered ten times more horrible. The calamity being extended over a whole city, famine contends with the most tender, as well as the most passionate, feelings. It is because sufferings like these have really existed, because the very name of war recalls them to our minds, that such scenes ought not to be represented. The misfortunes of Œdipus have passed away; the feast of Thyestes will never again be celebrated; but who can say that in some city exposed to the horrors of a siege, a nameless mother may not, like the Numantian matron, be nourishing her infant with blood instead of milk, struggling against the excess of suffering which human nature was not formed to support? If, indeed, we could succour or save her, it would be weakness to fear the shock which so frightful a picture produces; but if eloquence and poetry are employed without object to give effect to such descriptions, how can we experience any pleasure in emotions which border upon so terrible a reality?

At the commencement of the fourth act the alarm is sounded in the Roman camp, and Scipio demands the cause of the tumult. He learns that two Numantians have broken through the barriers, and, after killing several soldiers, have carried off some biscuit from a tent; that one of them again passed the wall, and gained the city, but that the other had been slain. In the following scene we find Morandro again entering Numantia, wounded and bleeding. He is weeping over his friend's fate, and the bread which he is carrying to Lira, is moistened with his tears. He lays before her this last offering of affection, and expires at her feet. Lira refuses to touch the sustenance which has been so dearly bought; while her little brother seeks refuge in her arms, and dies in convulsions. A soldier now appears upon the stage pursuing a woman whom he is endeavouring to kill, for an order has been issued by the senate of Numantia, that all

the women should be put to the sword. He, however, refuses to slay Lira, and bears away with him to the funeral pile the two bodies which lay before her.

War, Famine, and Sickness now appear, and dispute for the ruins of Numantia. Their description of the calamities which the city has suffered, is cold, when compared with the preceding frightful scenes. Theogenes then passes over the stage with his wife, his two sons, and his daughter, conducting them to the pile, where they are to die. He informs them that they are to perish by his own hand, and his children submit to their fate. Two youths, Viriatus and Servius, flying before the soldiers, cross the stage; the first endeavours to reach a tower which will afford him a refuge, but the latter, being overcome by famine, can proceed no farther. Theogenes, who has despatched his wife and children, returns and beseeches a citizen to put him to death; the two, however, determine to fight near the pile, upon which the survivor is to cast himself. The Romans perceiving the stillness which reigns in Numantia, Caius Marius mounts upon the wall by a ladder; and is shocked to see the city one lake of blood, and the streets all filled with the dead. Scipio fears that this universal massacre will deprive him of all the honour of a triumph. If a single Numantian captive could be found alive to be chained to his car, that honour would be his; but Caius Marius and Jugurtha, who have traversed all the streets, have met with nothing but gore and corpses. At last, however, they discover Viriatus, the young man who has taken refuge at the top of a tower. Scipio addresses him, and invites him, with kind words and promises, to deliver himself up. Viriatus rejects these offers with indignation. He is unwilling to survive his country; and after heaping curses upon the Romans, he precipitates himself from the tower, and falls lifeless at the feet of Scipio. Renown, with a trumpet in her hand, terminates the tragedy by promising eternal glory to the Numantians.

The *Numantia* was acted several times in the earlier part of the life of Cervantes, whilst the nation was still warm with the enthusiasm which the victories of Charles V. had produced; and whilst the reverses which they began to experience under Philip II. made them doubly resolute not to stain their ancient glories. We may imagine the effect which

the Numantia must have produced if it was represented in Saragossa, as it has been asserted, during the siege of that city; we may conceive how deeply the Spaniards must have felt the sentiments of national glory and independence which breathe throughout the drama, and with what animation they must have prepared for new dangers and new sacrifices. We thus see that the theatre, which we have denominated barbarous, did in fact approach much nearer than our own, to that of the Greeks, in the energetic influence which it exerted over the people, and in the empire with which the poet ruled his audience. We cannot, at the same time, avoid being struck in the Numantia with the ferocity which reigns throughout the whole drama. The resolution of the Numantians, the details of their situation, the progress of the plot, and the catastrophe, are all terrific. The tragedy does not draw tears, but the shuddering horror which it induces becomes almost a punishment to the spectator. It is one symptom of the change which Philip II. and the *autos da fé* had wrought in the character of the Castilians; and we shall soon have occasion to notice others. When the soldiers of fanaticism had acquired these ferocious qualities, literature itself did not wholly escape the infection.

There is still another drama by Cervantes, *Life in Algiers: El Trato de Argel:* which has been called a comedy; but neither that title, nor the name of Cervantes, must lead us to expect in this piece the same humour which reigns throughout Don Quixote. To the gloomy picture which is represented in this drama, no relief is afforded either by liveliness of plot, or by amusing delineation of character Cervantes did, indeed, in his interludes condescend to excite laughter; but the object both of his comedies and of his tragedies was to awaken terror and pity. All his compositions were adapted to excite popular feeling on the topics of politics or religion; to strengthen the pride, the independence, or the fanaticism of the Spaniards. His dramas were distinguished into tragedies and comedies according to the rank of the characters and the dignity of the action, and not from any reference to the liveliness or the gravity of their subjects.

Cervantes, as we have already stated, had been detained

for five years and a half a captive at Algiers, and his own sufferings and those of his companions had made a deep impression upon him. He returned to Spain with feelings of violent hatred against the Moors, and with an ardent desire to contribute towards the redemption of those prisoners who had fallen into the hands of the Musulmans. His comedy of *Life in Algiers;* another drama which he published towards the close of his life, entitled, *Los Baños de Argel;** his tale of the Captive in Don Quixote, and that of the Generous Lover, were not mere literary works, but charitable endeavours to serve his brother captives, and to excite public opinion in their favour. His object was to rouse the nation and the king himself against the Musulmans, and to preach a kind of crusade for the deliverance of all Christian captives.

To accomplish this end he proposed merely to give to the public a sketch of the life of the captives in Algiers, and a description of the interior of their habitations. He therefore employed no dramatic action, no plot, and no catastrophe; nor did he pay the least regard to the laws of the unities. He only collected into one point of view the various sufferings, pains, and humiliations which were consequent upon slavery amongst the Moors. The truth of the picture, the proximity of the scene, and the immediate interest of the spectators, supplied the want of art, which is visible in this drama, and exerted, it may easily be believed, a more powerful influence over the audience.

Life in Algiers contains various adventures, unconnected with one another, except in the community of suffering. The principal characters are Aurelio and Sylvia, an affectionate pair who are exposed to the solicitations of their mistress and master. The religion and conjugal fidelity of Aurelio having induced him to repress all the advances of his mistress, Zara, he is at last tempted with enchantments; but the demons soon perceive that they have no power over a Christian. He is then exposed to the seductive influence of Occasion and Necessity, who are personified by the dramatist, and who make various suggestions to the captive, which he

* El Trato de Argel, Comedia, (*pub. con el Viage al Parnaso.*) 8vo. Madrid, 1784.

at last succeeds in expelling from his mind. At the conclusion of the piece, both Aurelio and Sylvia are sent home by the Dey on the promise of a large ransom.

Another captive of the name of Sebastian relates, with extreme indignation, a spectacle of which he had been a witness; the reprisals exercised upon the Christians by the Musulmans. The conduct of the Moors, however, at which the captive expresses such horror, appears only to have been a just retaliation. A Moor, who had been forced to submit to the ceremony of baptism at Valencia, being afterwards exiled with his countrymen, had taken up arms against the Christians. Being made prisoner in an engagement, he was recognized as having been baptized, and was delivered over to the Inquisition, who condemned him to be burnt as a relapsed infidel. His relations and friends, eager to avenge him, bought a Valencian captive of the same class of Inquisitors, from amongst whom his judges had been appointed, and inflicted upon their captive a similar death. If the rigour of such reprisals could have suspended the frightful proceedings of the Inquisition, this attempt to terrify the Spaniards with the consequences of their own barbarity would have been grounded upon good reason. The retaliation in this case did not inflict the punishment of the guilty upon the innocent, for every Inquisitor was bound to participate in the same crime. The anecdote is founded on fact, and the Inquisitor burnt by the Algerines was the monk Miguel de Aranda.

One of the most affecting scenes in the drama is the Slave-market. The public crier offers to sale a father and mother and their two children, who are to be sold in separate lots. The resignation of the father, who in this dreadful calamity does not forget to confide in the goodness of God, the tears of the mother, and the childish conviction of the younger captives, that no power upon earth can dispose of them contrary to the will of their parents, altogether form a frightful picture, the truth of which is the more impressive from the circumstance that the characters are anonymous, and that in the present age such scenes may happen daily at Algiers or in our colonies. The merchant who is about to buy one of the children makes him open his mouth, in order that he may see whether he is in good health. The unhappy child,

unconscious that it is possible for him to suffer greater griefs than those which he has already experienced, imagines that the merchant is going to extract a decayed tooth, and assuring him that it does not ache, begs him not to pull it out. These little incidents more forcibly describe the horrors of slavery than the most laboured eloquence could do. In the child is exhibited a touching ignorance of the destiny which awaits him; in the merchant a cold and calculating interest contrasted with a sensibility which he beholds without any emotion. We suffer in common with the whole human race, which we here see degraded to the condition of the brutes. The merchant, who is in other respects a worthy man, after giving 130 piastres for the youngest of the children, thus addresses him:

MERCHANT. Come hither, child, 'tis time to go to rest.
JUAN. Signor, I will not leave my mother here,
To go with any one.
MOTHER. Alas! my child, thou art no longer mine,
But his who bought thee.
JUAN. What! then, have you, mother,
Forsaken me?
MOTHER. O Heavens! how cruel are ye!
MERCHANT. Come, hasten, boy.
JUAN. Will you go with me, brother?
FRANCISCO. I cannot, Juan, 'tis not in my power,—
May Heaven protect you, Juan!
MOTHER. Oh, my child,
My joy and my delight, God won't forget thee!
JUAN. O father! mother! whither will they bear me
Away from you?
MOTHER. Permit me, worthy Signor,
To speak a moment in my infant's ear.
Grant me this small contentment; very soon
I shall know nought but grief.
MERCHANT. What you would say,
Say now; to-night is the last time.
MOTHER. To-night
Is the first time my heart e'er felt such grief.
JUAN. Pray keep me with you, mother, for I know not
Whither he'd carry me.
MOTHER. Alas, poor child!
Fortune forsook thee even at thy birth;
The heavens are overcast, the elements
Are turbid, and the very sea and winds
Are all combin'd against me. Thou, my child,
Know'st not the dark misfortunes into which
Thou art so early plung'd, but happily

Lackest the power to comprehend thy fate.
What I would crave of thee, my life, since I
Must never more be bless'd with seeing thee,
Is that thou never, never wilt forget
To say, as thou wert wont, thy *Ave Mary;*
For that bright queen of goodness, grace and virtue,
Can loosen all thy bonds and give thee freedom.

AYDAR. Behold the wicked Christian, how she counsels
Her innocent child. You wish, then, that your child
Should, like yourself, continue still in error.

JUAN. O mother, mother, may I not remain?
And must these Moors then carry me away?

MOTHER. With thee, my child, they rob me of my treasures.

JUAN. Oh I am much afraid!

MOTHER. 'Tis I, my child,
Who ought to fear at seeing thee depart.
Thou wilt forget thy God, me, and thyself,
What else can I expect from thee, abandon'd
At such a tender age, amongst a people
Full of deceit and all iniquity?

CRIER. Silence, you villainous woman, if you would not
Have your head pay for what your tongue has done.

In the fifth act Juan is introduced as a renegade. He has been seduced by the dainties and rich clothing which his master has given him. He is proud of his turban, and disdains the other captives, saying, that it is a sin in a Musulman to remain in conversation with Christians. Cervantes has inserted a scene between Juan and his mother, who is in despair at his apostasy. The mother, however, does not again appear; her grief must have been too poignant for representation.

The escape of Pedro Alvarez, one of the captives, who being unable any longer to bear the horrors of slavery, resolves to cross the desert, and endeavour to reach Oran by following the line of the coast, forms another independent plot. He prepares ten pounds of biscuit, made of eggs, flour and honey; and with this stock of provisions and three pair of shoes he enters upon a journey of sixty leagues, through an unknown country, and over a burning desert infested with wild beasts.

In one scene the captive is introduced consulting with Saavedra, under which name, in all probability, the dramatist intended to represent himself. In another, we find him in the midst of the desert, where he is wandering after having lost his way; his provisions are exhausted, his clothes are in tatters, his shoes are worn out, and he is tormented with

hunger, and reduced to such an extreme of weakness, that he can with difficulty walk. In this state of distress he invokes the Virgin of Montserrat, and presently a lion appearing crouches down at his feet. The captive finds his strength restored; the lion becomes his guide; he recommences his journey, and when he appears upon the stage the third time, he has nearly arrived at Oran.

Towards the conclusion of the fifth act the arrival of a monk of the order of the Trinity is announced, bearing with him a sum of money for the redemption of the captives. The prisoners throw themselves on their knees in prayer, and the curtain falls, leaving the spectators to conclude that they are all redeemed.

Such are the two dramas which alone remain, of the twenty or thirty which were composed by Cervantes in his youth. They are curious specimens of the character which that great genius gave to the national drama of Spain, at a period when it was in his power to model it according to his will. The theatre of the ancients was not unknown to Cervantes, for, in addition to the opportunities he had enjoyed of becoming acquainted with it in the learned languages, he was very familiar with the Italian, and consequently with the efforts which had been made at the court of Leo X. to revive the scenic representations of Greece and Rome. In Spain, indeed, during the reign of Charles V. Perez de Oliva had translated the Electra of Sophocles, and the Hecuba of Euripides; Terence also had been rendered into Spanish by Pedro Simon de Abril, and Plautus had appeared in a Castilian dress. Cervantes, however, thought that the moderns ought to possess a drama, which should represent their own manners, opinions, and character, and not those of antiquity. He formed, indeed, his idea of tragedy upon the models of the ancients; but that which he beheld was not what we discover in their dramas. The dramatic art appeared to him to be the art of transporting the audience into the midst of events calculated, from their political or religious interest, to make the most profound impression upon the mind; tragedy, the art of making the spectators sharers in the most brilliant historical incidents; and comedy, of introducing them into the houses of individuals, and of laying bare their vices or their virtues. He attached little importance to that which has become a matter

of such consequence in our eyes, the space of time which is supposed to elapse between each scene, and the power of transferring the actors from place to place. He paid the greatest attention, on the contrary, to that which we have considered as a defect in the ancient drama, the poetical and religious, or lyrical portion, which amongst the Greeks was the province of the chorus, and which Cervantes wished to reproduce by the aid of allegorical personages.

The ancients, who made religious spectacles of their tragedies, always aimed at representing the course of Providence, or Fate, as linked with human actions. The choruses, which during the progress of the drama, shock our ideas of propriety, appeared to them to be necessary for the purpose of interpreting the will of the Divinity, of recalling the thoughts from terrestrial to higher objects, and of re-establishing the tranquillity of the soul by the delights of lyrical poetry, after the passionate excitement of theatrical eloquence. Such likewise was the end which Cervantes proposed to himself, in the creation of his allegorical personages. He did not allow them to mingle in the action like supernatural beings, nor did he make any of the incidents depend upon their agency. Indeed, like the choruses of the ancients, they might be rejected from his dramas altogether without any void being perceived. His aim was to give us an idea, through their means, of the corresponding progress of the universe, and of the designs of Providence. He wished to enable us to behold in his dramas the things invisible, as though they were material. He wished to transport his drama from the real world into the realm of poetry; and he endeavoured to accomplish this object by the assistance of the most elevated language, which he could put into the mouths of these unearthly beings, by the magic of lyrical poetry, and by the employment of the boldest figures. These objects, which are altogether excluded from our drama, but which were much considered by the ancients, have been but imperfectly attained by Cervantes. Perhaps he did not possess in a high degree the lyrical talent. If there are any sublime passages in his plays, they are to be found in the dialogues, and not in the rhapsodies of his allegorical characters. Moreover, the introduction of allegorical personages upon the stage appears to be directly contrary to the essence of the drama, which, as it appeals as well to the eye as to the ear,

ought not to admit of objects which never can have a visible existence. When Famine or Sickness appears in the Numantia, and Occasion or Necessity in the Life in Algiers, the action of the drama is arrested. These metaphysical abstractions destroy at once the illusion, the vivacity, and the interest of the drama, and the attention is confused by these varying appeals to the intellect and to the senses.

In the Numantia Cervantes has scrupulously observed the unity of action, the unity of interest, and the unity of passion. No episode is mingled with the terrible plot. The whole people are animated with one idea, and partake of the same suffering. Individual wretchedness is swallowed up in the general calamity, which it only serves to render more striking. The story of Morandro and Lira presents us with a picture of what every lover in Numantia must have suffered; and instead of detracting from the interest, serves to concentrate it. There are no traces either in this play, or in the Life in Algiers, of that insipid spirit of gallantry which has infested the French theatre from its birth, and which has been erroneously attributed to the Spanish. In Cervantes, and generally in the Spanish dramas, we never see a hero in love, but when he ought to be so; and their language, figurative and hyperbolical as it is, according to the bad taste of the nation, is still passionate and not gallant. The unity which was so rigorously observed in the Numantia, was completely abandoned by Cervantes in his Life in Algiers. It is strange that he did not perceive that it is that quality alone which is the basis of harmony; which preserves the relation of the various parts; which distinguishes the productions of genius from real life, and the dialogue of the drama from the conversations of society. Life in Algiers is consequently a tiresome play, and loses its interest as we advance in it, notwithstanding it possesses some beautiful scenes.

Hitherto we have only animadverted upon the errors of the art; in other points of view, we may perceive that it was in its infancy. Thus Cervantes has formed a false idea of the patience of his audience. Supposing that a fine speech must produce the same effect upon the stage as before an academical assembly, he has frequently made his characters trespass beyond every boundary, both of natural dialogue and of the reader's patience. He who in his narrative style was so ex-

cellent, who in his romances and novels so completely possessed the art of exciting and of sustaining interest, of saying precisely what was proper and stopping exactly where he should, yet knew not how much the public would be willing to hear from the mouth of an actor. Many of the Spanish dramatists appear to have been equally ignorant upon this point.

The two dramas of Cervantes occupy an insulated station in the literature of Spain. We discover not after him any instance of that terrible majesty which reigns throughout the Numantia, of that simplicity of action, that natural dialogue, and that truth of sentiment. Lope de Vega introduced new plays upon the stage, and the public, captivated by the pleasure of pursuing an intrigue through its thousand windings, became disgusted with the representation of powerful and deep emotions, which produced not the effect of surprise. Cervantes himself gave way to the national taste, without satisfying it, in the eight plays which he published in his declining years; and the Castilian Æschylus may be said to have left us only one real specimen of his dramatic genius.

CHAPTER XXIX.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES OF CERVANTES; THE ARAUCANA OF DON ALONZO DE ERCILLA.

Cervantes was eminently gifted with the narrative talent, a quality which seems to be intimately connected with dramatic powers, since, in order to possess it, an author must be capable of understanding and adhering to the unity of his narrative. That unity is the central point to which all the other portions of the work have reference, and upon which they all depend. The episodes are thus connected with the main action, and never fatigue the mind; the plot excites the attention; and the catastrophe clears away all the mysteries at once. It is moreover requisite, as in the dramatic art, to be capable of giving the colours of truth and nature to every object, and the appearance of completeness and probability to every character; to bring events before the reader by words, as the dramatist does by action; to say exactly what ought to be said, and nothing farther. It is in fact this talent that has conferred upon Cervantes his immortality. His most

celebrated works are those romances in which the richness of his invention is relieved by the charms of his style, and by his happy art of arrranging the incidents and bringing them before the eye of the reader. We have already spoken of Don Quixote, which merited a separate examination, and we must content ourselves with bestowing less time on the pastoral romance of *Galatea*, on that of *Persiles and Sigismunda*, and on the collection of little tales which Cervantes has called his *Exemplary Novels*. In giving an idea of the literature of a country, it seems proper to detail all the works of celebrated authors, and to pass rapidly over those who have not attained the first rank. By studying the former, we are enabled to observe not only the intellectual progress of the nation, but likewise its peculiar taste and spirit, and frequently even the manners and history of the people. It is much more agreeable to contemplate the Castilians as they are painted in the works of Cervantes, than to attempt a picture of our own, which must necessarily be less faithful than the native delineation.

Cervantes had reached his sixty-fifth year when he published, under the name of Exemplary or Instructive Novels, twelve beautiful tales, which though they have been translated into French, are not generally known.* This species of composition was, before the time of Cervantes, unknown in modern literature; for he did not take Boccacio and the Italian Novelists as his models, any more than Marmontel has done in his *Contes Moraux*. These tales are, in fact, little romances, in which love is delicately introduced, and where the adventures serve as a vehicle for passionate sentiments.

The first novel is entitled, *La Gitanilla*, or *The Gipsy Girl*, and contains an interesting picture of that race of people, who were formerly spread over all Europe, though they nowhere submitted themselves to the laws of society About the middle of the fourteenth century this wandering race first appeared in Europe, and were by some considered to be a caste of Parias who had escaped from India, and were

[There is an English translation of the Exemplary Novels by Shelton, which was republished in 1742. A new translation has lately appeared in two vols. 12mo. London, 1822. The extract from *The Gipsy-Girl*, given in the text, has been transcribed from these volumes.—*Tr.*]

called indifferently Egyptians and Bohemians. From that period down to the present day they have continued to wander through the various countries of Europe, subsisting by petty thefts, by levying contributions on the superstitious, or by the share which they often took in festivals. They have now almost entirely disappeared from many of the nations of the continent. The rigorous police of France, Italy, and Germany, does not suffer the existence of a race of vagabonds who pay no regard to the rights of property and who despise the laws. There are still, however, numbers of these people to be found in England, where the legislature formerly sanctioned such cruel enactments against them that it was found impossible to put them into execution. Many, likewise, still exist in Russia, and some in Spain, where the mildness of the climate and the wild features of the country are highly favourable to that unconfined and wandering life, for which the Bohemians seem to have derived a taste from the eastern nations. The description of the community which they formed in the time of Cervantes is more curious from the circumstance of their numbers at that period being greater, and their liberty more complete, than at any subsequent time; while the superstition of the people afforded them a readier support. Their manners, their laws, and their characters, were consequently at that period developed with much more truth and simplicity.

The heroine of the first tale, who is called Preciosa, accompanied by three young girls of about fifteen years of age, like herself, frequents the streets of Madrid under the superintendence of an old woman, for the purpose of amusing the public in the coffee-houses and other public places, by dancing to the sound of the tambourine, which she sometimes accompanies by songs and verses occasionally of her own extemporaneous composition, or else obtained from poets who were employed by the gipsies. The noblemen used to invite them into their houses, that they might have the pleasure of seeing them dance, and the ladies in order to have their fortunes told them. Preciosa, who was modest and much respected, yet possessed that vivacity of mien and that gaiety and promptitude of repartee which so remarkably distinguished her race. Even in religious festivals she would appear and chaunt songs in honour of the saints and the Virgin. In all proba-

bility, this apparent devotion of the Bohemians, who never take any part in public worship, protected them in Spain, where they were called *Christianos Nuevos*, from the animadversion of the Inquisition. The delicacy and beauty of Preciosa gained the heart of a cavalier, not more distinguished by his fortune than by his figure; but she refused to accept his hand, unless he consented to pass a probation of two years by residing amongst the gipsies, and sharing their mode of life. The address of one of the oldest gipsies to the cavalier, who assumes the name of Andres, is remarkable for that purity and elegance of language and that eloquence of thought which are peculiar to Cervantes. The gipsy takes Preciosa by the hand, and presents her to Andres:

"We appropriate to you the companionship of this young girl, who is the flower and ornament of all the gipsies to be found throughout Spain. It is now virtuously placed within your own power to consider her either as your wife, or as your mistress. Examine her thoroughly, weigh maturely whether she is pleasing to you, find out whether she has any defect, and should you fancy that you are not calculated for each other, throw your eyes around upon all the other gipsy girls, and you shall have the object of your selection. But we warn you that when once you have made your choice, you cannot retract, and must be contented with your fate. No one dares to encroach upon his friend, and hence we are shielded from the torments of jealousy. Adultery is never committed amongst us; for if in any instance our wives or our mistresses are detected in infringing our laws, we inflict punishment with the utmost severity. You must also be apprised that we never have resort to courts of justice; we have our own jurisdiction, we execute judgment ourselves, we are both judges and executioners, and after regular condemnation, we get rid of the parties by burying them in the mountains and deserts, and no person whatsoever, not even their parents, can obtain information of them, or bring us to account for their deaths. It is the dread of this summary jurisdiction which preserves chastity within its natural bounds; and thence it is, as I have already stated, that we live in perfect tranquillity on this score, so dreadfully mischievous and annoying in other societies. There are few things which we possess, that we do not possess in common;

but wives and mistresses are a sacred exception. We command the whole universe, the fields, the fruits, the herbage, the forests, the mountains, the rivers, and the fountains, the stars and all the elements of nature. Early accustomed to hardship, we can scarcely be said to be sufferers; we sleep as soundly and as comfortably upon the ground as upon beds of down; and the parched skin of our bodies is to us equal to a coat of mail, impenetrable to the inclemencies of the weather. Insensible to grief, the most cruel torture does not afflict us, and under whatever form they make us encounter death, we do not shrink even to the change of colour. We have learned to despise death. We make no distinction between the affirmative and the negative, when we find it absolutely necessary to our purpose. We are often martyrs, but we never turn informers. We sing, though loaded with chains in the darkest dungeons, and our lips are hermetically sealed under all the severe inflictions of the rack. The great and undisguised object of our profession is 'furtively to seize the property of others, and appropriate it to our own use;' thereby invariably imitating the plausible but perfidious example of the generality of mankind under one mask or other, in which however we have no occasion to court witnesses to instruct us. In the day we employ ourselves in insignificant, amusing, trifling matters, but we devote the night and its accommodating darkness to the great object of our professional combination. The brilliancy of glory, the etiquette of honour, and the pride of ambition, form no obstacles to us as they do in other fraternities. Hence we are exempt from that base, cowardly, and infamous servitude, which degrades the illustrious unhappy voluntarily into slaves."

Such was the singular race of people who lived the life of the uncultivated savage, in the midst of society; who preserved manners, a language, and probably a religion of their own, maintaining their independence in Spain, England, and Russia, for nearly five hundred years. It may be supposed that the *Gipsy Girl* terminates like every other romance, the heroine of which is of low birth. Preciosa is discovered to be the daughter of a noble lady, and her real rank being discovered, she is married to her lover.

The second novel, which is entitled *The Liberal Lover*, contains the adventures of some Christians who have been

reduced to slavery by the Turks. Cervantes lived in the time of the famous corsairs Barbarossa and Dragut. The Ottoman and Barbary fleets then claimed the dominion of the Mediterranean, and had been long accustomed, in conjunction with the fleets of Henry II. and the French, annually to ravage the shores of Italy and Spain. No one could be assured of living in safety. The Moors, running the light vessels on shore, used to rush sword in hand into the gardens and houses which adjoined the sea, generally attending more closely to the seizing of captives, than to the acquisition of plunder, from a conviction that the wealthy individuals whom they thus carried into Barbary, and shut up in the slave-yards, or condemned to the hardest labour, would gladly purchase redemption from this horrid servitude even at the price of their whole fortune. In this state of terror, during the reigns of Charles V. and his successors, did the people live who dwelt upon the shores of the Mediterranean. Sicily and the kingdom of Naples, not being the residence of their sovereign, were more particularly exposed to the cruelties of the Barbary powers. They were, in fact, without a marine, without garrisons, without resources for defence ; in short, without any other than a vexatious viceregal government, which oppressed without protecting them. It was in their gardens, near Trapani, in Sicily, that the liberal lover and his mistress Leonisa were made captive. They meet each other again at Nicosa, in Cyprus, two years after the taking of that city, in 1571 ; and their adventures possess the double merit of powerful romantic interest and great fidelity of character and description. Cervantes, who had fought in the wars of Cyprus and in the Greek seas, and who during his captivity had become well acquainted with the Musulmans and with the condition of their Christian slaves, has given to his eastern tales a great appearance of historical truth. The imagination cannot feign a more cruel moral infliction than that to which a man of a cultivated mind is subjected, when he falls, together with all the objects of his fondest affection, into the hands of a barbarian master. The adventures, therefore, of Corsairs and their captives are all of them singularly romantic. At one period, the French, the Italians, and the Spanish, borrowed all their plots from this source. The public, however soon became fatigued with the same

unvarying fictions. Truth alone possesses the essence of variety ; and the imagination, unnourished by truth, is compelled to copy itself. Every picture of captivity which Cervantes has presented to us is an original, for he painted from the memory of his sufferings. The other descriptions of this kind appear to be merely casts from this first model. Romance-writers should not be permitted to introduce the corsairs of Algiers into their tales, unless, like Cervantes, they have been themselves inmates of the slave-yard.

The third tale, entitled *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, is of another class, though completely Spanish. It is in the *Picaresco* style, of which the author of *Lazarillo de Tormes* was the inventor. The history of two young thieves is related in this novel with the greater humour, inasmuch as the wit of the Spanish writers was peculiarly reserved for the description of vulgar life. It seems that they were only permitted to ridicule such as had absolutely cast aside all pretensions to honour. It is from those writers that we have invariably borrowed our descriptions of the social life and organization of the community of thieves and beggars, and it is amongst them alone, I am inclined to believe, that they ever existed. The company of robbers of Seville. and the authority possessed by their chief, Monipodio, are pleasantly described in this novel. The most laughable portions of it, however, and which are very correct as far as regards both Spain and Italy, are those in which the strange union of devotion and licentiousness amongst these vagabonds is described. In the place where the thieves assemble there is an image of the Virgin, with a throne for the offerings, and a vessel of holy water near it. Amongst the robbers an old woman arrives, "who, without saying a word to any one, walks across the room, and, taking some of the holy water, devoutly falls upon her knees before the image ; and after a long prayer, having kissed the ground thrice, and raised as often her eyes and hands to heaven, rises, places her offering on the throne, and walks out again." All the thieves, in turn, make an offering of silver ; for which purpose they reserve part of their acquisitions, to be employed in masses for the souls of their deceased companions, and of their benefactors. Thus a young robber, who conducts Rinconete to the meeting, to the question—'Perhaps, then, you follow the

occupation of a thief?' replies: "I do so, in the service of God, and of all worthy people!'

In general we are apt to imagine that this corrupt and unruly portion of society, who violate without ceasing all laws, divine and human, are infidels in their religious opinions; as it is difficult to believe that those who feel any sentiments of religion, would attach themselves to such infamous and criminal occupations. When, therefore, in the countries of the South, we remark assassins, robbers, and prostitutes, scrupulously fulfilling all the observances of religion, we immediately accuse them of hypocrisy, and imagine that, by this show of Christianity, they merely wish to deceive those whose eyes are upon them. This, however, is an error; for in the South of Europe all these people, the refuse of society, are really under the influence of religious feelings. The malefactors, when they become numerous, find or form an abandoned priesthood, who, living upon their offerings, and partaking the produce of their crimes, are always ready to sell them absolution. The criminal commits the offence with a determination to repent of it, and in the expectation of absolution; while the priest confesses him with a conviction that the faith is in him, and that the repentance is sincere. Scarcely, however, does the penitent leave the church than he returns to his criminal habits. By this shocking abuse of religion, the priest and the offender silence their consciences in the midst of all their iniquities. Their religion is not a salutary curb: it is an infamous contract, by which the most corrupt men believe that they may purchase a license to satisfy all their evil propensities. The voice of conscience is stifled by their faith in the act of penitence; and the impious and infidel robber would never reach the same degree of depravity, which we may remark in those villains so zealous and so pious, who have been painted by Cervantes, and of whom we find the models in Italy as well as in Spain.

The three first novels are of a very dissimilar cast; the nine which follow them, complete the varied circle of invention. The *Spanish-English Lady*, it is true, shews that Cervantes was much more imperfectly acquainted with the heretics than with the Moors. The *Licentiate of Glass*, and the *Dialogue of the two Dogs of the Hospital of the Resur-*

rection, are satirical pieces, displaying much wit and incident. The *Beautiful Char-woman* resembles a love-romance ; and *The Jealous Man of Estremadura* is distinguished by the excellence of its characters, by its plot, and by the skill with which the catastrophe is brought about. We have, in this tale, an example of the prodigious power of music over the Moors. An African slave, whose fidelity had resisted every temptation, cannot be persuaded to be unfaithful to his trust, except by the hope of being taught to play upon the guitar, and to chaunt ballads like the pretended blind man, who every evening rouses him to ecstasy by his music. The novels of Cervantes, like his Don Quixote, lead us into Spain, and open to us the houses and the hearts of her inhabitants ; while their infinite variety proves how completely their author was master of every shade of sentiment and every touch of feeling.

We have already related that shortly before his death Cervantes was employed upon a work, the dedication to which he composed after he had received extreme unction. It is entitled : *The Sufferings of Persiles and Sigismonda, a Northern Story :* and to this work more than to any other of his literary labours did he attach his hopes of fame. The judgment of the Spanish has placed this production by the side of Don Quixote, and above all the author's other works ; but a foreigner will not, I should imagine, concede to it so much merit. It is the offspring of a rich, but at the same time of a wandering imagination, which confines itself within no bounds of the possible or the probable, and which is not sufficiently founded on reality. Cervantes, who was so correct and elegant a painter of all that fell within the sphere of his observation, has been pleased to place the scene of his last tale in a world with which he had no acquaintance. He had traversed Spain, Italy, Greece, and Barbary; he was at home in every part of the South. He has, however, entitled this romance a Northern story, and his complete ignorance of the North, in which his scene is laid, and which he imagines to be a land of barbarians, anthropophagi, pagans, and enchanters, is sufficiently singular. Don Quixote often promises Sancho Panza the kingdoms of Denmark and Soprabisa ; but Cervantes, in fact, knew little more of these countries than his knight. The King of Denmark and the King of Danea are

both introduced, though Denmark and Danea are the same country. One half of the isles of that country, he says, are savage, deserted, and covered with eternal snows; the other is inhabited by corsairs, who slay men for the purpose of eating their hearts, and make women prisoners in order to elect from amongst them a queen. The Poles, the Norwegians, the Irish, and the English, are all introduced in their turns, and represented as possessing manners no less extraordinary, and a mode of life no less fantastic; nor is the scene laid in that remote antiquity, the obscurity of which might admit of such fables. The heroes of the romance are the contemporaries of Cervantes; and some of them are the soldiers of Charles V., who were marched with him into Flanders or Germany, and who afterwards wandered into the northern countries.

The hero of the romance, Persiles, is the second son of the King of Iceland; and his mistress, Sigismonda, is the daughter and heiress of the Queen of Friseland, a country which has escaped from the chart, but which is now supposed to have been the Feroe Islands, where the very veracious travellers of the fifteenth century have placed many of their adventures. Sigismonda had been betrothed to Maximin, the brother of Persiles, whose savage and rude manners were little calculated to touch the heart of the sweetest, the most beautiful, and the most perfect of women. The two lovers make their escape at the same time, with the intention of travelling together on a pilgrimage to Rome; no doubt for the purpose of obtaining from the Pope a dispensation from Sigismonda's engagements. Persiles assumes the name of Periander, and Sigismonda that of Auristela; and during the whole of the romance they appear under these names: they pass as brother and sister; and the secret of their birth and history, with which I have commenced my account of the novel, is not disclosed until the termination of the work. Their peregrinations through the North are contained in the first volume; through the South, in the second. Exposed to more dangers than would be amply sufficient for ten reasonable romances; captured by savages, and recaptured; on the point of being roasted and eaten; shipwrecked innumerable times, separated and re-united, attacked by assassins, by poison, and by sorcery, and at the same time robbing all they meet of

their hearts, they run greater risks from the love which they inspire than could be occasioned by hatred itself. The ravishers, however, who dispute for them, combat so fiercely amongst themselves that they are all slain. In this manner perish all the inhabitants of the *Barbarous Isle*, where a whole nation of pirates are consumed in the flames which they have themselves lighted. On another occasion, all the sailors of a vessel fight until none are left ; but this was necessary, that our travellers might have a fit conveyance. This romance is indeed a singularly bloody one. Besides those who thus perish by wholesale, the number of individuals who die or kill themselves would almost fill the ranks of an army. The history of the hero and heroine is interspersed with a thousand episodes. Before they arrive at the end of their journey, they collect a numerous caravan, each member of which in turn recites his adventures. These are always, of course, most extraordinary, and manifest great fertility of invention. Many of them are amusing, but it appears to me that nothing is more fatiguing than the marvellous ; and that there is never so great a similarity as between productions which resemble nothing else in nature. Cervantes, in this novel, has fallen into many of the errors which he so humorously exposed in Don Quixote. I cannot suppose that in Don Belianis or in Felix Mars of Hircania more extravagance is to be found than in these volumes. The style of the ancient romance-writers, it is true, did not possess so much elegance and purity.

Amongst the episodes there is one which appears to me to be interesting, less on account of its own merits than because it reminds us of an amusing tale of one of our celebrated contemporaries. Persiles, in the Barbarous Isle, discovers, amongst the pirates of the Baltic, a man who is called Rutilio de Sienna, who is a dancing-master, like Monsieur Violet amongst the Iroquois. In his own country he had seduced one of his scholars, and had been imprisoned preparatory to his suffering a capital punishment. A witch, however, who had fallen in love with him, opened the doors of his prison. She spread a mantle on the ground before him. " She then desired me to place my foot upon it and to be of good courage, but for a moment to omit my devotions. I immediately saw that this was a bad beginning, and I perceived that her

object was to convey me through the air. Although, like a good Christian, I held all sorcery in contempt, yet the fear of death in this instance made me resolve to obey her. I placed my foot on the middle of the mantle, and she also. At the same time she muttered some words which I could not understand, and the mantle began to ascend. I felt terribly afraid, and there was not a single Saint in the Litany whom in my heart I did not invoke. The enchantress, doubtless, perceived my terror, and divined my prayers, for she again commanded me to abstain from them. 'Wretch that I am,' exclaimed I, 'what good can I hope for, if I am prevented from asking it from God, from whom proceeds all good?' At last I shut my eyes and suffered the devils to convey me whither they would, for such are the only post-horses which witches employ. After having been carried through the air for four hours, or a little more, as I should judge, I found myself at the close of the day in an unknown country.

"As soon as the mantle touched the ground, my companion said to me: 'Friend Rutilio, you have arrived at a place, where the whole human race cannot harm you.' As she spoke these words, she embraced me with very little reserve. I repelled her with all my strength, and perceived that she had taken the figure of a wolf. The sight froze my senses. However, as often happens in great dangers, when the very hopelessness of escape gives us desperate strength, I seized a hanger which I had by my side, and with unspeakable fury plunged it into the breast of what appeared to me to be a wolf, but which as it fell lost that terrific shape. The enchantress, bathed in her blood, lay stretched at my feet.

"Consider, Sirs, that I was in a country perfectly unknown to me, and without a single person to guide me. I waited for many hours the return of day, but still it appeared not, and in the horizon there was no sign which announced the approaching sun. I quitted the corpse which excited in my heart so much fear and terror, and minutely examined the appearance of the heavens. I observed the motion of the stars, and from the course which they pursued, I imagined that it should already have been day. As I stood in this state of confusion, I heard the voice of people approaching the spot were I was. I advanced towards them and

demanded in Tuscan, in what country I might be. One of them answered me in Italian: 'This country is Norway; but who are you who question us in a tongue so little known?' 'I am,' said I, 'a wretch who in attempting to escape from death have fallen into his hands;' and in a few words I related to them my journey, and the death of the enchantress. He who had spoken appeared to pity me, and said: 'You ought, my good friend, to be very thankful to heaven, which has delivered you out of the power of wicked sorcerers, of whom there are many in these northern parts. It is said, indeed, that they transform themselves into he-wolves and she-wolves, for there are enchanters of both sexes. I know not how this can be, and as a Christian and a Catholic I do not believe it, notwithstanding experience demonstrates the contrary. It may, indeed, be said that their transformations are the illusions of the devil, who, by God's permission, thus punishes the sins of this evil generation.' I then asked him the hour, as the night appeared to me very long and the day came not. He replied, that in these remote regions the year was divided into four portions. There were three months of perfect night, during which the sun never appeared above the horizon; three months of daybreak, which were neither day nor night; three months of uninterrupted daylight, during which the sun never set; and lastly, three months of twilight: that the season then was the morning twilight, so that it was useless to look for the appearance of day. He added, that I must postpone until the period of perfect day my prospect of returning home; but that then vessels would sail with merchandize to England, France, and Spain. He inquired whether I was acquainted with any occupation by which I could support myself until my return to my own country. I replied, that I was a dancing-master, very skilful in the saltatory art, as well as in the nimble use of my fingers. Upon this my new friend began to laugh most heartily, and assured me that these occupations, or duties, as I called them, were not in fashion in Norway, or in the neighbouring countries." Rutilio's host, who was the great grandson of an Italian, taught him to work as a goldsmith. He afterwards made a voyage for commercial purposes, and was taken by the pirates, and carried to the Barbarous Isle, where he remained until all

the inhabitants were destroyed in a tumult, when he escaped, together with Persiles and Sigismonda.

In this episode we recognize the pen of the author of Don Quixote. The insignificance of the hero and the greatness of the incident are here as pleasantly contrasted as in Don Quixote are the valour of the hero and the petty nature of the incidents. This humorous spirit, however, and this ironical style of treating his own story, only manifest themselves occasionally in this work, which in its serious marvellousness is often fatiguing.

It has appeared to me that we may perceive in the works of Cervantes, the progress which superstition was making under the imbecile sovereigns of Spain, and the influence which it was acquiring over the mind of an old man surrounded by priests, whose object it was to render him as intolerable and as cruel as themselves. In his novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo, Cervantes makes a skilful and delicate attack upon the superstitions of his country, and a similar spirit is observable in his Don Quixote. The episode of Ricoto the Moor, the countryman of Sancho Panza, who relates the sufferings of the Moors, for the most part Christians, on their banishment from Spain, is highly touching. "The punishment of exile," says he, "which some esteem light and humane, is to us the most terrible of all. Wherever we roam we lament Spain, for there were we born, and that is our native country. Nowhere have we found the asylum which our misfortunes merited. In Barbary and in every part of Africa, where we had hoped to meet with a friendly reception, an asylum, and kind treatment, we have been more injured and more outraged than elsewhere. We knew not the benefits which we possessed until we lost them. The desire which we almost all of us feel to return into Spain is so great, that the greater part amongst us, who like me understand the language, and they are not few, have returned into this country, leaving their wives and children without support. It is now only that we feel by experience how sweet is that love of our country, which we formerly used to hear spoken of." With whatever reserve the established authorities are alluded to in this story, and in the equally affecting story of his daughter Ricota, it is impossible that it should not excite a deep interest for so many unfortu

nate wretches, who aggrieved in their religion, oppressed by the laws, no less than by individual tyranny, had been driven with their wives and their children, to the number of six hundred thousand, from a country where they had been established for more than eight centuries; a country which owed to them its agriculture, its commerce, its prosperity, and no inconsiderable part of its literature.

In Persiles and Sigismonda there is a Moorish adventure, the time of which is laid near the period of their expulsion from Spain. But in this place Cervantes endeavours to render the Musulmans odious, and justify the cruel law which had been put in execution against them. The heroes of the romance arrive with a caravan at a Moorish village in the kingdom of Valencia, situated a league distant from the sea. The Moors hasten to welcome them: offering their houses, and displaying the most obliging hospitality. The travellers at length yield to these entreaties, and take up their lodging with the richest Moor in the village. Scarcely, however, had they retired to repose, when the daughter of their host secretly apprizes them, that they had been thus pressingly invited in order that they might be entrapped on board a Barbary fleet, which would arrive in the night for the purpose of transporting the inhabitants of the village and all their riches to the shores of Africa, and that their host hoped by making them prisoners to procure a large ransom. The travellers, in consequence of this intelligence, took refuge in the church, where they fortified themselves; and in the night the inhabitants of the village having burned their dwellings, set sail for Africa. Cervantes on this occasion speaks in the person of a christian Moor: "Happy youth! prudent king! go on, and execute this generous decree of banishment; fear not that the country will be deserted and uninhabited. Hesitate not to exile even those who have received baptism. Considerations like these ought not to impede your progress, for experience has shown how vain they are. In a little while the land will be repeopled with new Christians, but of the ancient race. It will recover its fertility, and attain a higher prosperity than it now possesses. If the lord should not have vassels so numerous and so humble, yet those who remain will be faithful Catholics. With them the roads will be secure, peace

will reign, and our property will be no longer exposed to the attacks of these robbers."

This work leads us to hazard another remark on the character of the Spanish nation. The hero and heroine are represented as patterns of perfection. They are young, beautiful, brave, generous, tender, and devoted to one another beyond any thing which human nature can be supposed to attain, yet with all these rare qualities they are addicted to falsehood, as though they had no other occupation. Upon every occasion, and before they can possibly know whether the falsehood will be useful or prejudicial to them, they make it an invariable rule to speak directly contrary to the truth. If any one asks them a question, they deceive him. If any one confides in them, they deceive him. If any one asks their advice, they deceive him; and those who are most attached to them, are most surely the objects of this spirit of dissimulation. Arnaldo of Denmark, a noble and generous prince, is from the beginning to the end of the romance the victim of Sigismonda's duplicity. Sinforosa, is no less cruelly deceived by Persiles. Policarpo, who had shown them great hospitality, loses his kingdom by the operation of their artifices. Every falsehood, however, proving successful, the personal interest of the hero is supposed to justify the measure, and what would to our eyes appear an act of base dissimulation, is represented by Cervantes as an effort of happy prudence. I am aware that foreigners who have travelled in Spain, and merchants who have traded with the Castilians, unanimously praise their good faith and honesty. Such authorities must be believed. Nothing is more common than to calumniate a people who are separated from us by their language and their manners; and those virtues must indeed be real which can triumph over all our national prejudices. The literature of Spain, at all events, does not strengthen our confidence in the good faith of the Castilians; not only is dissimulation crowned with success in their comedies, their romances, and their descriptions of national manners, but that quality absolutely receives greater honour than candour. In the writers of the northern nations we discover an air of sincerity and frankness, and an openness of heart, which we may look for in vain amongst the Spanish authors. Their history bears a stronger testimony

even than their literature to the truth of this accusation, which hangs over all the people of the South, and induces a suspicion of want of faith, which their sense of honour, their religion, and the system of morality which is current amongst them, would seem to justify. No history is soiled by more instances of perfidy than that of Spain. No government has ever made so light of its oaths and its most sacred engagements. From the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic, to the time of the administration of Cardinal Alberoni, every war, every public treaty, every relation between the government and the people, is marked by the most odious treachery. Their address, however, gained the admiration of the world, and they contrived to separate truth from honour.

There is now only one work of Cervantes which remains to be noticed, the *Galatea*, his earliest composition, which was published in 1584, in imitation of the Diana of Montemayor. After Don Quixote, this production is most generally known to foreigners. The translation, or rather the imitation of it by Florian has rendered it popular in France. The Italians had already shewn a great taste for pastoral poetry; they did not, like the ancients, content themselves with writing eclogues, in which a single sentiment was developed in a dialogue between a few shepherds, without action, plot, or catastrophe. To the sweetness, the spirit, and the elegance which belong to pastoral productions, the Italians added romantic situations and powerful passions. They had composed several pastoral dramas, some of which have been presented to the notice of the reader in the earlier part of this work. The Spaniards had been still more deeply captivated by these pastoral fancies, which, by recalling to the mind the feelings of our childhood, accord admirably with the yielding indolence of southern feelings. Their drama in its origin was entirely pastoral. Incited by the same taste, they produced many long works, which were, in fact, nothing more than tedious eclogues. The six books of the Galatea form two octavo volumes, and yet these constituted only the first portion of the work, which was never finished. Florian soon perceived that a tale of this length would not be agreeable to the taste of his countrymen; and he therefore worked up the incidents while he abridged the romance, and while he retrenched the poetical portions, added to the general interest.

Cervantes has been blamed for having mingled too many episodes with the principal tale. It is said, that he has attempted too many complicated histories, and introduced too many characters, and that he has, by the quantity of incidents and names, confounded the imagination of the reader, who is unable to follow him. He is also blamed for having, in the earliest of his works, when he was yet comparatively ignorant of what constitutes purity and elegance of style, employed an involved construction which gives his work an appearance of affectation. I should be also inclined to impute it to him as a fault, though this accusation more properly falls upon the class than upon this individual work, that he is almost cloying in the sweetness and languor of his love-scenes. When we read these pastoral romances, we may imagine ourselves bathing in milk and honey. Notwithstanding these observations, the purity of its morals, the interest of its situations, the richness of invention, and the poetical charms which it displays, must ensure to the Galatea an honourable place in the list of Spanish classics.

Amongst the contemporaries of Cervantes there is one whose name is frequently repeated, and whose work has preserved considerable celebrity without being ever read. Don Alonzo de Ercilla was the author of the *Araucana;* a poem which has been sometimes cited as the only Spanish epic. This idea, however, is by no means well grounded; for there is not, perhaps, any nation which has more frequently attempted the epic style than the Spanish: indeed, the Castilians reckon thirty-six epic poems. It is true that none of these rise above mediocrity, or are worthy of being compared with the admirable productions of Camoëns, or Tasso, or Milton. Ercilla, however, has no greater pretensions than the rest, for we find nothing in his writings which can raise him absolutely above the ranks of his rivals. The Araucana would, in all probability, have been forgotten, together with the thirty-six pretended epics, if Voltaire had not chanced to bestow upon it some fresh celebrity. On the publication of his *Henriade* he subjoined an Essay on Epic Poetry, in which he reviewed the various poems which different nations had presented to dispute the epic palm. The Spaniards had nothing better than the Araucana, of which Cervantes had said, in his inventory of the library of Don Quixote, that it

was one of the best poems in heroic verse which the Castilians possessed, and that it might be compared with the most famous productions of Italy. Voltaire examined it, and judged it with the more indulgence on account of its obscurity. He placed Ercilla, where we may well be astonished to find him, by the side of Homer, of Virgil, of Tasso, of Camoëns, and of Milton. He insisted upon his valour and upon the dangers which the author had experienced, as though they added to his poetical merits; and in a favourable analysis he cited several passages which display real beauties. The longest is taken from the second canto: it is the speech of Colocolo, the oldest of the Caciques, who, surrounded by chiefs all aiming at the supreme power, calms the furious passions of his ambitious countrymen, and proposes a just and simple mode of choosing a commander in chief. Voltaire, in a comparison which he institutes between this speech and that of Nestor in the Iliad, gives the preference to the eloquence of the savage, and eagerly seizes upon this opportunity of placing his own, in opposition to a commonly received opinion. If Ercilla is indebted to Voltaire for his celebrity, the obligation is in some degree reciprocal. In all probability the perusal of the Araucana suggested to the French poet the beautiful conception of his Alzire, and opened to his view the vast field which the sanguinary struggle between the Ancient and the New World, and the contrast between the independence of the Americans and the fanaticism of the Spaniards, afforded.

Don Alonzo de Ercilla y Zuniga was born at Madrid, in 1533; or, according to other writers, in 1540. He accompanied Philip II., then Infant, as his page, into Italy, the Low Countries, and afterwards into England. From thence he proceeded, at the age of two-and-twenty, with the new Viceroy of Peru, to America. He had been informed that the Araucans, the most warlike people, who formed and still form a powerful republic, had thrown off the yoke to which, on the Spanish invasion, they had momentarily submitted. In this war he engaged with great ardour. It was a contest in which, even as a subaltern, no inconsiderable glory was to be acquired. The Araucans, who were governed by sixteen Caciques who possessed equal powers, did not recognize any single supreme chief, except in the event of war. Then it

was that they submitted to the most rigorous discipline; they did not disdain to learn from their enemies the art of war; with a body of horse they opposed the cavalry of the Spaniards; in a short time they learned the use of fire-arms, and employed with great address those which they won from their enemies, though they were unable themselves to manufacture gunpowder. Their invincible courage, their discipline, and their contempt of death, qualified them to expel the Spaniards from their country. Fatal reverses, however, succeeded their first victories; and in the time of Alonzo de Ercilla, the Spaniards flattered themselves with the hopes of subduing the Araucans. It was in the middle of this war that Ercilla undertook, with all the ardour of youth, to compose an epic poem on it. This idea he pursued in the midst of all the dangers and fatigues of the expedition. In a wild and uncultivated country, and in the presence of an enemy, his days and nights were passed in the open air. He continued, nevertheless, the composition of his poem, noting down the adventures of the day, sometimes upon scraps of paper which he had by chance preserved, which would scarcely contain half a dozen lines, and sometimes on pieces of parchment or skin which he found in the cabins of the savages.

In this manner he completed the fifteen first cantos, or first part of his work.* He was scarcely thirty years of age when he returned to Spain to indulge the fond idea, that he had secured his fame, both as a warrior and a poet. He anxiously waited for the grateful acknowledgments of his sovereign and his country; but the sullen monarch, to whom he dedicated his Araucana, deigned not to notice either his verses or his valour. Ercilla, humiliated by the neglect of his sovereign, believed that he might still by fresh efforts acquire sufficient renown amongst his conntrymen to attract the attention of the court. He added a second part to his poem, and inserted in it the grossest flatteries of a prince, little entitled to praise, but who has yet been always regarded with enthusiasm by the Spaniards. In this second part he also related the most brilliant events of Philip's reign, and

* This *first* part was published at Madrid, 1569, small 8vo, with a dedication to Philip II., which was not republished in the subsequent editions. The *second* part in 1578, and the *third* in 1590.

again waited with impatience, but in vain, for the honours and rewards which he conceived himself to have merited. The Emperor Maximilian II. bestowed upon him, it is true, a chamberlain's key; but without adding to this honour any of those pecuniary acknowledgments of which Ercilla stood pressingly in need. Depressed and discouraged, the poet forsook his own country, resolving to seek in foreign lands, and no doubt at the court of Maximilian, those rewards which Castile had refused to him. In his travels, during which he composed a third part of his poem, he dissipated the remainder of his fortune, and experienced, as he advanced in years, the hardships of poverty. Nothing is known of his history after his fiftieth year; but the conclusion of his poem shews him struggling with those misfortunes from which so few of the great poets of Spain have been exempt. After mentioning some new exploits and victories of Philip II., which would form a poetical theme, he renounces for himself so ungrateful a task; a task which has produced to him neither recompense, nor glory, and with the following melancholy lines he disappears from our view:

Ah! who shall tell how oft the ocean's roar
I brav'd in every clime; now spreading forth
My daring canvass to the freezing North;
Now conquering on the far antarctic shore
The Antipodes; while in the changing skies
Wondering I saw new constellations rise;
Now tempting unknown gulfs with daring prow,
To snatch a wreath to bind thy royal brow,
Where the cold southern zone the blissful day denies.*

* Quantas tierras corrí, quantas naciones
Hacia el elado norte atravesando;
Y en sus bajas antarticas regiones
El antipoda ignoto conquistando.
Climas pasé, mudé constelaciones,
Golfos inavegables navegando,
Estendiendo, señor, vuestra corona
Hasta casi la austral frigida zona.

So many editions exist of this celebrated poem, that it is unnecessary to give large extracts here. That published by *Baudry* (Paris, 1840) in the following volume may be recommended: "Tesoro de los Poemas Españoles Epicos, Sagrados, y Burlescos: que contiene integra la *Araucana* de D. Alonzo de Ercilla, la *Mosquea* de Villaviciosa," &c. This volume forms a sequel to the *Tesoro del Parnaso Español*, four vols, and is part of a series which comprises the best Spanish poets, dramatists, and historians, printed uniformly, in large 8vo.

Ercilla concludes by declaring, that, renouncing a world which has ever deceived him, he will henceforward consecrate to God the small remains of life, and weep over his faults, instead of devoting himself to the Muses.

There is in the courage of Ercilla, in his adventures and his misfortunes, a sort of romantic attraction, which induces us to expect to find him a great poet as well as a great man. Unfortunately the Araucana does not confirm this favourable impression. Indeed it can scarcely be regarded as a poem: it is rather a history versified and adorned with descriptions, in which the author never rises into the true poetical sphere. The Spaniards appear to have always failed in the epic, in consequence of the false ideas of it which they have entertained. Lucan has always been in their eyes the model of epic poets. They seem to have thought that their duty consisted in relating historical facts in a more impressive manner than the historian; but they have never attended to the unity of interest and action, of the value of which they appear to have been unaware. They never distribute the incidents according to the impression which they wish to produce; suppressing, enlarging, and adding to them, according to the requisitions of an art which is essentially creative. They sacrifice every thing to historical accuracy; and yet it is not to that, but to poetical truth, that they ought to have attended. Ercilla prided himself upon his veracity and accuracy; he challenged even those who were best informed relative to the war of Arauco to point out a single error. His poem, therefore, is sometimes merely a rhymed gazette, which, not possessing the interest of novelty, is intolerably fatiguing. From the commencement, which he has imitated from Ariosto, he invokes Truth alone; he nobly tells us how faithful he will prove to her, but at the same time he shews us that to her he has sacrificed all the charm of poetry.

> Nor love, nor love's delights, th' impassion'd hour,
> The tender thought, the heart's responsive throe,
> Nor lady fair, nor knight in amorous woe
> Waking the lute beneath the myrtle bow'r,
> Attract my Muse; but deeds of highest name
> I sing; when, waking at the call of Fame,
> Spain's valiant sons unsheath'd the glittering blade,
> And o'er the unsubdued Araucan laid
> The iron-burthen'd yoke, his spirit proud to tame.

Themes worthy of renown I shall rehearse:
A people in the wilds of Nature bred,
Who to a king ne'er bow'd the subject head;
Their deeds of bold emprize shall in my verse
Be sung; their native wealth, and fruitful soil,
Enrich'd by industry, and patient toil;
And of their proud defence the Muse shall tell,
How fir'd with freedom's flame the conquer'd fell,
Adding new triumph to the conqueror's spoil.

And thou, illustrious Philip, deign receive
My humble labours; thy benignant smile
Shall every sorrow from my heart beguile,
And a rich guerdon to thy poet give
Truth prompts my song, nor from her sacred line
All uncorrupted shall it e'er decline:
Despise not thou the offering of the Muse,
However poor; nor gracious, oh refuse
To lend thy royal name: her honours all are thine.

After having devoted two stanzas more to the dedication Ercilla begins his poem with a description of Chili, which he gives, not in the language of the Muses, but with a prosaic exactness which even an historian might wish to decline, and to resign to the mere statistical writer. It is not only inconsistent with poetry, but even totally irreconcileable to all elevation of language:

Running from North to South, Chili extends
Along the late discover'd Southern sea;
Between its eastern and its western ends,
Measur'd across where it is found to be
The broadest, 'tis a hundred miles. It bends,
South latitude, from the twenty-seventh degree
To that point where the ocean's waves are met
By those of Chili, in a narrow strait.

Six more stanzas, nearly in the same style, complete the description of Chili and Arauco. Ercilla never perceived that in poetry it was necessary to paint the climate or the country; that he ought to have brought before our eyes the wild mountains of the Andes, in the bosom of which lived the Puelches, the most formidable tribe in the confederated Republic of Arauco, instead of simply informing us that the mountains were a thousand leagues in length; that he ought to have painted the varied hues of the vegetation, so different from that of Europe; the climate, which within a very short space presents all the extremes of heat and cold; in short, that all the various embellishments of the scene, to which he

was about to introduce us, ought to have been presented to our view. At the opening of his epic, Ercilla shews that he knew not how to describe like a poet. He has even forgotten to reject the scientific words of north and south, east and west, which their foreign origin renders unpleasant in the Spanish language. His description of the manners of the Araucans, of their division into sixteen clans, under sixteen chieftains or Caciques, agrees exactly with the present condition of that warlike people, who compelled the Spaniards to respect their liberties. That description, however, is very fatiguing, because the forms of verse, if they do not facilitate the composition, contribute only to embarrass it; and when they are made use of in prosaic details, require amplifications and artificial expedients, which render them more heavy than mere prose.

The territory of Arauco had been conquered by Don Pedro de Valdivia, who founded there seven Spanish cities. The conquerors, however, soon rendered their yoke insupportable to the vanquished Araucans, who at length revolted, and assembled together for the purpose of naming their general or Toqui. It is in this assembly that Colocolo, the oldest of the Caciques, after delivering a long haranguc,* proposes an

[* M. de Sismondi informs us that this speech has been translated by Voltaire, who has expressed his admiration of it. This version, which is rather eloquent than faithful, has led Boutterwek to observe, that Voltaire could appreciate oratorical beauty, but had an imperfect perception of poetical excellence; a charge which M. de Sismondi repels with much warmth. The French translation is subjoined. Mr. Bowring, in his *Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain*, has given an elegant metrical version, of which we quote the first two verses.—*Tr.*]

Caciques! defenders of our country, hear!
It is not envy wounds my tortured sight,
When I observe these struggles, who shall wear
Ambition's badge,—which had been mine of right;
For see my brow in aged wrinkles dight,
And the tomb tells me I must soon be there;—
'Tis love inspires me!—patriotism! zeal!—
Listen! my soul its counsels shall unveil.

To what vain honours, chiefs, aspire ye now?
And where the bulwarks of this towering pride?
Ye have been vanquish'd,—trod on by the foe;
Defeat is echo'd round on every side.
What! are your conquerors thus to be defied,
That stand around with laurels on their brow!
Check this mad fury! wait the coming fray!
Then shall it crush the foe in glory's day.

* Caciques,

expedient worthy of a barbarous nation: that a heavy beam should be brought, and that the man who can bear the weight the longest shall have the honour of commanding. All the Caciques successively make trial of their strength, but Caupolican, the son of Leocan, bears away the prize. During two days and nights he sustains the beam upon his shoulders, and when, on the third day, he throws it down, he shews the assembly, by the activity of his leap, on ridding himself of his burthen, that his vigour is not yet exhausted.

It was this Caupolican who animated for such a length of time the courage of the Araucans, who led them from victory to victory, and who, when subsequently overwhelmed by the fresh succours which arrived from Peru, still supported the constancy of his countrymen in the midst of their reverses. No inconsiderable interest might have been attached to the hero of the poem, and to the generous people whom he commanded; our sympathies might easily have been awakened

"Caciques, illustres défenseurs de la patrie, le désir ambitieux de commander n'est point ce qui m'engage à vous parler. Je ne me plains pas que vous disputiez avec tant de chaleur un honneur qui peut-être serait dû à ma vieillesse, et qui ornerait mon déclin: c'est ma tendresse pour vous, c'est l'amour que je dois à ma patrie, qui me sollicite à vous demander attention pour ma faible voix. Hélas! comment pouvons-nous avoir assez bonne opinion de nous-mêmes pour prétendre à quelque grandeur, et pour ambitionner des titres fastueux, nous qui avons été les malheureux sujets et les esclaves des Espagnols? Votre colère, Caciques, votre fureur ne devraient-elles pas s'exercer plutôt contre nos tyrans? Pourquoi tournez-vous contre vous-mêmes ces armes qui pourraient exterminer vos ennemis, et venger notre patrie? Ah! si vous voulez périr, cherchez une mort qui vous procure de la gloire; d'une main, brisez un joug honteux, et de l'autre, attaquez les Espagnols, et ne répandez pas, dans une querelle stérile, les précieux restes d'un sang que les dieux vous ont laissé pour vous venger. J'applaudis, je l'avoue, à la fière émulation de vos courages; ce même orgueil que je condamne, augmente l'espoir que je conçois. Mais que votre valeur aveugle ne combatte pas contre elle-même, et ne se serve pas de ses propres forces pour détruire le pays qu'elle doit défendre. Si vous êtes résolus de ne point cesser vos querelles, trempez vos glaives dans mon sang glacé. J'ai vécu trop long-temps; heureux qui meurt sans voir ses compatriotes malheureux, et malheureux par leur faute! Ecoutez donc ce que j'ose vous proposer; votre valeur, ô Caciques! est égale; vous êtes tous également illustres par votre naissance, par votre pouvoir, par vos richesses, par vos exploits; vos âmes sont également dignes de commander, également capables de subjuguer l'univers: ce sont ces présens célestes qui causent vos querelles. Vous manquez de chef, et chacun de vous mérite de l'être; ainsi, puisqu'il n'y a aucune différence entre vos courages, que la force du corps décide ce que l'égalité de vos vertus n'aurait jamais décidé."

in favour of these half-naked savages, who were compelled to contend against all the advantages which their superior knowledge of the art of war gave to the Spaniards. But such neither was, nor ought to have been, the intention of Ercilla. His object was to interest the reader for the Castilians and for himself, for we frequently find him fighting valiantly in the midst of his countrymen. The composition is, in fact, rather a journal than an epic. Animated as he was by his martial ardour, he has yet failed to communicate any portion of his enthusiasm to the reader; he cannot make us enter into the cruel passions of the Spaniards; he cannot make us accessories to their avarice and their fanaticism. We wade with pain through his long military details, all arranged in chronological order, through the history of his skirmishes, and the minute incidents which seem to require that we should be interested in the particular fortunes of every common soldier. As the conquest of America was attempted by a handful of Spaniards, every individual, in fact, possessed considerable importance, and might imagine that he singly influenced the fate of empires. This species of war, in which we see more of the soldier, and less of military evolutions, is, perhaps, the best fitted for the purposes of poetry; but in order to turn this circumstance to advantage, Ercilla ought to have described the individual adventures of the soldiers, or he ought to have excited our attention by introducing some strongly-marked characters, or some prominent acts of heroism, which might dignify events intrinsically insignificant. The march of fourteen nameless soldiers, who are sent to reinforce the army of Valdivia, is a meagre subject for a whole canto of an epic poem.

The author's style varies in the three parts of which his work is composed. The first portion, comprising the fifteen cantos which he wrote in America, is the most purely historical, the most devoid of all adventitious ornament, and the most fatiguing from the minute details of the war which it presents. In the second part, which was written in Europe, Ercilla was desirous of correcting the monotony of his subject, of which he had probably been made sensible, by the introduction of incidents possessing a greater degree of national interest, and which, at the same time, should be more gratifying to the vanity of the monarch to whom the poem was dedicated. In his seventeenth canto he describes

the battle of St. Quentin, and in his twenty-fourth, that of Lepanto, without attempting however to connect them with his subject. The third and last part, which concludes with the thirty-seventh canto, exhibits more ornament, though in general foreign to the subject, and misplaced. In this portion of the work we meet with the description of the wonderful art and the enchanted gardens of the magician Fiton, which could never have belonged to the wild deserts of America. Magic itself is bound to observe poetical truth. In the twenty-eighth canto, the beautiful savage, Glaura, recounts to Ercilla her intrigues and adventures with Cariolan, in much the same terms, and with the same feelings, as might have been expected from a Spanish lady. Ercilla himself relates, during a long march, to his companions in arms, the true history of Dido, Queen of Carthage, whom Virgil, he says, has calumniated in making her die of love for Æneas. This narrative alone occupies the thirty-second and thirty-third cantos.

The course of the historical events, however, presents a sort of epic unity. The situation of the Spaniards in Arauco continues to grow more and more critical, until the moment of their receiving reinforcements from Peru, after which period they experience no reverses. The capture of the Araucan chief and his frightful punishment should have formed the termination of the poem. With that incident the present analysis concludes.

Caupolican, hunted from one retreat to another, and after every defeat again appearing in greater strength, is at length surprised and taken prisoner by the treachery of one of his soldiers. He voluntarily discovers his name to the Spaniards, and declares that he has the power of treating with them so as to bind the whole nation. He engages that the Araucans shall with himself embrace Christianity, and submit to the dominion of Philip, and represents that his captivity may thus be the means of procuring peace to all Chili ; but he announces to them at the same time, that if it is necessary, he is equally prepared for death :

> Nor spoke the Indian more, but with an eye
> Intrepid, and a spirit all elate,
> With unblanch'd cheek, the last decree of fate
> Calmly awaited ; or to live or die
> To him was equal : fortune's tempest dread

Could frown no further vengeance on his head;
Though bound a captive, and in fetters, still
Shone through his soul th' unconquerable will;
His aspect nobly bold, from innate valour bred.

Scarce had he told his name, than too severe
A doom was pass'd—precipitate resolve!
Impal'd, with arrows pierced, he should absolve
His love of country. But no dastard fear
Appall'd his spirit, no appealing look
For mercy cried: fortune he would not brook.
Though death against him rais'd his fiery dart,
With thousand torments arm'd, his valorous heart,
Nor secret dread, nor mortal shudder shook.

Yet in a moment by God's awful power
Upon his soul a mighty change was wrought;
The light of faith beam'd on him, and he sought,
Amid the perils of that mortal hour,
To share the Christian's baptism, and the sure
Promise of bliss, that ever shall endure!
Castile's proud sons in joy and pity gaz'd,
While the barbarian tribes stood all amaz'd,
And gushing tears their warrior eyes obscure.

And now arriv'd the sad though happy day,
Which death and Christian baptism to him gave;
Though that the body slew, yet this should save
His parted spirit from corruption's sway.
'Midst wondering crowds to death he then was brought,
And the high doctrine of redemption taught,
That bade him to resign his mortal breath,
With firmest hope, to triumph over death,
While on the life to come repos'd his silent thought.

His warrior brow no gorgeous feathers deck,
His feet unsandall'd, to the silent plain
Naked he came, dragging his weighty chain,
That clasp'd with fell embrace his royal neck,
Whence hung the hangman's rope. A martial band
And hosts of bristling spears around him stand,
And weeping crowds, who ask if this be true,
The sorrowing sight that meets their shuddering view
This last sad triumph o'er their native land.

Thus to the bloody scaffold he drew nigh,
That distant from the camp an arrow's flight,
Raised on the plain, appeared before his sight,
And to the gazing crowd was seen on high.
Ascending then the stage, with brow elate,
He saw the dread preparatives of fate;
Saw, without change of temper or of blood,
The armament of death, that round him stood,
With placid mien, as in his free-born state.

Now reach'd the summit, with an eye serene
From side to side he turns his gazing view,

Admiring the vast crowd that round him drew,
The sad spectators of the deathly scene;
Wondering, his people ask'd how fortune's might
Could hurl their monarch from his native height
Of glory; nor were bounds to their amaze,
While gathering fast around with tearful gaze,
They view the coming scene with terror and affright.

Then near unto the pointed stake he came,
Where he ere long should pour his mortal breath
In the dire conflicts of a torturing death:
But here no terrors shook his manly frame:
"Pleas'd I submit, since destiny hath cast
This bloody die; soon is the journey pass'd;
Contempt and proud despite shall arm my soul,"
He said, "to quaff misfortune's bitter bowl,
Nor feel we that dread stroke that comes the last."

The busy hangman now approach'd his side
To seize his prey, a branded negro slave,
The wretched freightage of the Atlantic wave.
This last indignity too deeply tried
The monarch's spirit, though with soul unmov'd
He yet had every frown of fortune prov'd;
He could not brook, though in this bloody strife,
So base an ending to his noble life,
And all indignant thus the hostile chief reprov'd.

"Oh deed unworthy of the Christian race!
Is this your boasted honour, this the dower
Of noble valour in her dying hour,
To bid me perish by a hand so base?
Death is a full atonement, and life fled,
We war no longer with the helpless dead:
This is not death, but mockery and despite,
Thus to afflict my spirit in her flight,
And heap this dark dishonour on my head.

"Amidst your swords that now so silent rest,
That drank my country's blood, and in the strife
Of furious battle thirsted for my life,
Can none be found to pierce my warrior breast?
Whatever sorrows on my head descend,
Whatever griefs my suffering heart may rend
Let not a slave's polluted toueh disgrace
Caupolican, the latest of his race;
Nor such a deed of shame his hour of death attend.'

So spoke the indignant chief, and sudden turn'd
Upon the miscreant slave, and though oppress'd
With galling weight of fetters, on the breast
He smote him fierce, and from the scaffold spurn'd.

Caupolican, whom the very men who were inflicting upon him the most atrocious punishment continually exhorted to patience and resignation, repented of this act of impatience.

or rather he summoned to his aid the heroism peculiar to the Americans, that imperturbable courage, which enables them to triumph over human malevolence. No longer offering any resistance, he again assumed an air of indifference, whilst racked by cruel pains, he was set up as a mark for the arrows of the Castilians :

Then from the ranks stepp'd forth a chosen band
Of archers, six in number, but as true
As death the feather'd weapons which they drew.
At thirty paces from the chief they stand ;
And though for many a year their bows had sped
Their bloody shafts, and strewn the field with dead,
Yet at so great a name a sudden fear
Their courage check'd ; they felt the rising tear,
And from their trembling hearts their fainting spirits fled.

But cruel fortune, whose avenging hate
Had fill'd so deep the martyr's cup of woe,
That soon the bitter draught must overflow,
Herself now urg'd the bloody stroke of fate ;
And as her hand the straining bowstring press'd,
A hundred arrows pierced the chieftain's breast :
Nor fewer would suffice to free a way
For his great spirit from her home of clay,
And to his warrior soul give its eternal rest.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON THE ROMANTIC DRAMA. LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

In treating of the various branches of the literature of the South, we have hitherto ventured to criticise, with the greatest freedom, authors whose reputation entitles them to the utmost respect. Without regard to mere arbitrary rules, we have not hesitated to express our praise or our censure, according to the impressions which we have received from the perusal of those works, which are admired as master-pieces of genius by other nations. If, in pursuing this course of criticism, we have exposed ourselves to the imputation of deciding in too peremptory a style, on subjects with which we have only a partial acquaintance, we may, perhaps, on the other hand, justly claim the merit of candour and impartiality By fully explaining the feelings with which we have been inspired by the study of individual works, we have discharged our duty with greater fidelity, than if we had only echoed the public sentiment, and added to the number of those who join with indifference the voice of common assent.

But the topic which it is now intended to discuss embraces considerations of peculiar delicacy. It cannot be altogether divested of national prejudices. On the subject of dramatic literature the nations of Europe have divided themselves into two conflicting parties; and, refusing to observe any degree of reciprocal justice, they exasperate each other with mutual insult and contempt. Each country has erected its favourite author into an idol, against whom all hostile criticism is prohibited. If the French pay their adorations to Racine, the English worship Shakspeare with no less devotion; while Calderon, in Spain, and Schiller, in Germany, are objects of equal veneration. To compare one of these authors with the others would be to offend at once all their admirers. Should it be practicable to point out a blemish in some favoured writer, it is not easy to urge the objection with success. Far from conceding the point, his partizans will convert into a beauty the fault which they cannot conceal. They imagine that the national honour depends upon a superiority which they hold to be too clear to admit of any question; for, in the warmth of controversy, the disputants reject the very idea that their own opinion may, by possibility, not be free from error.

It was our intention in a work of this nature, to make an impartial display of the opposite systems adopted by different nations, and to explain the peculiar tenets of each, as well as to detail the arguments upon which they founded their attacks upon the theory of their adversaries. We would gladly have believed that we had shown ourselves equally sensible to the beauties of these opposite sects, and that, whilst we endeavoured to catch and to indicate the point of view in which our subject is seen by foreign nations, we had succeeded in avoiding their prejudices. Without asserting a jurisdiction over the rules of other schools, we have treated, with due severity, those writers, however illustrious, who rejected indiscriminately all rules alike. Leaving to every theatre the observance of its own practical laws, it has been our aim to overlook national systems, and to prefer the contemplation of a general theory of poetry, which may embrace them all. Our anxious wish to observe a strict impartiality has not been properly appreciated. By both parties we have been considered as avowing hostile opinions. While the English critics have rebuked with severity the preference, which, in speaking of Alfieri, we have given to the classical school, the French

have censured with no less asperity the taste for the productions of the romance authors, which we have not attempted to disguise whilst remarking on the works of Calderon. The result of our exertions to interfere with neither party, has been, that each has, in its turn, disavowed us, and endeavoured to drive us into the arms of the other.

We shall, however, persist in our determination not to range ourselves under any party-banner. We shall repeat our appeal to the enlightened minds of those who decide upon all other questions with impartiality and justice. We would ask, how it happens that great nations, as highly civilized as ourselves, to whom it is not possible to refuse the merit of erudition, of correct taste, of imagination, of sensibility, and of every mental faculty essential to perfection in criticism or in poetry, should maintain an opinion diametrically opposite to our own on subjects which they understand quite as well as ourselves? Is it not manifestly true that different nations, in their estimate of the dramatic art, consider it in detached portions, and that each selecting some favourite quality, proportions its praise or censure to the degree in which this requisite has been observed or neglected by the author? From the nature of this art, a certain degree of improbability must be submitted to by all; but different countries disagree as to the particular concessions which must in this respect be made; and, whilst they shut their eyes to the established licences of their own stage, they are mutually disgusted by those which are allowed in foreign theatres. It cannot be disputed that the law of intrinsic beauty and genuine taste is paramount to all these national jurisdictions: this law it is the business of a philosopher to explore. He will not fail to recognize its operation when he perceives the union of several rival nations in one common sentiment; and he will draw a decided distinction between those rules of criticism which are of arbitrary dictation, and those which have their foundation in the very nature of things.

Although every nation possesses, with regard to dramatic literature, its own peculiar taste and rules, yet each may be arranged under one of the two banners which are now raised in opposition throughout all Europe. To distinguish these two conflicting systems, the epithets of *classical* and *romantic* have been employed; terms to which it is perhaps difficult to attach any definite meaning. Those ancient authors, whose

authority has been called to their aid by the French and the Italians, are denominated by them *classical*. Their own writers, when they have adhered with sufficient closeness to these models, have been honoured with the same appellation; and a *classical* taste is descriptive of the greatest purity and perfection; nor have the critics of Germany, of England, and of Spain, disputed the propriety of this term. They have acquiesced in bestowing the title of *classical* on every literary production which belongs to the Roman or to the Grecian School. But these nations, deeply imbued with the ideas and the feelings of the middle ages, imagine that they possess a more valuable fund of poetry in their own antiquities than exists in those of foreign countries. Delighting in the study of their old popular traditions, they have hence formed that style of chivalric poetry which nourishes patriotic feelings, and which magnifies our ancestors so greatly in the eyes of their posterity. To this poetry the Germans have given the epithet of *romantic*, because the Romance language was that of the Troubadours, who first excited these new emotions; because the civilization of modern times commenced with the rise of the Romance nations; and because the chivalric poetry, like the Romance language, was stamped with the two-fold character of the Roman world, and of the Teutonic tribes which subdued it. But whatever may have induced the Germans to adopt this name, a subject upon which they themselves hold various opinions, it is enough for us that they have thus appropriated it, and there is no reason why we should contest it with them.

This distribution into the classical and romantic schools was extended by the German critics to all the branches of literature, and even to the fine arts. But as the two systems are in no point so directly opposed to each other as in all that relates to the theatrical art, the term *romantic*, when it was adopted by the French, was exclusively applied by them to that system of dramatic composition, which differed most essentially from their own. It may be readily conceived that the principles of the classical school are in direct hostility not only to that which is intrinsically wrong, but also to that which is only wrong as being forbidden by arbitrary rules. Of this circumstance the French critics have availed themselves. They have designedly confounded the universal rules of good taste with their own narrow laws; and they have

distinguished the classical system as that which observes all the rules, and the romantic as that which disregards them all. Because a new species of composition has arisen amongst them, the melodrame, remarkable only for its false and exaggerated sentiment, its improbability, and its violation alike of classical rules and of natural good sense, it is immediately asserted that the melodrame belongs to the romantic school. Because indifferent authors, in every branch of letters, revolt against the rules which they are unable to observe, it is maintained that the romantic system is destitute of all genius, and that the poetry which constitutes the delight of the English, of the Germans, and of the Spanish, may be best described as a simple negation of all the beauties of French poetry. Amongst other inconveniences, it is to be observed that this mode of reasoning may be turned with full effect against those who employ it. The theatre of other civilized nations has also its rules, however they may differ from our own. With some of these the French have thought proper to dispense, for the purpose of introducing some stage-effect, which they consider as preferable; while the Germans, the English, and the Spanish, on the other hand, regard the French theatre as utterly devoid of that truth, that life, and that poetical colouring which they so much admire.

In pursuing, then, our inquiry into the system of the romantic drama, we shall regard it as it has been developed by its admirers, and, above all, by the German critics, in their remarks as well on the works of the Spanish and of the English as on their own authors. We shall investigate the abstract tendency of its principles, before we inquire how those principles have been practically enforced; and we shall endeavour to discover rather what has been intended, than the success with which the attempt has been accompanied. The most zealous partisans of the Romance writers are not so bigoted as to deny that they have their faults, or to attempt to convert those very faults into authorities.

In one point, at least, all countries have fully agreed. The dramatic art is considered by them all as an imitation of nature, which brings before our eyes actions and events which occurred, or which might possibly have occurred, without witnesses, in times long past, and in places far remote. By presenting us with a lively representation of the play of human passions, it affords us at once improvement and delight.

In order to adapt the sentiments and passions of the scene to those of the spectator, and to impart instruction with effect, the observation of some degree of truth is indispensable. But as we are thus introduced to scenes which, in the ordinary course of events, we never could have witnessed, we must to a certain extent acquiesce in improbabilities. By whatever system it may be regulated, the stage is always an enchanted spot; and, when we have permitted the magician to transport us by his art to Athens or to Rome, we have scarcely left ourselves the right of objecting to the farther exercise of his powers.

The object which the dramatist means to represent, must determine the degree to which truth and probability may be violated, on introducing historical facts or real personages into the precincts of the art. Nor must it be forgotten, that in all the imitative arts, the copy should never present us with an exact transcript of the original. It would appear that a portion of the pleasure which we derive from this source, consists in observing, at the same time, the points of difference as well as of coincidence. It would be absurd to paint a statue and to array it in real garments. The picture which has all the advantage of colours, is never brought out in relief. Upon the same principle the drama ought not to correspond, in every respect, with the scenes which we daily witness in real life. The mimic powers of the art are not without their bounds; and it is even necessary that its deceptions should not be altogether concealed from our view.

According to all the commentators upon the drama of the Greeks, that species of composition always commenced with the chorus. This lyrical portion of the poem, improbable in itself, but at the same time more highly poetical than the rest, was the first source of delight to the spectator. In the chorus, the poet placed his principal glory; and, through this medium, the sentiments of the assembled people were expressed. On the merit of the chorus depended the success of the tragedy. In the estimation of the Greeks, the manners, the characters, the passions, the incidents, and the catastrophe, were of very subordinate interest. With them the action of the drama admitted of great brevity. The catastrophe alone, with the assistance of the chorus, was sufficient to occupy the theatre. For this reason we find that, of all those subjects which the Greeks selected for the stage, and which have reached our times, the greater part would not supply sufficient action for

a modern play. We look in vain for a regular plot and a catastrophe. We find only a developement of the story in beautiful lyrics. It necessarily results that the Greek tragedies are confined to very strict limits, and comprise but a few hours. Yet their authors were far from observing those limits with the severity which is so much insisted upon at the present day.

At the period of the reformation of the French theatre, under the auspices of Louis XIV., the national taste had been perverted by those romantic reveries which formed the only literary studies in the fashionable classes of society. The long romances of *La Calprenède* and of *Scudéry*, of which we now know little more than the names, were then eagerly perused by the courtier as well as by the citizen. To adapt subjects of ancient history to the taste of those who then decided on the merit of dramatic attempts, it was necessary to invest them with a sentimental disguise, which, although it is now regarded as in the highest degree ridiculous, was esteemed at that time to be an indispensable requisite. Men of real genius, and Racine in particular, who far excelled all others, after having deeply imbibed the genuine and masculine beauties of classical antiquity, were called upon to resuscitate them before an audience which was only acquainted with them through the medium of their romantic interpretation. It is erroneous to conclude that the talents of Racine were exclusively adapted to the expression of tenderness and love. The fact is, that these sentiments alone were required from him by the spirit of the age. In point of time and place, an intrigue of the romantic drama is, almost of necessity, extremely confined. Racine found the rules already established, which prescribed twenty-four hours as the duration of the action, and fixed the scene to a single spot. The operation of these rules gave him little concern ; for a compliance with them, on his part, was a work of no difficulty. His claims to our admiration are not built upon this foundation. The subjects which he was compelled to treat, were capable of being restricted to very narrow bounds. But we cannot too highly applaud the prodigious genius, which has enabled him to exalt these subjects, and to place the productions drawn from the Romance writers of that age on a level with the most glorious creations of ancient Greece.

In the writings of Racine, however, the French theatre displays some improbabilities with which foreign critics have

often reproached it. For ourselves, so completely are we reconciled to them by the genius and authority of the poet, that we cannot even perceive them. Thus, he has systematically blended together manners so totally opposed to each other as those of the chivalric ages and of ancient Greece. Nothing can possibly be more distinct than the language of Romance, loaded as it is with titles of honour and terms of servile respect, and the dignified simplicity of the antique. In addition to this, the English particularly condemn his invariable custom of uniting heroic verse with rhyme, and of conveying his sentiments in a strain of language so uniformly elevated as almost entirely to suppress the abrupt and natural impulses of the mind.

Under such artificial regulations, it is asserted, by foreign nations, that truth and nature can never be found. To this position let us be allowed to reply, that such amongst us are the settled rules of the art; that we imitate nature, not under her prosaic, but under her poetical forms; and that as the sculptor gives animation to the marble block, so our great masters of verse have infused life into the monotonous and stately alexandrine.

It was the custom of the Spaniards to represent on the stage, not only the great incidents of their national history, but also those complicated intrigues, those feats of dexterity and turns of fortune, which delighted their imagination and reminded them of their Moorish romances, which were infinitely more fertile in adventures than those of the French. The English, who had only just emerged from a state of civil warfare, and were on the point of plunging into it once more, preferred the representation of those more potent passions, which influence public men. They dwelt with delight on the exhibition of deep and energetic characters, struggling under the most momentous circumstances, and they loved to contemplate the course of the statesman through the career of national events. Possessing greater information and more steadiness than either of these nations, the Germans aimed at reviving on their stage the scenes of real history, in their natural colours. In their characters, in their language, and in the train of events, they particularly insisted on the observance of truth and reality. They seemed to lay a strict injunction on the poet, that he should conceal nothing from their view.

Proposing to themselves the attainment of objects so different from our own, these three nations required, in the action of their dramas, greater latitude both of time and space. Neither the Eastern fictions of the first, nor the political and historical pieces of the others, could be subjected to the rule of the four-and-twenty hours. In the management of such subjects, it was necessary either to confine the scenic representation to the catastrophe alone, or to substitute recitals in the place of action—an arrangement which is destructive of all dramatic effect; or to permit the poet to compress the lapse of time before the eyes of the spectators. The essence of the romantic system consists, then, in the privilege which it has granted to the dramatist of condensing successive events on the same scene and into the same day, by a kind of theatrical magic; upon the same principle that the magic of the fancy enables us to survey the same events in their proper colours, upon the perusal of a few brief pages, and in the lapse of a few short hours.

Against this licence of the romantic stage, of which the ancients perhaps declined to avail themselves only because they could not change their scenery nor dispense with the presence of the chorus, the authority of Aristotle and the argument of probability have been strongly urged. With respect to the authority of the Stagyrite, the advocates of the romantic school seem to reply, with good reason, that his doctrine of the unities is contained in a very obscure treatise of the genuineness of which some doubts may be entertained. Nor, it is farther contended, is it easy to explain why the name of Aristotle, which on philosophical questions was once esteemed all-powerful, should ever have been allowed much weight in the solution of poetical difficulties. To a nice perception of the fine arts, his dry, methodical, and calculating genius must have rendered him an utter stranger; and the faith which is yet extended to his oracular judgments, is nothing more than a relic of that usurped dominion, which, three centuries since, he exercised over all the schools and over every branch of the human understanding.

Nor have the same critics less forcible reasons to urge on the question of probability. It is readily admitted, they observe, that the scene of these representations is a stage, open on one side to our observation; that the actors, instead of being absorbed in their own feelings and business, address

themselves to the audience; that they speak our native language, and not that of the characters which they have assumed; that the latter, although often supposed to be natives of different countries, uniformly speak the same language; and that the theatre represents, at the pleasure of the dramatist, the time and the place to which the action of his piece relates. Having carried our concessions to this point, can the tragedian be said to trespass too far, when, like Azor, in the opera of Marmontel, he assumes the power of laying open to our inspection, with his magic ring, the different edifices and places where the train of events, which we are in so supernatural a manner admitted to behold, is transacting? When a particular fact has required, in point of historical truth, a long space of time, and a transition to various countries, for its accomplishment, the spectator is reduced to a choice between inconvenience on the one hand, and improbability on the other. If he does not determine to follow the course of time, and the regular succession of places, he must permit the author to collect his personages in the same apartment, and to effect all their operations in the short space of time occupied by the representation. We shall then find conspiracies organized at the very foot of the throne; and we shall see the conspirators meet, disperse, and reassemble, in the prosecution of their plans, within the lapse of three hours, in violation not of truth and probability alone, but of possibility itself. It cannot be contended that one of these methods is mose repugnant to probability than the other, provided the time is supposed to elapse and the scene is changed, whilst the curtain is dropped and the illusion is, for a moment, suspended. This mode is adopted even upon the French theatre, where the imaginary extent of time allowed to a representation, is arbitrarily fixed at twenty-four hours. It must, however, be confessed that, in the romantic plan, every change of scene produces a momentary dissipation of the deception. Having once transported ourselves into another time and country, we lose all recollection of this first act of the imagination, and, thinking no longer of ourselves, we live in the fictions of the drama. On the occurrence of a change of scene, we are restored to our consciousness, and we begin to consider into what country we have been carried, what time has passed since the last scene, and what new exertion of imagination the author will next

require. The latter, on his part, finds himself compelled to enter into new explanations, to suspend the scene in order to make us acquainted with the intermediate incidents, and thus to retard the progress of the action. But it cannot be doubted, on the other hand, that, from this enlarged licence, the most striking effects are elicited. Instead of long and cold narrations, every important scene may, by this means, be brought on the stage ; much greater truth is given to the picture of manners ; and the poet, introducing us into the interior of every mansion, penetrates more effectually into the secrets of the heart. Subjects of the greatest magnitude may be represented ; and mighty revolutions are no longer confounded with paltry intrigues, which are concerted and developed in the course of a few hours, and with the aid of trifling expedients.

We certainly attach too much force to the authority of our three great tragedians, when we oppose the dramatic rules of the French school to those of all other nations, and pass an unqualified censure upon the latter. It is not to these great writers that we owe the regulations of our stage. These were established long before, by authors of no extraordinary talent, who were then in possession of the stage. In the year 1552, Jodelle, in his *Cleopatra,* observed these rules with scrupulous exactness ; and from that period the herd of critics no longer admitted of any deviation. Yet Corneille, when he composed the finest of all his works, the *Cid*, had but a very confused idea of them, and consequently incurred the severe animadversions of the erudite. Nor, in the best of his succeeding pieces, in *Les Horaces* and *Cinna*, did he observe either the unity of action or that of interest. The hostile criticism which he encountered, forced, at last, upon his notice those rules which have been sanctified by the bigotry of the learned ; but it is unfortunate that in the very instances in which he has most closely adhered to them, his efforts are least worthy of his high reputation. Racine, again, found subjects of love, of intrigue and of gallantry, in almost exclusive possession of the French stage. To this prevalent spirit of the age he was compelled to submit, and, as topics of this nature require neither length of time, nor a wide range of places, for their developement, he felt very little inconvenience from the observance of the three unities, while labouring under the much more formidable difficulty of exhibiting

only amorous heroes. With the most pathetic eloquence, with the most irresistible truth, and with the most exquisite sensibility, he pourtrayed all that is affecting and tragical in love. But the rules to which he conformed and which he rendered subservient to the production of such inimitable beauties, belonged, not so much to himself, as to Pradon, who, in the public estimation, was still more gallant, more romantic, and, consequently, more perfect. At a much later period, Voltaire found himself still more narrowly circumscribed by these rules of art, which it was always the endeavour of little minds to draw closer. He exerted himself to procure for the drama a wider range; and he attempted paths which had hitherto been regarded by the French as impracticable. Gallantry was excluded from his scenes, and love was only retained in its tragic character. He drove from the stage that crowd of spectators, whose presence, being destructive of all pomp, decoration, and animated action, reduced the tragedy, of necessity, to a mere formal dialogue. Different nations, in all their variety of manners and of costume, are presented to us, instead of the ever-repeated mythology of the Greeks. We are affected by the sentiments of personages of our own religion and of our own country. Yet did Voltaire experience incessant embarrassment from the rules which he found established on our stage. History cannot possibly be subjected to the limits of the four-and-twenty hours; and from history, therefore, he was altogether precluded. The plots of most of his tragedies, and amongst these of his most admirable pieces, of *Zaïre*, of *Alzire*, of *Mahomet*, and of *Tancred*, are altogether fictitious. Nor did the fables of mythology afford him a greater choice of subjects. In his remarks upon his *Œdipus*, he observed to M. de Genonville, that this sterile subject might possibly suffice for one or two scenes, but certainly not for a whole tragedy. He expressed a similar opinion of the *Philoctetes*, of *Electra*, and of *Iphigenia in Taurida*. This observation might, indeed, be extended to almost all those tragedies of the highest class, in which, with a strict observation of the classical rules, the catastrophe alone is introduced upon the stage, whilst the intricacies of the plot, and indeed the whole action of the piece, are comprised in recitals which are rather of an epic than of a dramatic nature. In the romantic system, the first act of the fable would properly commence on the day when Œdipus,

driven from the altars of Corinth, and branded by the imputations of a dreadful oracle, quitted his country, to prevent the possibility of committing the threatened crime, and to pursue the path of glory which had been traced by Hercules. The second act would comprise his meeting with Laius, and the assassination of that king. In the third we should discover him at Thebes, and witness the deliverance of that city from the fury of the Sphinx. The fourth would show us the fatal rewards which are bestowed upon him by the people; the throne of Laius, and the hand of his widow. These are the necessary steps in the tragedy, and the constituent parts of its action. Upon these are founded all the anxiety and all the terror of the catastrophe, which in itself is only sufficient to occupy the fifth act. All these previous parts of the action, which cannot be arranged under any unity of time or of place, are not less essential to the classical tragedy than to that of the romantic school. They are all introduced by Voltaire into his play; but to effect this, he has made the first four acts consist of mere recitals, which are addressed, for the most part, by Œdipus to Jocasta. A dramatist of the Romance school, who assumes the privilege of shewing us different places, and of carrying us through successive periods of time, with the same freedom as a writer of romances, an epic poet, or any individual who describes events real or imaginary, would have placed all these incidents before our eyes. Had he possessed the genius of Voltaire, he would have produced the most striking effect from the scene of the Temple, and from that of the death of Laius, which, even in a forced and declamatory recital, make so strong an impression. The French manner of treating the subject, to which Voltaire has adhered, is, it is true, far more artificial. But the poet should not purchase this advantage at the expense of too great sacrifices. Voltaire has, in his Œdipus, fallen into this error; and, for the sake of preserving the unities of time and place, he has violated all the rest. In the first instance, the abridgement of the proper action of the piece having rendered the subject too slight, he was compelled to introduce a subsidiary plot, which almost entirely occupies the three first acts; the arrival and the danger of Philoctetes, under the suspicion of being the assassin of Laius. If the action be double, the interest also is divided. The mutual love of Jocasta and of Philoctetes has no kind of connexion with the feelings excited in favour of

Œdipus. If it is intended to interest us, it is a breach of the unity. If it fails in awaking our sympathy, it is a very unfortunate digression. Considered in any other light, this attachment is still more objectionable. In a drama which is founded on incidents of so dreadful a nature, the passion of love, of whatever description it may be, must necessarily destroy the unity of its tone and complexion. When we are absorbed in the fate of a hero, who has innocently perpetrated the crimes of parricide and incest, we are not much disposed to listen to the effusion of lovesick sentiments. But, more than this, the unity of manners is in this instance equally violated. These, in Greece, should have been represented with strict regard to national truth. The love professed by a knight for a princess, in the midst of a splendid court, is here out of place. The early princes of Greece held no courts; their wives and daughters, in the time of Homer, were not queens and princesses; nor was Philoctetes formed in the school of Amadis. The unity of manners, indeed, is more than any other completely sacrificed. The most essential part of the action, upon which the interest is founded, and which ought, above all others, to affect the feelings of the audience, is entirely withdrawn. Long recitals are introduced in its place, clothed in the language, and subject to the rules, of epic poetry. But our object on visiting the theatre is to receive impressions by the eye, as well as by the ear, and to enter, with all the energy of our souls, into the action presented before us. If, on the contrary, we would give its full effect to a mere narration, we ought to seek the solitude and silence of the closet. When our senses are no longer excited, and when our imagination is undisturbed by the intervention of any real object, the mind will most successfully create its own theatre, and bring to our view the objects described by the poet.

The tragedy of Œdipus was written while Voltaire was yet very young. In the maturity of his genius he would not have fallen into the errors which have been here pointed out. But, at the same time, it is probable that he would not then have written on the subject of Œdipus. It would have occurred to him, that this drama could not be treated with strict regard to the unities, by any but Greek authors. By them the chorus and the lyrical portion of the work, which we have entirely excluded, were regarded as the essence of the tragedy; and they were thus enabled to dispense with the

action. But it was subsequent to the composition of *Zaïre*, that Voltaire wrote his *Adelaide du Guesclin*. In this piece he designed to give an example of a tragedy entirely French, and to excite the feelings of the spectators by the introduction of the most distinguished names of the monarchy, and by the recollection of the most chivalric and poetical of all its wars. But, by the difficulties resulting from the rule which confines the time of action to twenty-four hours, he was compelled to adopt a plot of mere invention; and, instead of deriving any advantage from the charm of national associations, he turned these very circumstances against himself; a necessary consequence, when those associations are at perpetual variance with the gratuitous inventions of the poet.

The rules of the French theatre, by compelling the dramatist to draw his resources almost entirely from the heart, to the exclusion of incident, have given rise to many masterpieces; because men of the highest genius, restricted to these limits, have depicted the depth of sentiment and the impetuosity of passion, with a degree of truth, precision, and purity of taste, unequalled by any other nation. They are, however, compelled to forego that which is the end and object of the romantic tragedy. Their drama is not, like that, the school of nations, wherein they may learn under a poetical guise the most brilliant portions of their history; where they may animate themselves by the contemplation of ancestral honours, of glory, and of patriotism, till they have engraved upon their hearts, by beholding with their own eyes, the imposing lessons of past ages.

Unity of action is essentially requisite in every drama, as indeed in every intellectual creation. This it is which gives us the clear perception of harmony and beauty, which captivates our attention, and which preserves the due relation between the whole and the several parts. It is this unity which establishes bounds, though with considerable latitude, to discrepancies of time and place. The distance of time naturally suggests to the imagination a number of intermediate actions between one scene and another, of interests created or destroyed, and of changes in the relation of affairs, which embarrass and fatigue the mind. It is necessary, therefore, that the spectator, in following the persons of the drama from place to place, and day after day, should always be occupied with one single idea, and should consider the actors as

engaged with the interests of the drama. If he should imagine them employed upon other actions unknown to himself, those actions, in which it is impossible that his mind can be interested, distract his attention, and weaken the effect of the drama upon his mind by withdrawing it from the unity of the subject. We shall have occasion to remark that these boundaries have been ill preserved in the romantic theatre, and that the liberty which gave rise to this poetical innovation has but too frequently degenerated into licence.

These observations are not applicable to the Spanish theatre only; they may be applied to all foreign literature, with the exception only of the Italian. All the northern, as well as the southern nations, have refused to submit to the pretended dominion of Aristotle; and it will be impossible for us to relish the charms of their literature if we do not possess a previous acquaintance with their critical canons, and if we learn not to judge of their drama by the rules which their own poets have proposed to themselves, and not according to our own prejudices.

With regard to the Spaniards, as far as we have hitherto examined their literature, we have seen that it is much less classical than that of other nations; that it is much less formed upon the model of the Greeks and the Romans, less subjected to the laws and criticism of literary legislators, and, in short, that it has preserved a more original and independent character. It is not that the Spanish writers have possessed no models to follow, or that they have never been imitators, for their earliest masters were the Arabians. It was from the Arabians that they derived their elder poetry. In the sixteenth century, their mixture with the Italians gave a new life, as it were, to their literature, and changed both its spirit and its form. It is a singular fact, that they who introduced the riches of foreign lands into the literature of Castile, were not scholars but warriors. The Spanish Universities, numerous, rich, and powerful as they were by their privileges, were altogether subject to monastic influence. The principal of these privileges was then, as it still is, the right of refusing to follow the progress of science, and of maintaining all ancient abuses and obsolete modes of instruction as their most precious patrimonies. Spain took little part in that zealous cultivation of the learning and poetry of the ancients, which gave so much life to the sixteenth century.

Amongst her poets no one is distinguished for his scholastic reputation, or for his excellence in Greek or Roman composition. On the contrary, they were generally warriors, whose active and elevated souls sought even a wider range than that of martial action. Boscan, Garcilaso, Diego de Mendoza, Montemayor, Castilejo, and Cervantes, all distinguished themselves in the field. Don Alonzo de Ercilla traversed the Atlantic and the Straits of Magellan, seeking glory and danger in another hemisphere. Camoëns, amongst the Portuguese, was a sailor and soldier, as well as a poet. This alliance between arts and arms produced two effects on the literature of Spain, which were equally advantageous. In the first place, it conferred a noble, valorous, and chivalric character upon the writings of the Spaniards; a character rare in every nation, where the sedentary life of the poet enfeebles his spirit; and secondly, it divested their imitations of every appearance of pedantry. The Castilians, indeed, borrowed from other nations, more especially from the Italians; but they were only imperfectly acquainted with what they borrowed, and therefore, when they wished to avail themselves of it, they modified and adapted it to their own ideas. The Arabians, the first instructors of the Spaniards, were ignorant of the drama; the Provençals and the Catalans had very little more knowledge of it; nor could the Spaniards themselves boast of a theatre before the time of Charles V. They studied very slightly, and thought still less of imitating the classical drama; but their officers had beheld in the wars of Italy, the theatrical representations which adorned the Court of Ferrara, and of other Italian princes. In emulation of these spectacles they attempted to establish something resembling them amongst themselves, and to introduce into their own country an amusement which was the ornament of those nations in which they had borne arms.

The Italian dramas were in verse, though not of the most harmonious kind, and it was soon found that the language possessed no good dramatic metre. The Spaniards united an Italian metre to their own national verse—the redondilhas, or the trochaic verses of eight syllables, in which their ancient romances were written. The dialogue, whenever vivacity is demanded, is in redondilhas, sometimes rhymed in quatrains, sometimes in stanzas of ten lines; occasionally with assonants in the second lines; but always with a

lyrical movement, the verse being that which forms the most impassioned measure of the French ode. Whenever the dialogue rises to eloquence, or the poet wishes to give it dignity and grandeur, he employs the heroic verse of the Italians either in octaves or tercets; and whenever one of the characters expresses some sentiment, or comparison, or detached reflection, which has been suggested to him, the poet gives it in the shape of a sonnet.

The choice of these various metres has produced a more extensive effect than we should at first imagine, upon the drama of Spain. In other languages it seems to have been the object of the authors to make the verse of their dramas resemble eloquent prose. They attempt to give their language the tone of nature, and to compel every character to speak as a real individual would express himself under the same circumstances. The Spaniards, on the contrary, having made choice of lyric and heroic metres, endeavoured, above every thing else, to give a poetical character to their dramas. Their object was not to represent what the situation of the characters demanded, but to adapt the subject-matter to the form which they had selected. Lyrical verse would be ridiculous, unless sustained by richness and grandeur of imagery. The same is the case with heroic verse, unless it conveys corresponding sentiments. The *ottava rima* would be misplaced, if the sentence was not proportioned to the length of the metre; and lastly, the sonnets must be clothed with that sententious pomp, and polished with those *concetti*, which are the distinctive characteristics of that class of poems. It was necessary to pass from one of these metres to another; it was necessary that they should all be found in the same tragedy; nor did any question arise whether it was natural that the characters, amid the tumults of passion, the commotions of terror, and the anguish of grief, should employ the most far-fetched comparisons to express a common idea. The only question was, whether a good sonnet was not thus produced. They did not require dramatic but lyrical probability, which is much more easily obtained. They did not regard a long speech, with reference to the circumstances in which the speaker was placed, or to the impatience of the spectators, or of the other characters. They inquired merely whether the lines were intrinsically good and poetical; and, if they were, they were applauded.

In short, they never considered the relation of the parts to the whole, but the perfection of the parts themselves; they lost sight of the unity of the composition in admiring its details, and in their love of art they entirely abandoned nature.

The Italian poets, before Alfieri, generally laid the scene of their dramas in ancient times or in distant countries. The Spanish poets, on the contrary, are essentially national. The greater part of their pieces are drawn from their own times, and from the history of Spain. Those in which the scene is laid in other countries or in fabulous times, still give us a representation of their own manners. They thus possess the advantage of displaying a more animated and faithful picture of nature than the Italian dramas, which are all conventional. The Spanish theatre bears the strong impress of those illustrious times in which it flourished, when the pride of the nation was roused by its victories, and its military spirit shone in every composition. As liberty had been lost for upwards of a century, the gentlemen of Spain placed their pride in chivalry. They became romantic, as it was no longer in their power to be heroic, and entertained exaggerated notions upon the point of honour, which in noble souls fills the place of patriotism, when that sentiment has ceased to exist. The poet, when he represented past times, did not dare to invest his cavaliers with the independence which their fathers had enjoyed. He endowed them with all his own political fears, and his own religious superstitions. He painted them as obedient to their kings, submissive to their priests, and full of a slavish spirit at which the ancient nobles of Castile would have blushed. Notwithstanding these unfaithful representations, the Spanish theatre still exhibits pictures every way worthy of exciting our liveliest curiosity.

We have already seen in a former chapter what, according to Cervantes, was the origin of the Spanish theatre, and what Cervantes himself accomplished in its cause. We have likewise seen how he admired the genius of the man, who, in his time, created as it were the drama of his country, and alone gave birth to more theatrical compositions than perhaps the united literature of all other nations can produce. Lope Felix de Vega Carpio was born at Madrid on the twenty-fifth of November, 1562, fifteen years after Cervantes. His relations, who were noble, though poor, gave him a liberal education. In consequence of their death before he

visited the university, he was sent thither by the Inquisitor-General, Don Jeronimo Manriquez, Bishop of Avila, and he completed his studies at Alcala. Prodigies of imagination and learning are related of him at this early period. The Duke of Alva, soon after his marriage, took him into his employment as secretary; but being forced into an affair of honour, he wounded his adversary dangerously, and was compelled to seek his safety in flight. He passed some years in exile at Madrid, and on his return lost his wife. The grief which he felt upon this occasion, added to his religious and patriotic zeal, drove him into the army, and he embarked on board the Invincible Armada, which was intended to subdue England, but which only fixed Elizabeth more firmly upon the throne. On his return to Madrid, he again married, and for some time lived happily in the bosom of his family; but the death of his second wife determined him to renounce the world and enter into orders. Notwithstanding this change, he continued to the end of his life to cultivate poetry with so wonderful a facility, that a drama of more than two thousand lines, intermingled with sonnets, *terza rima*, and *ottava rima*, and enlivened with all kinds of unexpected incidents and intrigues, frequently cost him no more than the labour of a single day. He tells us himself that he has produced more than a hundred plays, which were represented within four and twenty hours after their first conception.* We must not forget what we have before said of the wonderful facility of the Italian improvvisatori; and it is not more difficult to compose in the Spanish metres. In the time of Lope de Vega, there existed many Castilian improvvisatori, who expressed themselves in verse with the same ease as in prose. Lope was the most remarkable of those improvvisatori; for the task of versification seems never to have retarded his progress. His friend and biographer Montalvan, has remarked that he composed more rapidly than his amanuensis could copy. The managers of the theatres, who always kept him on the spur, left him no time either to read or to correct his compositions. He thus, with inconceivable fertility, produced eighteen hundred comedies and four hundred *Autos sacramentales*; in all two thousand two hundred dramas, of which about three hundred alone have been published in twenty-five volumes in

* Pues mas de ciento, en horas veynte y quatro,
Pasaron de las musas al teatro.

quarto. His other poems were reprinted at Madrid in 1776, under the title of the Detached Works (*Obras Sueltas*) of Lope de Vega, in twenty-one volumes in quarto. His prodigious literary labours produced Lope almost as much money as glory. He amassed a hundred thousand ducats, but his treasures did not long abide with him. The poor ever found his purse open to them ; and that taste for pomp, and that Castilian pride which is gratified by extravagance and embarrassments, soon dissipated his wealth. After living in splendour, he died almost in poverty.

No poet has ever in his lifetime enjoyed so much glory. Whenever he shewed himself abroad, the crowd surrounded him, and saluted him with the appellation of the *prodigy of nature*. Children followed him with cries of pleasure, and every eye was fixed upon him. The religious College of Madrid, of which he was a member, elected him their president, (*Capellan mayor.*) Pope Urban VIII. presented him with the Cross of Malta, the title of Doctor of Theology, and the diploma of Treasurer of the Apostolic Chamber; marks of distinction which he owed at least as much to his fanatical zeal, as to his poems. The Inquisition, too, appointed him one of its familiars. In the midst of the homage thus rendered to his talents, he died on the twenty-sixth of August, 1635, having attained the age of seventy-three. His obsequies were celebrated with even royal pomp. Three bishops in their pontifical habits officiated for three days at the funeral of the Spanish Phœnix, as he is called in the title-page of his comedies. It has been calculated that he wrote more than twenty-one millions three hundred thousand lines, upon a hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and twenty-two sheets of paper.

In examining the works of Lope de Vega, we shall pursue the same method which we have employed in our observations upon less voluminous authors, and we shall attempt to make the reader acquainted with them rather through the medium of a detailed analysis, than by judging them in the mass and by general ideas. For my own part, I am only conversant with thirty of his dramas, one tenth merely of the number which has been published, which is itself but a sixth part of those which he eomposed. But even this acquaintance with his writings is, I imagine, quite sufficient to enable us to form an opinion of his talents and defects.

The essence of the Spanish theatre is intrigue. In all

their pieces we discover a complication of incidents, love-affairs, stratagems, and combats, which are sufficiently extraordinary, more especially if we measure them by our manners, and which it is by no means easy to follow and comprehend. It is said that strangers experience infinite difficulty in following the thread of a drama represented upon the stage of a Madrid theatre, while the Spaniards themselves, who are habituated to this intrigue and romantic adventure, can trace the plot with surprising facility. The complicated structure of the plots of the Spanish dramas is so essentially connected with the literature of that country, that it is necessary to consider and to explain it. I shall, therefore, trace the plot of the first comedy now analysed, and which is one of the most simple in its nature. In the rest, I shall content myself with examining those portions of them which strike me as the most remarkable for ingenuity, for poetry, or for the representation of manners.

The Discreet Revenge (La Discreta Vengança) which I propose to analyse, is the first play of the twentieth volume. It is a national and historical drama, one of that class which has always appeared to me to possess the greatest portion of real merit. The scene is laid in Portugal, in the reign of Alfonso III. (1246-1279.) The hero of the piece is Don Juan de Meneses, the favorite of the King, who was compelled to defend himself against the dark intrigues of a number of envious courtiers. At the opening of the drama, he is seen with his squire Tello waiting until his cousin, Donna Anna, of whom he is enamoured, shall leave church. His rival, Don Nuño, accompanied by his friend Don Ramiro, then arrives with the same object of paying attention to the lady. At length she appears at the church-door, and, upon her happening to let her glove fall, the two gallants throw themselves forwards to catch it. This incident causes a dispute between them; angry looks pass, and defiances are interchanged. Donna Anna, in order to prevent a quarrel, decides against her cousin in favour of Nuño, to whom, however, she is indifferent. Having dismissed her two lovers, Donna Anna returns to the stage to justify herself to Meneses, and to satisfy him that she has only preferred his rival in order to prevent a dangerous quarrel. This scene, which is a sort of exposition of the plot, is intended to give us an insight into the happy love of Meneses, his jealous disposition, and the rivalry of Nuño.

The second scene represents the council of state of King

Alonzo. In the English and Spanish dramas, it is not the entry of a fresh actor which constitutes a new scene, but the re-appearance of the characters in a situation or place which has no immediate connexion with the preceding scene. Alonzo had been raised to the throne of Portugal by a party who had deposed Don Sancho his brother, a negligent, voluptuous, and incapable prince. Alonzo had been married to a French princess, (Matilda, the heiress of the county of Boulogne,) a lady of fifty years of age, while her husband was a youth. Having no children by her, and having abandoned the hope of a family, he was desirous of divorcing the princess, who had not followed him into Portugal. The reasons of state, the wish of settling the succession to the crown, on the one hand, and on the other the rights of Matilda and the gratitude which Alonzo owes her, are discussed in council with much dignity. Vasco Nuño and Ramiro persuade the King to demand a divorce from the Pontiff Clement IV., which the latter could not refuse. Don Juan de Meneses, on the contrary, is desirous that the king should divide all the pleasures of royalty with her from whom he derived his subsistence when he had no realm of his own. Alonzo puts an end to the discussion, which was growing warm between Nuño and Meneses, and desires the latter alone to remain, whose fidelity he had experienced in his greatest misfortunes. He informs him that he has not only determined to divorce Matilda, but to marry Beatrix, the daughter of Alfonso X. of Castile, who had offered the kingdom of Algarves as a dowry. Having selected Don Juan as his ambassador to the court of Seville, he commands him to depart the same night, and to preserve the strictest silence. Don Juan frankly avows that he feels great regret in being compelled to leave his cousin Anna de Meneses at the moment when he is disputing her love with a rival who may bear away the prize ; but Alonzo promises to attend himself to the interests of his friend, and to watch over his mistress. Juan does not place such implicit confidence in this promise, as not to order his squire Tello to keep guard at night around the mansion of his beloved. He religiously preserves the secret intrusted to him, and departs without taking leave of Donna Anna, being compelled even to neglect an appointment which she had herself made with him for that evening.

It was not without good grounds that Meneses had ordered

Tello to keep guard during the night. Nuño, Ramiro, and their squire Rodrigo, approach the mansion of Donna Anna. It was the hour at which she had appointed to meet Don Juan, whom she imagines she sees in the person of Don Nuño. Tello, who is watching, contrives by an artifice to learn their names, but, as they are three to one, he does not yet dare to attack them. While he is observing them at a distance, the King, who wishes to keep his promise, and to watch over the mistress of Don Juan, appears at the bottom of the same street. Tello, without recognizing him, accosts him and requests his assistance, and a scene takes place which, whimsical as it is, from its excess of chivalric spirit, yet possesses a character of great truth and originality:

TELLO. A cavalier advances to the grate;
Strange as it is, I'll speak at any rate.
ALONZO. Who's there? TELLO. Put up your sword! One who demands
Nought but a favour, Signor, at your hands.
ALONZO. So late, and in this lonely place address'd,
Who, think you, will attend to such request?
TELLO. He who boasts gentle blood; and you are he,
As in your noble countenance I see.
ALONZO. True, I'm a gentleman; and, by God's grace,
One also of a known and noble race.
TELLO. You know the laws of honour then; the best
Of all the code is to defend the oppress'd.
ALONZO. But first 'tis meet we know who's in the right.
TELLO. To cut the matter short, pray, will you fight?
ALONZO. You're not a robber! I can scarce think so,
Judging you from your cloak. TELLO. No, marry, no.
Fear it not. ALONZO. Well! what would you have me do?
TELLO. Behind that grating does an angel dwell,
And he who loves her left me sentinel,
To guard her safety in his absence hence.
You see those men? You see the difference:
'Tis three to one Now, if you'll lend a hand,
I'll cudgel them till none of them can stand.
ALONZO. You've puzzled me. I am a knight, 'tis true
And therefore am I bound to stand by you.
And yet, methinks, 'tis indiscreet in us
To meddle in a stranger's quarrel thus.
TELLO. Pho! never fear! let but the rascals see
That I have got another man with me,
I'll settle them, though three or thirty-three.
ALONZO. Fear! in my life I never yet knew fear!
I only dread our enemies should hear
Of this adventure, and should say of it
That it displays our rashness, not our wit.
Tell me his name whose place to-night you fill,
I promise I'll stick by you, come what will.

TELLO. Exceeding good—you promise—his name is
Don Juan de Meneses. ALONZO. Why then this
Most lucky is; his dearest friend am I;
So take your sword, we'll strike them instantly.
TELLO. You gentlemen there! peeping through the blind,
March off! or I shall break your heads, you'll find.
NUNO. Pray are you arm'd to carry the thing through?
TELLO. Arm'd! like the devil. RODRIGO. Kill the rascal, do. (*They fight.*)
TELLO. Now help, Sir Knight. RODRIGO. The bully fights, I swear!
NUNO. Forbear, or you'll disgrace this house,—forbear!
TELLO. A coward's poor excuse! ALONZO. Follow them not.
TELLO. Oh let me kiss a thousand times the spot
On which you stand. Could but the king have seen
Your valorous deeds, you shortly would have been
His general at Ceuta. ALONZO. Sir, my rank
Is such, that at his table I have drank.
TELLO. What feints! what thrusts! what quickness! and what fire!
May I not know what I so much desire,
Your name? ALONZO. I'd really tell you, had I power;
Come to the palace your first vacant hour.
TELLO. But if I come, how shall I know you then?
ALONZO. Give me some trifle that you prize not; when
You see me next, I'll hand it you again.
TELLO. I've nought about me that is useless. Yes,
I've got my purse which very useless is,
For it is always empty—here, take this!
ALONZO. What, empty! TELLO. Ay, good Signor: squires like me
Boast very little silver, as you see.

We may easily imagine that a very diverting scene occurs in the second act, when the king restores his purse to Tello, and thus discloses his name. The monarch enquires whether Tello is willing to receive a present; and the squire answers him by saying, that when his father died he gave particular directions that one hand should be left out of the grave, in order that he might be able to receive what any one might be disposed to give him. The king then bestows a pension upon him and the dignity of an Alcalde of St. John, to which office is attached the privilege of having a key to every fortress.

In the second act Don Juan de Meneses returns to Portugal with Beatrix of Castile. This princess, the most amiable and beautiful woman of her age, feels as lively a passion for Alonzo as that with which the monarch is himself inspired. With the approbation of the council of state the marriage is celebrated (1262,) before a dispensation for that purpose has been obtained from Rome. The attachment of Alonzo to Beatrix only strengthens the gratitude which he feels towards Meneses. To him he confides the direction of all his affairs.

Every petitioner is referred to him ; and the jealousy of the courtiers is thus augmented and confirmed. His ruin is sworn by all ; and they attempt to destroy him by the most perfidious artifice. Nuño, above all, endeavours to wound him in the tenderest point. He demands from the king the hand of Donna Anna de Meneses. He already possesses the approbation of her father, and he promises to procure her own consent under her hand. Don Juan undertakes to offer no opposition to their union, provided he is furnished with this proof of the infidelity of his mistress. Nuño deceitfully procures a paper by which Donna Anna appears to give her consent. The jealousy of the two lovers is thus raised to the highest pitch ; but a meeting and an explanation take place, and they mutually forgive one another.

In the third act Nuño attempts to awaken the jealousy of Donna Anna, by persuading her that Don Juan is in love with Inez, one of the maids of honour to the queen ; whilst his friend Don Ramiro addresses her, and makes proposals of marriage as if from Don Juan. Inez receives the overture with great joy, and announces it to the queen. This news reaches the ears of Donna Anna on every side, and in an interview with her lover, instead of soothing him, she excites him to challange Don Nuño. She tells him that when she prevented a quarrel formerly, her love only was in question, but that now her jealousy is awakened ; that his danger is nothing in comparison with her sufferings ; and that she can no longer listen to the voice of prudence. Before Don Juan is able to meet Nuño, a fresh intrigue at court exposes him to the greatest danger. The pontiff refuses the dispensation for the divorce of the king and his marriage with Beatrix. The king and the princess are overwhelmed. The Countess of Boulogne being unwilling that her marriage should be dissolved, had written to Rome to oppose the divorce. The enemies of Don Juan present to the king a forged letter, as from the Countess to Juan, in order to establish an understanding between those parties, and to induce a belief that the favourite had been secretly intriguing at Rome against the king and queen. Alonzo is enraged at the idea of being betrayed by his friend. He orders him to be arrested, and without examination or hearing he condemns him to death. The office of arresting him is given to his enemies, and Don Juan is taken into custody by the hands of Ramiro. The

scene in which Don Juan is arrested, is exeeedingly finc. The speech of Don Juan is full of noble poetry.

JUAN. I yield me to the king's commands, nor fear
To lose the royal favour, on his truth
Securely resting. From these prison walls,
Like Joseph, shall I step victoriously
In glory. Yet I grieve, noble Ramiro,
My tongue may utter not what my heart would—
You understand me.
RAM. All things have their end,
And so shall thy captivity, and then
Fair answer will I grant theeif thou seek'st it.

JUAN. So be it, and these words of thine
My consolation. [shall be
VASCO. It is little fitting
To cast defiance at the very moment [yet
When you are rendering up your sword; and
Methinks it hath not shed such blood in Afric
That it should blanch the cheek of bold Ramiro.

JUAN. Vasco de Acuña, I do marvel not
At these adverse mutations of my fortune,
But yet I do admire to see ye three
Building ambitious hopes upon my ruin,
Because the king is but a man, and ye
Think to deceive him. Maugre all the envy
Bred in you by his favours shewn to me,
All of you know how well this sword, which now
I render up, has served the king at Coimbra,
And at Algarves, too, if not in Afric.
But wherefore do I weakly tax myself
To satisfy your furious hate? There, take it;
But know that speedily ye all shall pay me
For this foul injury.

NUNO. Wert thou not prisoner
Thou wouldst not thus have boasted.
JUAN. My good friend Nuno, be not so hard with me.
RAMIRO. Advance! March forward, guard.
JUAN. Tello! TELLO. My lord!
JUAN. Tello, remember you relate this scene.

JUAN. Obedezco del rey el mandamiento;
No triste de perder del rey la gracia,
Porque de mi verdad estoy seguro,
Que saldré de esta carcel con vitoria,
Y será de Joseph corona y gloria.
Pero de no poder, Ramiro noble,
Dezirte las palabras que pensaba,
Que tu me entiendes ya.
RAMIRO. Todo se acaba,
Y esta prizion se acabará muy presto;
Y a responderte me hallarás dispuesto,
Sempre que tu quisieres.
JUAN. Pues, yo tomo
Essa palabra por consuelo mio.
VASCO. No es tiempo de tratar de desafio, [pada.
Quando por fuerça has de dexar la es-
Ni pienso que en Africa bañada
Se vio de tanta sangre, que amenace
Cavalleros que son como Ramiro.
JUAN. Vasco de Acuña, nunca yo me admiro
De las adversidades de fortuna:
Admirome de ver que esteys haziendo
Lances los tres en mi, porque os parezca [se puede.
Que el rey es hombre, y que engañar
La embidia queteneys de que me estime; [todos
Esta espada que os doy, bien sabeys
Que en Coymbra sirvió, y en los Algarbes,
Si en el Africa no, mas que me canso
En dar satisfacion a vuestra furia!
Tomad la, y estad ciertos que esta in-
Me pagareys muy presto. [juria
NUNO. A no estar preso
No hablaras tan sobervio.
JUAN. Nuño amigo
Menos rigor.
RAMIRO. Camina, alerta guarda.
JUAN. Tello. TELLO. Senor!
JUAN. Diras lo sucedido.

The biting taunt of Nuño, who reproaches Juan with presuming not on his strength, but on his weakness, could not be put into the mouth of any man who was not highly sensitive upon the point of honour. In fact, the traitors of the Spanish stage are never cowards like those of the Italian. The public would not have suffered so shameful a representation.

The energetic love of Anna de Meneses succeeds in delivering Juan from prison. This she accomplishes through the means of the faithful Tello, who held the key of the fortress, and by the zeal of Inez, who fearlessly exposes herself on behalf of him whom she believes her lover. Donna Anna and Juan experience a peculiar pleasure in availing them-

selves of these deceitful practices, and as soon as the latter is at liberty, instead of attempting to justify himself, he turns upon his enemies their own arms. By his procurement, certain forged letters are conveyed to the king, from which it would appear that the enemies of Don Juan have been guilty of the very treasons with which he had been charged. The hostile courtiers are consequently exiled, and Juan is restored to favour, while the general satisfaction is augmented by the news which at this time arrives of the death of the Countess of Boulogne, by which the legality of the nuptials between Alonzo and Beatrix is firmly established.

I fear that this long analysis of a comedy of Lope de Vega may be thought both fatiguing and obscure ; and that it may be said that too much attention has been bestowed upon a work which probably did not cost its author more than four and twenty hours. It appeared to me, however, that this was the only mode in which I could give an idea of the peculiar invention and effect of Lope's comedies, and of the new character which he gave to the Spanish drama. His plays are no less removed from the perfection of the romantic writers than from that of the authors of antiquity. Nothing else could be expected from the unexampled velocity with which he wrote. Some of his productions are very rudely composed, though generally lighted up with some sparks of genius. It was by these brilliant traces of superior talent, as well as by the wonderful fecundity of his pen, that Lope de Vega wrought so great a change in the dramatic literature of his country. Cervantes had originated the idea of a grand and severe style of tragedy; but after the appearance of Lope, neither tragedy nor comedy, properly speaking, were to be found. Novels and romances usurped the Spanish stage. A Spanish comedy, as Boutterwek justly remarks, is properly a dramatic novel : like a novel, its interest may be either of a tragic, or comic, or historical nature, or it may be purely poetical. The rank of the characters cannot assign the class to which it belongs. Princes and potentates, in their places, contribute to the carrying on of the plot, as well as valets and lovers, and they are all mingled together whenever the exigencies of the story render it probable. Neither the keeping of character, nor a satirical vein, is essential either to the Spanish drama or to the novel. The burlesque and the tender, the vulgar and the pathetic, may be mingled together

without destroying the spirit of the piece, for the object of the poet is not to keep alive any one certain emotion. He does not attempt to give a longer duration to the interest or to the emotion of the spectators than to their laughter. The whole piece turns upon a complicated intrigue, which excites their attention and curiosity; and he thus fills his historical plays with the most extraordinary adventures, and his sacred dramas with miracles.

The comedies of this nation, which have appeared since the age of Lope de Vega, may be classed under the distinctive heads of sacred and profane. The latter branch may be again subdivided into heroic, historical, or mythological, and *comedies of the cloak and the sword*, which depict the fashionable manners and pursuits of the day. The sacred comedies represent either the lives of saints or sacramental acts. Of these two classes the first is constructed on the model of the mysteries, which were anciently performed in the monasteries, while the latter is almost entirely confined to allegorical subjects intended to celebrate the feast of the Holy Sacrament. In course of time, to these different classes of dramatic performances were added a kind of prologue, called a commendation, *loa*, and interludes, *entremeses*, which, when accompanied with music and dancing, were termed *saynetes*.

In the comedies of the cloak and the sword, or, as they might properly be called, of intrigue, Lope has scarcely regarded probability in the order and connexion of his scenes. His chief object was to excite interest by the situations in which his characters were placed, and by the working up of his plot. One intrigue is interwoven with another, and the intricacy of the plot increases, until the author, to terminate the whole, cuts asunder all the knots which he cannot otherwise unravel, and marries all the couples who present themselves to him as candidates for that ceremony. Reflections and maxims of prudence are frequently to be met with in the course of his comedies, but morality, strictly so called, is never introduced into them. The public for whom he wrote would not have permitted him to dilate on a subject with which they conceived that they were sufficiently edified from the pulpit. His gallantry, on which every intrigue is founded, is of the most extravagant nature. Not the slightest regard is paid to its decorum; and if it is partially regulated by the principles of honour, it is never influenced

by those of morality. When the passions are pourtrayed, they possess all the character of the impetuous temperament of the nation. In the reveries of his lovers, Lope exhibits a fund of romantic declamation, and of *jeux d'esprit*, quite inexhaustible. "*Love excuses every thing*" was the maxim of the fashionable inhabitants of Madrid; and on the authority of this adage, all kinds of deceptions, perfidies of the basest nature, and the most scandalous intrigues, are represented without any reserve. His cavaliers draw their swords on every trifling occasion; and to inflict a wound or even death upon their adversaries is considered as a circumstance of very little moment.

The sacred pieces of Lope de Vega depict, in very faithful colours, the religious spirit of his times, and in common with his other works, present an exact picture of the prevailing manners. They are a strange mixture of catholic piety, of fantastic imagination, and of noble poetry. The Lives of the Saints possess more dramatic effect than the Sacramental Acts; but, on the other hand, the religious mysteries in the latter are expressed, by means of the allegories, with greater dignity. Of all the dramatic works of Lope the Lives of the Saints are written with the least observance of the rules. In them we discover the most incongruous union of characters. Allegorical personages, buffoons, saints, countrymen, scholars, kings, the infant Christ, God the Father, the devil. and all the heterogeneous beings which the most grotesque imagination can conceive, are here made to act and to converse together.

All these pieces are, at present, known by the general designation of the *Gran Comedia, or the Comedia famosa*, whether the event is fortunate or unfortunate, comic or tragic. Yet in the edition of his dramatic works which Lope himself published, we find several pieces distinguished by the name of tragedies. Of these, the fable was in general borrowed from antiquity. Lope seemed to imagine, that no modern action was sufficiently dignified to deserve the title of tragic. But these pieces possess neither a grander developement, nor deeper emotions, nor a more elevated strain of language, to authorize the distinction. The style is universally the same. The author has endeavoured to render it poetical, but not to give it an air of grandeur. He has enriched it with the most brilliant images, and has adorned it

by the efforts of his imagination, but he has failed either to dignify it, or to give it an uniform elevation. His characters speak like poets, not like men of distinguished rank; and in whatever tone they commence their conversation, they never preserve it. There are two pieces of Lope de Vega which bear the name of tragedies; one is entitled *The burning of Rome, or Nero;* the other, *The most intrepid Husband, or Orpheus*, both of which must be ranked amongst his very worst productions, and deserve no attention.

Notwithstanding the harshness and coarse style which distinguish most of the dramas of Lope de Vega, it cannot be said that the reader is ever fatigued by their perusal, that the action flags, or that we feel that languor and impatience which are almost invariably occasioned by the inferior tragedies of French authors of the second rank. Our curiosity is awakened by the rapidity of action, by the multiplicity of events, by the increasing confusion, and by the impossibility of foreseeing the developement; and it is preserved in all its vivacity from the first scene to the conclusion His pieces are often open to severe criticism; and indeed they are sometimes even below criticism; yet they uniformly excite a desire to discover the event. It is probably to his art of explaining all the circumstances by the acts of his characters, that Lope owes this advantage. He always opens his scenes by some imposing event, which forcibly attracts and captivates the attention of the spectator. His performers proceed to action immediately on their entering the stage, and he discloses their characters more fully by their conduct than by a recital of anterior occurrences. The curiosity is awakened by his busy scenes, whilst we are generally inattentive during the recitals which explain the French pieces; and yet an attention to these recitals is absolutely requisite in order to understand the whole drama.

In the piece which we have just analysed, the quarrel between Don Juan de Meneses and Nuño his rival, strikes the spectators by its vivacity, by the fear of some impending danger, and by the interest which Anna de Meneses takes in appeasing them. His principal characters have already been displayed, each circumstance is developed in its proper place, so that there is no need of any other exposition. The two dramas of Lope de Vega which follow that which we have just mentioned, partake of the same Spanish and chilvalric

character, and possess the same merit. The poet always attracts the eyes, and commands the attention, of his audience, from the commencement of the piece. In *Lo Cierto por lo Dudoso; The Certain for the Doubtful*, a drama founded on the jealous rivalry of Don Pedro king of Castile, and his brother Don Henry, both of whom are enamoured of Donna Juana, daughter of the Adelantado of Castile, the scene opens in the streets of Seville in the midst of the festivals and rejoicings on the eve of Saint John. The jocund strains of musical instruments and of the voice are heard on every side; dances are made up before the audience; the nobility of the kingdom partake in the diversions of the people, or avail themselves of that opportunity to carry on their intrigues: and at last Don Henry and Don Pedro are introduced in a manner sufficiently striking to awaken general curiosity. Each of them recognizes the other, whilst endeavouring to obtain access to the house of his mistress, and they mutually attempt to conceal themselves from each other.

In the following play, *Pobreza no es vileza; Poverty is no Crime*, in which the scene is laid in Flanders during the wars of Philip II., and under the government of the Count de Fuentes, the commencement is in the highest degree attractive and romantic. Rosela, a Flemish lady of high birth, has retired to her gardens at a short distance from Brussels. She is there attacked by four Spanish soldiers, who, long deprived of their pay and enraged by hunger, attempt to rob her of her jewels. Mendoza, the hero of the piece, who was serving as a private soldier in the same army, unexpectedly arrives, meanly apparelled. He defends the Flemish lady, recovers her jewels, and conducts her to a place of safety. Having gained her affections by this generous action, he confides to her care his sister, who has accompanied him to Flanders, and he departs to the siege of Catelet, with the Count de Fuentes.

Lode de Vega appears to have studied the history of Spain, and to have been filled with a noble enthusiasm for the glory of his country, which he incessantly endeavours to support. His dramas cannot be strictly called historical, like those of Shakspeare; that is to say, he has not selected the great events of the state, so as to form a political drama; but he has connected a romantic intrigue with the most glorious occurrences in the records of Spain, and has so interwoven

romance with history, that eulogies on the heroes of his nation become an essential and inseparable part of his poems. It was not to afford the audience the pleasure of witnessing a ridiculous battle, as in the effeminate theatre in Italy, that the siege of Catelet, in which Mendoza distinguished himself, is partly displayed on the stage; it was for the purpose of affording the Count de Fuentes, in arraying his army, the opportunity of rendering to each of his officers, and to each of his brave warriors, that tribute of glory which posterity has accorded to them. Although these pieces are inferior to many others in point of composition, yet the patriotic sentiments of the author, and his zeal for the glory of his nation, give them a deeper interest than is possessed by those which are more distinguished by poetical beauties.

In the faithful picture of Spanish manners which he has presented to us, the most striking and most incomprehensible feature is the extreme susceptibility of Spanish honour. The slightest coquetry of a mistress, of a wife, or of a sister, is an insult to the lover, the husband, or the brother, which can only be obliterated by blood. This mad jealousy was communicated to the Spanish by the Arabians. Its existence amongst the latter, and indeed amongst all oriental nations, may easily be accounted for, because it is in accordance with their national habits. They keep the female sex in close confinement; they never pronounce their names, nor do they ever seek any intercourse with them until they have them absolutely in their power. Indulging only emotions of love and of jealousy in their harams, they seem in every other place to forget the existence of the sex. The manners of the Spaniards are entirely opposite. Their whole lives are consecrated to gallantry. Every individual is enamoured of some woman who is not in his power, amd makes no scruple of entering into the most indelicate intrigues to gratify his passions. The most virtuous heroines make assignations in the night-time, at their chamber windows; they receive and write billets; and they go out masked to meet their lovers in the house of a third person. So completely is this gallantry supported by the spirit of chivalry, that when a married woman is pursued by her husband or by her father, she invokes the first person whom she chances to meet, without knowing him or disclosing herself to him. She requests him to protect her from her impertinent pursuers, and the stranger thus called

upon cannot, without dishonouring himself, refuse to draw his sword to procure for this unknown female a liberty perhaps criminal. He, however, who thus hazards his life to secure the flight of a coquette, who has himself made many assignations and written billets, would be seized with unappeasable fury if he discovered that his own sister had inspired any person with love, had entertained that passion for another, or had taken any of those liberties which are authorized by universal custom. Such a circumstance would be a sufficient motive in his eyes to put to death both his sister and the man who had ventured to speak to her of love.

The theatre of Spain every where affords us examples of the practical application of this singular law of honour. Besides various pieces of Lope de Vega, many of those of Calderon, and amongst others the *Lady Spectre* and *The Devotion of the Cross*, place in the clearest light the contrast between the jealous fury of a husband or a brother, and the protection which they themselves afford to any masked damsel who may ask it ; who, as it often happens, is one of the identical persons they would have the greatest desire to restrain if they had known her. But the argument which a Castilian philosopher advances against these sanguinary manners in a comedy of an anonymous author of the Court of Philip IV. is still more extraordinary. A judge is speaking of a husband who has put his wife to death :

> Our worldly laws he has obey'd,
> But not those laws which God has made.
> My other self, now, is my wife ;
> It is then clear, that if my life
> I must not take, I cannot do
> That violence to her. 'Tis true,
> Man very rarely can controul
> The impulse which first moves his soul.*

A singular morality, which would prohibit murder, only when it resembles suicide !

In *Lo Cierto por lo Dudoso*† of Lope de Vega, Donna Juana prefers Don Henry to his brother the king, Don Pedro.

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* El montañes Juan Pasqual, y primer assistente de Sevilla, de un ingenio de la corte.

> Complio con duelos del mundo
> Mas no con leyes del cielo;
> i muger es otro yo :
> Y pues yo a mi no me debo
> Dar la muerte, claro està
> Que a ella tampoco. Ya veo
> Que raro es el que es señor
> De su primer movimiento.

† [This Drama has been lately revived and acted at Madrid.—*Tr.*]

To him she remains constant in spite of the passion of the monarch, who was neither less amiable, less young, nor less captivating. She endeavours in various ways to make known her attachment to Don Henry; and at last, when the king is on the point of receiving her hand, she begs to speak to him alone, hoping to free herself from him by a singular artifice.

JUANA. Don Pedro, I have ventured to confide
In your known valour and your generous wisdom,
To speak with you thus frankly. You must know,
Don Henry did address me, and I answer'd
His suit, though with a grave and modest carriage.
Never from him heard I unfitting words;
Never from him did I receive a line
Trenching upon mine honour; yet, believe me,
If I have answer'd not your love, I have
A deeper motive than you think of. Listen!
But no! how can I tell such circumstances,
And yet the hazard only may be blamed—
Doth not my cheek grow pale? THE KING. Oh, I am lost!
Juana, I am lost! my love begets
A thousand strange chimeras. What shall I
Believe of this thy treachery—of thy honour?
Oh speak, nor longer torture me; I know
The hazards wherewith lovers are environ'd.
JUANA. I seek choice words, and the disguise of rhetoric,
And yet the simple truth will best excuse me.
I and Don Henry (he was speaking to me)
Descended the great staircase of the palace—
I cannot tell it—will you let me write it?
THE KING. No, tarry not, my patience is exhausted.
JUANA. I said we did descend the staircase.—No,
Not the doom'd criminal can be more moved
Than I am at this tale. THE KING. In God's name, hasten!
JUANA. Wait but a little while. THE KING. You torture me.
JUANA. Nay, I will tell you all. THE KING. Oh, end the tale!
My blood creeps through each artery drop by drop.
JUANA. Alas! my lord, my crime was very light.
Well, Henry then approach'd me. THE KING, Well! and then!
JUANA. His mouth ('twas by some fatal accident)
Met mine. Perchance he only sought to speak;
But in the obscurity of night he did
Unwittingly do this discourtesy.
Now then you know the hidden fatal reason
Why I can never be your wife. THE KING. I know
Juana, that this tale is the mere coinage
Of your own brain. I know too, that Don Henry
Hath not yet sought his exile, that he lingers
In Seville, plotting how to injure me.
I know that they will say it ill becomes
One of my rank to struggle for your love;

That wise men, and that fools will all agree
In telling me I have forgot my honour.
But I am wounded. Jealousy and love
Have blinded me; I equally despise
The wise man and the fool, and only seek
To satisfy the injury I feel.
Vengeance exists not undebased with fury,
Nor love untainted by the breath of folly.
This night will I assassinate Don Henry,
And he being dead, I will espouse thee. Then
Thou never canst compare his love with mine.
'Tis true that while he lives I can't espouse thee,
Seeing that my dishonour lives in him
Who hath usurp'd the place reserved for me;
But while I thus avenge this crime, I feel
That it hath no reality, and yet
Though thine adventure be all false, invented
To make me yield my wishes and renounce
My marriage, it suffices that it hath
Been only told to me, to seal my vengeance;
Or if love makes me credit aught of it,
Henry shall die and I will wed his widow;
Then though the tale thou tellest were discover'd,
Thine honour and mine own will be uninjur'd.

It is neither a tyrant nor a madman who speaks. Don Pedro resolves to commit fratricide, not like a monster, but like a Spaniard, delicate upon the point of honour. He despatches assassins by different routes to discover his brother. In the mean time, Don Henry marries Juana; and the King, when he thus finds the evil without remedy and his honour unimpaired, pardons the two lovers.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONTINUATION OF LOPE DE VEGA.

It is not merely on his own account that our farther attention is directed to the poet whom Spain has designated as the phœnix of men of genius. Lope de Vega merits our attention still more, as having exhibited and displayed the spirit of his own age, and as having powerfully influenced the taste of succeeding centuries. After a long interruption to the dramatic art, and a silence of fifteen hundred years, on the theatres of Greece and Rome, Europe was suddenly surprised with the renewal of theatrical representations, and turned to them with delight. In every quarter the drama now revived;

the eyes as well as the mind sought a gratification in the charms of poetry, and genius was required to give to its creations action and life. In Italy, tragedy had been already cultivated by Trissino, Rucellai, and their imitators, during the whole of the sixteenth century, but without obtaining any brilliant success or attracting the admiration of the spectators; and it was solely during the period which corresponds to the life of Lope de Vega, (1562-1635) that the only dramatic attempts of which Italy has reason to boast before those of Alfieri, appeared. The Amyntas of Tasso was published in 1572; the Pastor Fido in 1585; and the crowd of pastoral dramas which seemed to be the only representation adapted to the national taste of a people deprived of their independence, and of all military glory, were composed in the years which preceded or immediately followed the commencement of the seventeenth century. In England, Shakspeare was born two years after Lope de Vega, and died nineteen years before him, (1564-1616.) His powerful genius raised the English theatre, which had its birth a few years before, from a state of extreme barbarism, and bestowed on it all the renown which it possesses. In France, Jodelle, who is now regarded as a rude author, had given to French tragedy those rules and that spirit which she has preserved in her maturity, even before the birth of Lope de Vega (1532 to 1573). Garnier, who was the first to polish it, was a contemporary of Lope. The great Corneille, born in 1606, and Rotrou, born in 1609, attained to manhood before the death of Lope. Rotrou had, before that event, given eleven or twelve pieces to the theatre; but Corneille did not publish the Cid until a year after the death of the great Spanish dramatist. In the midst of this universal devotion to dramatic poetry, we may well imagine the astonishment and surprise produced by one who seemed desirous of satisfying himself the theatrical wants of all Europe; one whose genius was never exhausted in touching and ingenious invention; who produced comedies in verse with more ease than others wrote sonnets; and who, during the period that the Castilian tongue was in vogue, filled at one and the same moment, with pieces of endless variety, all the theatres of the Spanish dominions, and those of Milan, Naples, Vienna, Munich, and Brussels. The influence which he could not win from his age by the polish of his works, he obtained by their number.

He exhibited the dramatic art as he had conceived it, in so many different manners, and under so many forms, to so many thousands of spectators, that he naturalized and established a preference for his style, irrevocably decided the direction of Spanish genius in the dramatic art, and obtained over the foreign stage a considerable influence. It is felt in the plays of Shakspeare and of his immediate successors; and is to be traced in Italy during the seventeenth century, but more particularly in France, where the great Corneille formed himself on the Spanish school; where Rotrou, Quinault, Thomas Corneille, and Scarron, gave to the stage scarcely any other than pieces borrowed from Spain; and where the Castilian names and titles and manners were for a long time in exclusive possession of the theatre.

The pieces of Lope de Vega are seldom read; they have not, to my knowledge, been translated, and they are rarely met with in detached collections of Spanish plays. The original edition of his pieces is to be found only in two or three of the most celebrated libraries in Europe.* It is, therefore, necessary to regard more closely a man who attained such eminent fame; who exercised so powerful and durable an influence not only over his native country, but over all Europe, and over ourselves; and with whom we have, nevertheless, little acquaintance, and whom we know only by name. I am aware that extracts from pieces, often monstrous, and always rudely sketched, may probably disgust readers who seek rather the masterpieces of literature than its rude materials; and I feel, too, that the prodigious fertility of Lope ceases to be a merit in the eyes of those who are fatigued with its details; but if they were no longer interesting to us as specimens of the dramatic art, they deserve our attention as presenting a picture of the manners and opinions then prevalent in Spain. It is in this point of view that I shall endeavour to trace in them the prejudices and manners of the Spaniards, their conduct in America, and their religious sentiments, at an epoch which, in some measure, corresponds to the wars of the League. Those too, to whom the Spanish stage in its rude state is without interest, cannot be indifferent to the character of a nation, which was at that time armed for the conquest of the world,

* There is a copy in the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, but the fifth and sixth volumes are wanting.

and which, after having long held the destinies of France in the balance, seemed on the point of reducing her under its yoke, and forcing her to receive its opinions, its laws, its manners, and its religion. A remarkable trait in all the chivalrous pieces of Spain is the slight honour and little remorse inspired by the commission of murder. There is no nation where so much indifference has been manifested for human life, where duels, armed rencounters, and assassinations, have been more common, arising from slighter causes, and accompanied with less shame and regret. All the Spanish heroes, at the commencement of their story, are in the predicament of having slain some powerful man, and are obliged to seek safety in flight. After a murder they are exposed, it is true, to the vengeance of relations and to the pursuit of justice, but they are under the protection of religion and public opinion; they pass from one convent and church to another, until they reach a place of safety; and they are not only favoured by a blind compassion, but the whole body of the clergy make it a point of conscience, in their pulpits and confessionals, to extend their forgiveness to an unfortunate, who has given way to a sudden movement of anger, and by abandoning the dead to snatch a victim from the hands of justice. The same religious prejudice exists in Italy; an assassin is always sure of protection under the name of Christian charity from all belonging to the church, and by all that class of people immediately under the influence of the priests. Thus in no country in the world have assassinations been more frequent than in Italy and in Spain. In the latter country a village *fête* scarcely ever occurs without a person being killed. At the same time this crime ought, in reality, to wear a graver aspect amongst a superstitious people, since, according to their belief, the eternal sentence depends not on the general course of life, but on the state of the soul at the moment of death; so that he who is killed, being almost always at the moment of quarrel in a state of impenitence, there can be no doubt of his condemnation to eternal punishment. But neither the Spaniards nor the Italians ever consult their reason in legislating on morals; they submit blindly to the decisions of casuists, and when they have undergone the expiations imposed on them by their confessors, they believe themselves absolved from all crime. These expiations have been rendered so much the more easy,

as they are a source of riches to the clergy. A foundation of masses for the soul of the deceased, or alms to the church. or a sacrifice of money, in short, however disproportionate to the wealth of the culprit, will always suffice to wash away the stain of blood. The Greeks in the heroic ages required expiations before a murderer was permitted to enter again into their temples; but their expiations, far from enfeebling the civil authority, were designed to strengthen it; they were long and severe; the murderer was compelled to make public penance, and felt himself stained by the blood he had shed. Thus among a fierce and half-savage people the authority of religion, in accordance with humanity, checked the effusion of human blood, and rendered an instance of assassination more rare in all Greece than in a single village in Spain.

There is not, perhaps, a play of Lope de Vega, which may not be cited in support of these remarks, and which does not discover in the national character a disregard for the life of others, a criminal indifference for evil, since it can be expiated by the church, an alliance of religion and ferocity, and the admiration of the people towards men celebrated for many homicides. I shall choose for a corroboration of these opinions a comedy of Lope de Vega, entitled *The Life of the valiant Cespedes.* It will transport us to the camp of Charles V., and will shew us how those armies were composed which destroyed the protestants, and shook the German empire; and it will, in some sort, finish the historical picture of this reign, so remarkable in the revolutions of Europe, by acquainting us with the character and private life of those soldiers whom we are accustomed to regard only in the mass.

Cespedes, a gentleman of Ciudad-Real, in the kingdom of Toledo, was a soldier of fortune under Charles V., renowned for his valour and prodigious strength. The sister of this Samson of Spain, Donna Maria de Cespedes, was not less athletic than himself. Before entering into the service, he had invited all the carmen and porters to wrestle with him, and decide who could raise the heaviest weights; and when he was absent from home, Donna Maria, his sister, took his place, and wrestled with the first comer. The piece opens with a scene between this young damsel and two carmen of La Mancha, who contend with her who could farthest throw a heavy bar of iron. She proves herself stronger than either of them, and wins all their cattle and forty crowns, for she never

makes these trials of strength *gratis;* however, she generously restores her antagonists the mules, and keeps only their money. A gentleman in love with her, named Don Diego, disguises himself as a peasant, and desires to wrestle with her, not with the expectation of being victorious, but in the hope of having an opportunity of declaring his passion in her arms. He deposits as the reward of victory four pieces of Spanish coin ; she accepts them, and the combat commences; but whilst their arms are intertwined, Don Diego addresses her in the following strain of gallantry :—" Is there on earth, lady, a glory equal to this, of finding myself in your arms ? Where is the prince that had ever so happy a destiny ? We are told of one who soared on wings of wax to the blazing orb of day ; but he did not dare to wrestle with the sun, and if for such audacity he was precipitated into the sea, how shall I survive who have grasped the sun in my embrace ?"

MARIA. You a peasant ?
DIEGO. I know not.
MARIA. Your language, and the perfume you carry about you, excite my fears.
DIEGO. The language I have learned from yourself, for you have shed a ray of light on my soul; the perfume is that of the flowers on which I reposed, in the meadow, in meditating on my love.
MARIA. Quit my arms.
DIEGO. I cannot.

Maria is confirmed in her suspicions of his rank ; she refuses any farther contest with him ; at the same time she is touched by his gallantry, and as her brother returns at this moment, she conceals Don Diego, to screen him from his animosity. Cespedes enters, and relates to his sister that his mistress had given him a pink, which he had placed in his hat ; that Pero Trillo being enamoured of the same beauty and jealous of his attachment, they had fought ; that Cespedes had slain him, and had now come home to procure money, and to engage Bertrand, one of his peasants, to follow him as his esquire in his departure for Flanders to serve the Emperor. He then flies, under the conviction that he shall be immediately pursued by justice. Scarcely is he gone when the corregidor arrives with the alguazils to visit his house and arrest the criminal. Donna Maria considering this visit as an offence, calls Don Diego to her aid, kills two of the alguazils and wounds the corregidor, and then takes refuge in a church to escape the sudden anger of the populace. We shall next

observe her depart from thence for Germany, in the habit of a soldier with Don Diego.

In the mean while we follow Cespedes on his journey. We see him arrive at Seville with Bertrand, his esquire, quarrelling with sharpers in the streets, and pursuing them with his knife; attaching himself to the courtesans, and engaging on their account in fresh quarrels; desirous at last of enrolling himself, but involved by gambling in a quarrel with a serjeant whom Cespedes kills, whilst he puts the recruiting party to flight. The details of these scenes of brutal ferocity are highly disgusting; but they are apparently all historical, and tradition has carefully preserved them for the glory of the Spanish hero.

The second act shews us Cespedes after he has resided some time in Germany, and been advanced in the Emperor's service. But after having had a share in the most brilliant campaigns of Charles the Fifth, he is obliged to retire from the army in consequence of meeting a heretic in the Emperor's palace at Augsburgh, three of whose teeth he struck out by a furious blow of his hand; many more heretics rushed on him to revenge this outrage, but he and his squire between them killed ten of the party and wounded several more. The Emperor, however, despatches Hugo, one of his captains, to recall him to the army, and assures him that although himself and the Duke of Alva were obliged to express their disapprobation of his conduct, yet it was of all the actions of Cespedes that which had given them the greatest satisfaction. Cespedes, encouraged by this mark of approbation, declares that whenever he meets with a heretic, who refuses to kneel to the sacrament, he will hamstring him, and leave him no choice in the matter.

This captain Hugo, the host and protector of Cespedes, has in his house a sister, named Theodora, who falls in love with the valiant Spaniard, and who, after having been seduced by him, escapes from her paternal roof to follow him. After a scene of military gallantry between them, Donna Maria de Cespedes appears, disguised as a man, after her arrival in Germany with Don Diego. The latter has accompanied her during her whole journey, and has obtained her affections, but he is determined to quit her, since Pero Trillo, whom Cespedes had killed at the commencement of the piece, was his uncle, and he thinks himself bound to avenge his death. They then separate. In the farewell of Donna Maria we

remark traces of the poetic talent of Lope, and a sensibility which only occasionally presents itself. Maria overwhelms her faithless lover with reproaches, though always mingled with a return to tenderness ; and in the midst of her imprecations, she checks herself with sorrow, she seems to recall him, and she often repeats with sadness—" When, alas, one so often reproaches, one is very near pardoning." While she is yet on the stage, she hears two soldiers calumniate Cespedes. They are jealous of the favour shewn to his bodily prowess, and to exploits more fitting a porter than a soldier ; and she, assuming to herself the defence of her brother's honour, kills the two soldiers. She is threatened with an arrest, but refuses to surrender to any one except the Duke of Alva, who conducts her to prison, but at the same time promises to recompense her bravery. Donna Maria does not allow him time for that, since she is no sooner in prison than she breaks her fetters, forces the bars of her window, and sets herself at liberty.

Don Diego, after having separated from Donna Maria, pursues the project of revenge which he had meditated against Cespedes. Aware that a combat with an antagonist of such superior power would be unavailing, he resolves to assassinate him. He charges Mendo with this commission, gives him his pistol, and places him in ambush, concealing twenty of his men nigh at hand to support Mendo, and aid his escape after the deed. Cespedes falls into the snare, but the pistol misses fire. Mendo, notwithstanding, is not disconcerted, but presents his weapon to him, and succeeds in convincing him that he was trying it before him in order to induce him to purchase it. Cespedes, after having bought the pistol, perceives that it is charged, and that there has been a design to assassinate him, without knowing whom to accuse of the attempt.

In the third act, Mendo relates to Don Diego the failure of the design, and informs him of the subterfuge by which he escaped the vengeance of Cespedes. At this moment, shouts of triumph and exclamations announce the victorious return of Cespedes from a tournament, where he had challenged all the bravest of the army. He appears on the stage crowned with laurels, and the Emperor presents him with the lordship of Villalar on the Guadiana. In the meantime Cespedes learns that it was Don Diego, the seducer of his sister, who had attempted to assassinate him ; but public affairs prevent

him seeking revenge. The elector of Saxony had fortified himself in Muhlberg, (1547.) Charles V. passes the Elbe to attack him ; the army is put in motion, and Cespedes thinks only of signalizing himself against the heretics. In the midst of preparations for battle, some tumultuous scenes paint the licentiousness of the camp. In one part we see Donna Maria and Theodora following the army disguised as soldiers ; in another part Bertrand, the squire of Cespedes, carries off a peasant girl. The peasants of the village collect together to release her, but Cespedes opposes himself singly to all these villagers, kills a number of them, and forces the remainder to fly. He then offers himself to the Emperor to be the first to swim over the Elbe. Bertrand, Don Hugo, and Don Diego, propose to accompany him ; and the last, though just coming from a meditated assassination, proves himself one of the most valiant men of the army, and very ambitious of glory. These champions then pass the river, and point out a ford to the troops of the Emperor, who cross the Elbe, and put the Saxons to flight ; but Diego being wounded is saved on the shoulders of Cespedes, who does not yet know him, and from whom he conceals his name. Cespedes, after having placed him in safety, returns to the fight. Donna Maria arrives. She recognises her wounded lover, pardons him, and carries him to her tent. It was in this battle that the virtuous elector, John Frederic, was made prisoner. Lope de Vega attributes this honour to Cespedes, who receives in recompense the order of knighthood of St. James: but without exciting any interest in favour of the sovereign of Saxony, whom he considers as a rebel. He notwithstanding exhibits on the stage the noble constancy with which, whilst playing a game at chess that Prince received his sentence of death.

During the rejoicings after the victory, the order of knighthood is conferred on Cespedes, who learns that his sister is in the camp, that she has received into her tent the very Don Diego who had attempted to assassinate him, that she loves him, and has sacrificed her honour to him. He rushes forth to revenge himself on both. In the last scene we see him sword in hand, and Bertrand at his side. Don Diego and Mendo await them armed, whilst Donna Maria and Theodora attempt to restrain them. The Duke of Alva commands them to suspend the combat. He asks the cause of the quarrel.

Don Diego relates it, and states that he has offered to

espouse Donna Maria, but that Cespedes has arrogantly refused his consent. The Duke of Alva by his authority terminates the dispute. He concludes the marriage between Cespedes and Theodora, and between Don Diego and Donna Maria, assigns a recompense to Bertrand, and grants a pardon to Mendo. To conclude, the author at the close of his play, announces that a second part will comprehend the remainder of the noble deeds of Cespedes, to the time of his death, in the war against the revolted Moors of Grenada.

It would be difficult, I imagine, to contrive for the stage a greater number of murders, for the most part gratuitously perpetrated. How fatal must have been the effect of exhibiting to a people already too prone to sanguinary revenge, a character like Cespedes, and representing him as the hero of his country! There are many pieces still more dangerous. Bravery in conflict with social order, and a sanguinary resistance to magistrates, corregidors, and officers of justice, have been too often displayed as the favourite heroism of the Spanish stage. Long before the robbers of Schiller appeared, and long previous to our chiefs of the bands of banditti in our melodrames, the Castilians had set apart virtue, valour, and nobility of mind as the portion of their outlaws. Many of the plays of the two great writers of the Spanish stage, Lope de Vega and Calderon, have a chief of banditti as their principal character. The authors of the second order frequently chose their hero from the same class. It is thus that *The Valiant Andalusian* of Christoval de Monroy y Silva, *The Redoubtable Andalusian* of a writer of Valencia. and *The Robber Balthasar* of another anonymous author, excited the interest of the spectators for a professed assassin, who executed the bloody commands of his relations and friends; who, pursued by justice, resisted the officers of a whole province, and left dead on the spot all who dared to approach him; and who, when the moment of submission at length arrived, obtained the divine pardon through the miraculous interposition of Providence; a prodigy which snatched him from the hands of his enemies, or at all events assured the salvation of his soul. This description of plays met with the most brilliant success. Neither the charm of poetry, so prodigally lavished in other dramas, nor the art of preserving probability in the plot. were demanded, while the seducing valour of the robber-chief, and his wonderful successes, enchanted the populace.

This was a glory and heroism appropriate to their own sphere of life, though attached to passions which it was highly important to suppress. In viewing the literature of the South, we are often struck with the subversion of morals, with the corruption of all just principles, and with the disorganization of society which it indicates; but if we candidly examine the institutions of the people, and consider their government, their religion, their education, their games, and their public amusements, we ought rather to allow them credit for the virtues which they have retained, for that rectitude of sentiment and thought which is innate to the heart of man, and which is not entirely destroyed, notwithstanding exterior circumstances have so strongly conspired to corrupt the mind, and to pervert its sentiments.

We meet with principles of as evil a tendency, precepts as cruel, and a fanaticism not less deplorable, in the play of *Arauco domado: The Conquest of Arauco*, of Lope de Vega; though in this instance the piece is raised by a high strain of poetry, and supported by a more lively interest. Nor is it sufficient, in inquiring into the conquest of America, one of the greatest events of the age, to seek for the details of it in the historians; it is also desirable to view in the poets the character of the people that accomplished it, and the effect produced upon them by the prodigies of valour and the excess of ferocity which were displayed. The subject of this piece is taken from the Araucana of Don Alonzo de Ercilla. It commences after the election of Caupolican, and his defeat of Valdivia, the Spanish general who commanded in Chili, and who perished in a battle about the year 1554. This is in itself a noble and theatrical subject. The struggle between the Spaniards, who combat for glory and for the establishment of their religion, and the Araucanians, who fight for their liberty, affords room for the developement of the noblest characters, and for the most striking opposition between a savage and civilized people. This opposition forms one of the greatest beauties in the play of *Alzire*. The *Arauco domado* is also a piece of brilliant imagination. Many of the scenes are richer in poetry than any that Lope de Vega has composed. They would have produced a still greater effect had they been more impartial; but the Araucans were enemies of the Spaniards, and the author thought himself obliged by his patriotism to give them a boasting character, and to

represent them as defeated in every action. Nevertheless, the general impression produced by the perusal is an admiration of the vanquished, and horror at the cruelty of the conquerors.

Whilst the Spaniards install the new governor of Chili, Caupolican celebrates his victory, and places his trophies at the feet of the beautiful Fresia, who, not less valiant than himself, is delighted at finding in her lover the liberator of his country. The first strophes which the poet puts into their mouths breathe at the same time love and imagination.

CAUPOLICAN. Here, beauteous Fresia,
Thy feather'd darts resign, [rest;
While the bright planet pours a farewell
Gilding the glorious West, [ray,
And, as his beams deeline,
Tinges with crimson light the expiring day.
Lo! where the streamlet on its way,
Soft swelling from its source,
Through flower-bespangled meads
Its murmuring waters leads,
And in the ocean ends its gentle course.
Here, Fresia, may'st thou lave
Thy limbs, whose whiteness shames the foaming wave.

Unfold, in this retreat,
Thy beauties, envied by the queen of night;
The gentle stream shall clasp thee in its
Here bathe thy wearied feet! [arms;
The flowers with delight
Shall stoop to dry them, wondering at thy
To screen thee from alarms, [charms.
The trees a verdant shade shall lend;
From many a songster's throat
Shall swell the harmonious note;
The cool stream to thy form shall bend
Its course, and the enamour'd sands [hands.
Shall yield thee diamonds for thy beauteous

All that thou see'st around,
My Fresia, is thine own!
This realm of Chili is thy noble dower!
Chased from our sacred ground,
The Spaniard shall for all his crimes atone,
And Charles and Philip's iron reign is o'er.
Hideous and stain'd with gore,
They fly Arauea's sword;
Before their ghastly eyes
In dust Valdivia lies;
While as a god ador'd,
My bright fame mounting, with the sun extends,
Where'er the golden orb his glorious journey bends.

FRESIA. Lord of my soul, my bosom's
To thee yon mountains bend [dream,
Their proud aspiring heads;
The nymphs that haunt this stream,
With roses crown'd, their arms extend,
And yield thee offerings from their flowery
But ah! no verdant tree that spreads [beds.
Its blissful shade, no fountain pure,
Nor feather'd choir, whose song
Echoes the woods among,
Earth, sea, nor empire, gold, nor silver ore,
Could ever to me prove
So rich a treasure as my chieftain's love.

I ask no brighter fame
Than conquest o'er a heart
To whom proud Spain submits her laurell'd
Before whose honour'd name, [head,
Her glories all depart and victories are fled!
Her terrors all are sped!
The keenness of her sword,
Her arquebuse, whose breath
Flash'd with the fires of death, [lord,
And the fierce steed, bearing his steel-clad
A fearful spectre on our startled shore,
Affright our land no more!

Thy spear hath rent the chain
That bound our Indian soil; [hand,
Her yoke so burthen'd by th' oppressor's
Thou hast spurn'd with fierce disdain:
Hast robb'd the spoiler of his spoil,
Who sought by craft and force to subjugate
Now brighter days expand! [thy land!
The joys of peace are ours!
Beneath the lofty trees, [the breeze,
Our light-swung hammocks answering to
Sweet is our sleep among the leafy bowers;
And, as in ancient days, a calm repose
Attends our bless'd life to its latest close.*

But when the Indians are aware that the Spaniards are advancing to attack them, and that their god has revealed

* CAUPOLICAN. Dexa el arco y las
Hermosa Fresia mia, [flechas,
Mientras el sol con cintas de oro borda
Torres de nubes héchas;
Y declinando el dia,
Con los umbrales de la noche aborda,
A la mar siempre sorda.
Camina el agua mansa
De aquesta hermosa fuente,
Hasta que su corriente
En sus saladas margenes descansa;
Aqui bañarte puedes
Tu, que a sus vidros en blancura exceden.

their approaching defeat, the warriors and their chiefs animate themselves for the combat, by a warlike hymn of great beauty, and of a truly original character. I have attempted to translate it, although I am aware that its effect proceeds, in a great measure, from the scene which precedes it, which has awakened the enthusiasm of the spectator, and from the grandeur of the scene and the music. At the extremity of the stage, the Spaniards are seen on the ramparts of a fort, where they have sheltered themselves. The Indian tribes surround their chiefs: each in his turn menaces with vengeance the enemies of his country: the chiefs reply in chorus, and the army interrupts the warlike music by its acclamations, repeating with ardour the name of its leader. This barbarous name, which recurs as a burthen in the midst of the verse, seems almost ludicrous, though one cannot help remarking the truth of costume and military action, which, at least in the Spanish original, transports the reader into the midst of the savage bands.

AN INDIAN SOLDIER. Hail, Chief! twice crown'd by Victory's hands,
Victor o'er all Valdivia's bands,
Conqueror of Villagran.
THE ARMY. All hail, Caupolican!
CHORUS OF CHIEFS. Mendoza's fall will add fresh wreaths again.
Fall, tyrant, fall,
Th' avenger comes, alike of gods and men.
THE SOLDIER. The God of Ind, Apo, the thunderer comes,
Who gave his valiant tribes these vast domains;
Spoil'd by the robbers from the ocean-plains,
Soon, soon, to fill ignoble tombs,
Slain by the conqueror of Villagran.
THE ARMY. Shout, shout, Caupolican!
THE CHORUS. The hero's eye is on thee; tyrant, fly!
No, thou art in his toils, and thou must die,
Thou canst not fly,
Thou and thine impious clan.
THE ARMY. Hear, hear, Caupolican!
CAUPOLICAN. Wretched Castilians, yield, —our victims, yield;
Fate sits upon our arms;
Trust not these walls and towers,—they cannot shield
Your heads from vengeance now,
Your souls from wild alarms.
CHORUS. See laurels on his brow,
The threatening chief of Araucan.
THE ARMY. Caupolican!!
CHORUS. Mendoza, cast your laurels at his feet;
With tyrant-homage greet,
The chief of all his clan.
TUCAPEL. Bandits, whom treason and the cruel thirst of yellow dust bore to our hapless shores,
Who boast of honour while your hands are curs'd
With chains and tortures Nature's self deplores,
Behold, we burst your iron yoke;
Your terrors fled, your savage bondage broke.
CHORUS. Behold the victor of your Villagran.
THE WHOLE ARMY. Caupolican—Caupolican!!
CHORUS. Spurn, spurn him o'er the waves,—
The new, last foe, Mendoza spurn!
To those far lands, swift, swift, return.
RENGO. Or let them with us find their graves.
Madmen who hoped to find
The race of Chili blind
And weak, and vile as the Peruvian slaves.
But who your flying squadrons saves
From the great chief of Araucan?
When he returns with all his captives won—
CHORUS. To the glad bosom of Andalican.*

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* UNA VOZ. Pues tantas victorias goza
De Valdivia y Villagran,
TODOS. Caupolican!
SOLO. Tambien vencerá al Mendoza,
Y a los que con el estan.
TODOS. Caupolican!
SOLO. Si sabias el valor
Deste valiente Araucano,
Aquien Apo soberano
Hizo de Arauco señor,
Como no tienes temor?
Que si vencio a Villagran,
TODOS. Caupolican!

Vide Teatro escogido de Lope de Vega. 8vo. Paris: Baudry. 1840.

RENGO. Soon shall you share the fate of Villagran.
Kneel, and pour forth your prayer
To the great victor of the war
That he will spare!
THE ARMY. Caupolican!

A number of battles succeed each other, in which the Indians, though they yield to the superior arms of the Europeans, yet never lose their courage. Their wives and children excite them to battle, and force them to combat when they seem willing to lend an ear to negotiation. At length Galvarino, one of the chiefs of the Araucans, is made prisoner, and Mendoza orders his hands to be cut off, and directs him to be sent back in that state to his countrymen. Galvarino, on hearing this cruel sentence, thus replies to Mendoza:

What is thine aim, conquest or chastisement?
Though thou lop off these hands, yet still among
Arauca's sons shall myriads yet be found
To blast thy hopes; and as the husbandman
Heads the fast-budding maize, to increase his store
Of golden grain, so even these crimson hands
Thou sever'st from my valiant arms, shall yield
A thousand fold; for when the earth hath drunk
My blood, an iron harvest she shall yield
Of hostile hands, to enslave and bind thine own.

The execution of the sentence does not take place on the stage, but Alonzo de Ercilla, the epic poet, who acts an important part in this drama, brings the report of it in these words:

He seem'd to me all marble; scarce the knife
With cruel edge had sever'd his left hand,
Than he replaced it with his valiant right.

Galvarino ultimately arrives at a council of war of the Araucans, at the moment when the Caciques, dispirited, are on the point of concluding a peace. The sight of his mutilated arms kindles their rage afresh. Galvarino himself incites them by an eloquent harangue to avenge themselves, or to die in defence of their freedom; and another war is commenced, but with still less success than the former one. The Araucans, re-assembled in the wood of Puren, celebrate a festival in honour of their deity. A female in the midst of them chants a beautiful ode to the Mother of Love, when they are on a sudden surprised by the Spaniards, who attack them with shouts of *San Jago* and *Cierra España*.* The Indians are almost all slain. Caupolican is left among the

* [Cierra España was the war-cry of the ancient Spaniards.—*Tr.*]

Spaniards, and, overpowered by numbers, is at length made prisoner, and brought before Don Garcia de Mendoza :

MENDOZA. What power hath thus reduced Caupolican?
CAUPOLICAN. Misfortune, and the fickle chance of war.
MENDOZA. Misfortune is the just reward of all
That war with heaven. Thou wast a vassal to
The crown of Spain, and dar'dst defy its power.
CAUPOLICAN. Free-born, I have to the uttermost defended
My native land, her liberty, and laws.
Yours have I ne'er attempted. MENDOZA. To our arms
Chili had soon submitted, hadst not thou
Resisted. CAUPOLICAN. Now she falls, and fetters bind
Their hands. MENDOZA. Through thee Valdivia perish'd; thou
Hast destroy'd cities, hast excited war,
Hast led thy people to revolt, hast slain
Our Villagran, and for him thou shalt die.
CAUPOLICAN. 'Tis true, my life is in thine hands; revenge
Thy monarch, trample Chili in the dust,
Yet with this life thy power o'er me must end.

The poet, however, to complete the triumph of Spain, was resolved on the conversion of the hero of the Araucans, and Caupolican embraces the religion of Mendoza, persuaded that that conqueror, more experienced and enlightened than himself, must be nearer to the true faith. Mendoza, after appearing as his godfather at the baptism, abandons him to the executioner. He is seen on the scaffold, bound to a stake, and ready to be delivered to the flames, and Philip de Mendoza, addressing himself to the portrait of Philip II. the coronation of which is announced to the army, exclaims :

Thus do we serve thee, Sire, and these rich plains,
Satiate with Indian blood, we add to thy domains.

One should imagine that this terrific conclusion, the noble character given to Galvarino and Caupolican, the disgusting punishment of a hero at the moment of his conversion, and the senseless reproach of revolt addressed to an independent nation which attempts to repel an unjust invasion, were designedly placed before the eyes of the Castilians by Lope de Vega, to inspire them with a horror of their cruelties. But this conjecture would betray a great ignorance both of the poet and his audience. Thoroughly persuaded that the partition of the Indies by the Pope had invested his sovereign with the dominion of America, he sincerely regarded the Indians as rebels deserving of punishment; and equally convinced that Christianity ought to be established by fire and sword, he shared with his whole heart in the zeal of the

conquerors of America, whom he considered as soldiers of the faith. Moreover he deemed the sacrifice of a hundred thousand idolatrous Indians to be an offering highly acceptable to the Deity. The partiality of Spanish poets for their own nation is in general so great, that they think it unnecessary to disguise the cruelty of its conduct towards other countries. That which is at this day so revolting to us in their history, was in their eyes a peculiar merit. But the heroism of Caupolican and the Indians, and the virtues of these infidels which could not contribute to their salvation, bore in the eyes of Lope de Vega a tragic character, in proportion to their inefficacy. It was an earthly lustre of which he wished to show the vanity; and, in exciting for them a passing interest, he wished to warn the spectators to be on their guard against a culpable sensibility, and to teach them to triumph over this weakness, by the example of the heroes of the faith, the Valdivias, the Villagrans, and the Mendozas, who had never experienced it.

These reflections lead us to the consideration of that species of drama, entitled by the Spaniards Sacred Comedies. Religion, indeed, always occupies an important place in the Spanish plays, however far the subject may be removed from it. In those countries where the Deity is held to be best worshipped by observing the dictates of conscience, confirmed by revelation, religion and virtue are synonymous terms. He who rejects morality, may be said to have divested his heart of belief; for infidelity is the refuge of vice. This is not the case in Italy and Spain, where not only those whom passion has rendered criminal, but those who exercise the most shameful and culpable professions, courtesans, thieves, and assassins, are true believers; a domestic and daily devotion is strangly intermingled with their excesses; religion is ever in their mouths, and even the studied blasphemous expressions which are only found in the Italian and Spanish languages, are a proof of their abounding faith. It is a sort of warfare against the supernatural powers with whom they find themselves ever in contact, and whom they thus defy. The drama, the romances, the poetry, and the history of Spain are all so deeply tinctured by religion, that I am constantly obliged to call the attention of the reader to this striking characteristic; to mingle, as it were, the Inquisition with their literature, and to exhibit the national character as

well as the national taste perverted by superstition and by fanaticism.

The sacred pieces of Lope de Vega, which form a very considerable part of his works, are in general so immoral and extravagant, that if we were to judge the poet after them alone, they would impress us with the most disadvantageous idea of his genius. I have, therefore, deferred giving an analysis of any of these pieces, until I had noticed his historical plays, and shewn that, allowing him his choice of subject, Lope knew how to excite interest, curiosity, and pity; and was capable of representing history and real life with a truth of description, which we do not find in his Lives of the Saints.

It would be difficult to imagine any thing more eccentric than the Life of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, of which Bouterwek has given an analysis. It commences by a conversation among a number of young students, who are exercising their genius and scholastic knowledge. Amongst them is found the future saint, who is already distinguished for his piety amidst this libertine assembly. The devil, under a disguise, mingles with the company; a spectre appears in the air, the heavens open, and God the Father is seen seated in judgment with Justice and Mercy, who solicit him in turns. This imposing spectacle is followed by a love-scene between a Lady Rosalia, and her lover, Feniso. The future saint, already a canon, appears, and preaches on the stage; his parents congratulate themselves on possessing such a son, and this concludes the first act. The second commences with a scene in which soldiers appear; the saint arrives with some monks, and delivers a prayer in form of a sonnet. Brother Peregrine narrates his conversion operated by love; a subtle theological dispute succeeds; all the events of the life of the saint are reviewed; he prays a second time, and he is raised by his faith into the air, where the Virgin and St. Augustine descend to meet him. In the third act the holy winding-sheet is shewn at Rome by two cardinals; Nicholas assumes the habit of his order. During the ceremony the angels form an invisible choir; the devil is attracted by their music, and tempts the holy man; souls are seen in the fire of purgatory. The devil retires surrounded by lions and serpents, but a monk exorcises him jestingly with a basin of holy water. The saint, now sufficiently tried,

descends from heaven in a mantle spangled with stars: as soon as he touches the earth a rock opens; his father and mother ascend out of purgatory through the chasm, and he takes them by the hand and returns with them to heaven.

The Life of Saint Diego of Alcala is, perhaps, not so extravagant in its composition. There are no allegorical personages in it, and we there meet with no other supernatural beings than several angels, and the Devil, who robs Diego of some turnips, which he had himself stolen to distribute to the poor. Yet this piece afflicts us as profoundly as the preceding, by shewing us how false a direction these public shows, aided by the priests, gave to the devotion of the purest minds. Diego is a poor peasant, who attaches himself as a domestic to a hermit. Ignorant and humble, endowed with tender and amiable feelings, he discovers many attractive qualities. When he culls the flowers to adorn a chapel, he asks their forgiveness for snatching them from their sylvan abode, and exhibits in his respect for them, for the lives of animals, and for all the works of the Creator, something touching and poetical. But he breaks at pleasure all bonds of relationship amongst those with whom God had placed him; he flies from his paternal roof, without taking leave of his father or his mother, and he abandons even the old hermit, whom he served, without bidding him adieu. He enters as a brother into the order of St. Francis, the habit of which he earnestly asks for, and he receives the following instructions. It is one of those singular traits which paint at the same time the taste and the religious poetry of the Spaniards.

Diego. I am ignorant, more ignorant than any one ought to be. I have not even learnt my Christus; but 'tis false, for of the whole alphabet it is the Christus alone that I know. They are the only letters imprinted on my mind.

The Porter of the Franciscans. 'Tis well; know then that these letters contain more science than is possessed by the greatest philosophers, who pretend to penetrate into the secrets of earth and heaven. Christus is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, for God is the beginning and end of all things, without being either beginning or end: he is a circle, and can have no ending. If you spell the word Christus, you will find a *C*, because he is the creator: an *H* to aspirate and respire in him; an *I* to indicate how (*i*ndigne) unworthy you are; an *S*, to induce you to become a saint; a *T*, because it has in it something divine, for this *T* includes (le *t*out) every thing; thus God is called Theos, as the end of all our desires.* The *T* is, further, the symbol of the cross which you

* *Theos* (God) is here confounded with *Telos* (end)

should bear, and it extends its arms to invite you to embrace it, and never quit it. The *V* shews that you are (*venu*) come into this house to devote yourself to Christ, and the *S* final, that you are changed into another substance, a substance divine. This is the explanation of CHRISTUS. Construe this lesson, and when you understand it perfectly, you will have nothing further to learn.

Notwithstanding his ignorance, the sanctity of Diego strikes the Franciscans so powerfully, that they choose him for the keeper of their convent, and afterwards send him as a missionary to convert the inhabitants of the Fortunate Islands. We see Diego disembark on the shore of the Canaries with a handful of soldiers, while the natives are celebrating a festival. Diego thinks himself called on to begin the conversion of these newly-discovered islands, by the massacre of their infidel inhabitants. The moment he beholds men, whom from their clothing alone he recognises for strangers to his faith, he rushes on them exclaiming, "This cross shall serve for a sword," encourages his men to slay them, and sheds bitter tears when he observes the Spaniards, instead of relying on the succour and interference of heaven, measuring with a worldly prudence the strength of their enemy, and refusing to attack a warlike and powerful people, who were wise enough to carry their arms even in a time of profound peace. On his return to Spain, Diego robs the garden, the kitchen, and the pantry of his convent, in order to relieve the poor. The principal monk surprises him in the fact, and insists on seeing what he carried in his gown, but the meat which he had stolen is miraculously changed into a garland of roses. At length he dies, and the whole convent is instantly filled with a sweet perfume, while the air resounds with angelic music.

However eccentric these compositions may be, we may readily imagine that the people were delighted with them. Supernatural beings, transformations and prodigies, were constantly presented to their eyes; their curiosity was the more vividly excited, as in the miraculous course of events it was impossible to predict what would next appear, and every improbability was removed by faith, which always came to the aid of the poet, with an injunction to believe what could not be explained. But the *Autos sacramentales* of Lope seem less calculated to please the crowd. They are infinitely more simple in their construction, and are mingled with a theology which the people would find it difficult to comprehend. In the one

which represents original sin, we first see Man, Sin, and the Devil disputing together. The Earth and Time join the conversation. We next behold heavenly Justice and Mercy seated under a canopy before a table, with every thing requisite for writing. Man is interrogated before this tribunal. God the prince, or Jesus, advances; Remorse kneeling presents to him a petition; Man is again interrogated by Jesus, and receives his pardon, but the Devil interferes and protests against this favour being shewn to him. Christ appears apart, crowned with thorns, and re-ascends to heaven amidst sacred music, and the piece concludes when he is seated on his celestial throne.

The greater part of these allegorical pieces are formed of long theological dialogues, dissertations, and scholastic subtleties too tedious for perusal. It is true, that before the representation of an *auto sacramentale*, and as if to indemnify the audience for the more serious attention about to be required for them, a *loa* or prologue equally allegorical, and at the same time mingled with comedy, was first performed. After the *auto*, or between the acts, appeared an intermediate piece called the *Saynete*, entirely burlesque, and taken from common life; so that a religious feast never terminated without gross pleasantries, and a humorous performance; as if a higher degree of devotion in the principal drama required, by way of compensation, a greater degree of licentiousness in the lesser pieces.*

* I have met with the *Autos*, or *Fiestas del Santissimo Sacramento*, by Lope de Vega, not included in his Theatre, in a 4to edition published by Jos. Ortiz de Villena, after the author's death. The second Fiesta opens with a prologue between Zeal and Fame, who both enter upon the stage dressed as public criers. Zeal first makes his proclamation in the square of the Most Blessed Virgin: "Mary," he says, "new wine on sale, the wine of the Heir of the heavenly kingdom, for three livres; Faith, Charity and Hope, for three livres. Buy the rich Thereaca, the celestial wine, the Saviour's blood, the best antidote."

En la plaça de Santa Maria
Virgen bendita,
Ay vino nuevo,
Del Heredero
Del reyno del cielo;
A tres blancas, a tres blancas;
Fe, caridad y esperança:
A la rica triaca
Vino del cielo,
Que es la sangre de Christo
Contra veneno.

Fame proclaims, in her turn, the sale of the Bread of Life, in the same strain.

In the interlude some light-fingered gentry take advantage of the Holy Sacrament to introduce themselves into the house of a doctor; while one occupies his attention by relating a comic law-suit, the other

All the pieces of Lope which we have reviewed are connected with public or domestic history, and sacred or profane subjects; but are always founded on real incidents, which require a certain study and a certain attention to tradition. Where the incidents happen to be drawn from the history of Spain, they are treated with great truth of manners and fidelity of facts. But as a great part of the Spanish comedies are of an heroic cast, and as combats, dangers, and political revolutions are there mingled with domestic events, the poet could not assign them at his pleasure to a particular time or place, feeling himself constrained by the familiarity of the circumstances. The Spaniards, therefore, gave themselves full licence to create imaginary kingdoms and countries, and to a great portion of Europe they were such entire strangers, that they founded principalities and subverted empires at will. Hungary, Poland, and Macedonia, as well as the regions of the North, are countries always at their disposal, for the purpose of introducing brilliant catastrophes on the stage. Neither the poet nor the spectators having any knowledge of the rulers of such countries, it was an easy matter at a time of so little historical accuracy to give birth to kings and heroes never noticed in history. It was there that Francisco de Roxas placed his *Father, who could not be king*, from which Rotrou has formed his *Venceslas*. . It was there that Lope de Vega gave full reins to his imagination, when he represents a female fugitive, charitably entertained in the house of a poor gentleman of the Carpathian mountains, bringing him as her portion the crown of Hungary, in *La Ventura sin buscalla: The Unlooked-for Good-fortune.* In another, the supposed son of a gardener, changed into a hero by the love of a princess, merits and obtains by his exploits the throne of Macedon. This piece is entitled *El Hombre por su palabra: The Man of his Word.*

If these pieces do not unite instruction with entertainment they are still deserving of preservation as containing a rich fund of invention and incident. Lope, though inex-

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plunders the house. The alarm is given, but when the police reaches them they are both found upon their knees, reciting the Litany; again they are caught, but they take refuge amongst the penitents. The religious ceremonies protect them from all pursuit; and the doctor, whom they had robbed, is invited to console himself by joining in the holy festival.

haustible in intrigues and interesting situations, can never be esteemed a perfect dramatist; but no poet whatever has brought together richer materials, for the use of those who may be capable of employing them. In his comedies of pure invention, he possesses an advantage which he frequently loses in his historical pieces. While the characters are better drawn and better supported, there is greater probability in the events, more unity in the action, and also in the time and place; for, drawing all from himself, he has only taken what was useful to him, instead of thinking himself obliged to introduce into his composition all that history presented him with. The early French dramatists borrowed largely from Lope and his school; but the mine is yet far from being exhausted, and a great number of subjects are still to be found there susceptible of being brought within the rules of the French drama. P. Corneille took his heroic play, *Don Sancho of Aragon*, from a piece of Lope de Vega, intitled *El Palacio Confuso:* and this single piece might still furnish another theatrical subject entirely different, that of the *Twins upon the Throne.* The mutual resemblance of these two princes, Don Carlos and Don Henry, one of whom, assuming the name of the other, repairs the faults his brother had committed, gives rise to a very entertaining plot. It is thus that many of the pieces of this fertile writer are sufficient to form two or three French plays. How surprising to us is the richness of the imagination of this man, whose labours seem so far to surpass the powers and extent of human life. Of a life of seventy-two years' duration, fifty were devoted incessantly to literary labours; and he was moreover a soldier, twice married, a priest, and a familiar of the Inquisition. In order to have written 2,200 theatrical pieces, he must every eight days, from the beginning to the end of his life, have given to the public a new play of about 3,000 verses; and in these eight days he must not only have found the time necessary for invention and unity, but also for making the historical researches into customs and manners on which his play is founded; to consult Tacitus for example, in order to compose his Nero; while the fruits of his spare time were twenty-one volumes in quarto of poetry, amongst which are five epic poems.

These last mentioned works do not merit any examination beyond a brief notice. They consist of the *Jerusalem Con-*

quistada, in octave verse, and in twenty cantos; a continuation of the Orlando Furioso under the name of *La Hermosura de Angelica: The Beauty of Angelica*, also in twenty cantos; thus, as if to emulate Tasso and Ariosto, writing these two epics on the same subjects which they had respectively chosen. To these may be added an epic entitled *Corona Tragica*, of which Mary of Scotland is the heroine; another epic poem on Circe, and another on Admiral Drake, entitled *Dragontea*. Drake, rendered odious to the Spaniards by his victories, is represented by Lope de Vega as the minister and instrument of the devil. But none of these voluminous poems have, even in the eyes of the Spaniards, been placed on an equality with the classical epics of Italy, or even with the Araucana. Lope, moreover, determined to try every species of poetry, composed also an Arcadia, in imitation of Sannazzaro; and likewise eclogues, romances, sacred poems, sonnets, epistles, burlesque poems, among which is a burlesque epic, called *La Gatomachia: The Battle of the Cats;* two romances in prose, and a collection of novels. The inconceivable fertility of invention of Lope de Vega supported his dramatic fame, notwithstanding the little care and time which he gave to the correction of his pieces; but his other poems, the offspring of hasty efforts, are little more than rude sketches, which few people have the courage to read.

The example of this extraordinary man gave birth to a number of pieces of the same character as his own, as his success gave encouragement to the dramatic poets who sprang up in all parts of Spain, and who composed with the same unbridled imagination, the same carelessness, and the same rapidity, as their master. We shall review them when we notice the works of Calderon, the greatest and the most celebrated of his scholars and rivals. There is one, indeed, who cannot well be separated from Lope. This is Juan Perez de Montalvan, his favourite scholar, his friend, biographer and imitator. This young man, full of talent and fire, whose admiration of Lope had no bounds, took him for his exclusive model, and his dramatic pieces are of the same character as those of his master. Some of his sacred plays I have perused, and amongst others, the Life of St. Anthony of Padua; and these eccentric dramas, which excite little interest, do not merit a longer examination. Juan Perez de Montalvan composed with the same rapidity as his master.

in his short life (1603—1639) he wrote more than one hundred theatrical pieces, and like his master he divided his time between poetry and the business of the Inquisition, of which he was a notary. His works contain almost in every line traces of the religious zeal which led him to become a member of this terrible tribunal.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LYRIC POETRY OF SPAIN, AT THE CLOSE OF THE SIXTEENTH AND COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. GONGORA AND HIS FOLLOWERS, QUEVEDO, VILLEGAS, &c.

THE poetry of Spain had, like the nation to which it belonged, a chivalric origin. Their first poets were enamoured warriors, who celebrated by turns their mistresses and their own exploits; and who preserved in their verses that character of sincerity, and almost rude frankness of manners, independence, stormy liberty, and jealous and passionate love, of which their life was composed. Their songs attract us from two causes: the poetical world into which chivalry transports us; and a reality and truth, the intimate connexion of words with the heart, which does not allow us to suspect any imitation of borrowed sentiment, or any affectation. But the Spanish nation experienced a fatal change when it became subjected to the house of Austria; and poetry suffered the same fate, or rather it felt in the succeeding generation the effects of this alteration. Charles V. subverted the liberties of the Spaniards, annihilated their rights and privileges, tore them from Spain and engaged them in wars, not for their country, but for his own political interests and for the gratification of their monarch. He destroyed their native dignity of character, and substituted for it a false pride and empty show. Philip, his son, who presumed himself a Spaniard, and who is considered as such, did not possess the character of the nation, but of its monks, such as the severity of their order, and the impetuosity of blood in the South, developed it in the convents. This culpable violence against Nature has given them a character, at the same time imperious and servile, false, self-opiniated, cruel and voluptuous. But these vices of the Spaniards are in no wise to be attributed to Nature; they are the effects of the cruel discipline of the convents, the prostration of the intellect, the subjugation of

will, and the concentration of all the passions in one alone which is deified.

Philip II., with a considerably less portion of talents and virtue, bore a greater affinity to Cardinal Ximenes, than to the Spanish nation, which had revolted against this imperious and cruel monk, but which had eventually succumbed to his violence and his artifices. To an unbounded ambition and a shameful perfidy, to a savage disregard of the miseries of war and famine, and the scourges of all kinds which he brought upon his dominions, Philip II. joined a sanguinary religion, which led him to consider as an expiation of his other crimes, the new crimes of the Inquisition. His subjects, like himself educated by the monks, had already changed their character, and were become worthy instruments of his dark politics, and his superstition. They distinguished themselves in the wars of France, Italy and Germany, as much by their perfidy, as by their ferocious fanaticism. Literature, which always follows, though at a considerable distance, the political changes of nations, received a character much less natural, true and profound: exaggeration assumed the place of sentiment, and fanaticism that of piety. The two reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV. were still more degrading to the Spanish nation. That vast monarchy, exhausted by gigantic efforts, continued her unceasing wars to experience only a constant reverse of fortune. The king, sunk in vices and effeminacy, did not, however, in the impenetrable security of his palace, renounce his perfidy and unbridled ambition. The ministers sold the favour of the crown to the highest bidder; the nobility was debased under the yoke of favourites and upstarts; the people were ruined by cruel extortions; a million and a half of Moors had perished by fire and distress, or had been driven into exile by Philip III.; Holland, Portugal, Catalonia, Naples, and Palermo had revolted; and the clergy, joining their despotic influence to that of the ministers, not only resisted the reform of existing abuses, but endeavoured to stifle every voice raised in complaint against them. Any reflection or indulgence of thought on politics or religion, was punished as a crime; and whilst under every other despotism actions alone and the exterior manifestation of opinion were visited by authority, in Spain the Monks sought to proscribe liberal sentiments even in the asylum of conscience.

Such are the effects which these reigns, so degrading to

humanity, had on the literature which we are about to examine in this chapter. They are evident and indisputable; although this epoch is by no means the most barren in letters. The human mind retains for a long period any impulse it may have received: it is long before it can be reduced to a state of stagnation in its imprisoned mansion. It will accommodate itself rather than perish; and it sometimes sheds a radiance on a period when it has lost its just direction and its truth.

We have already noticed two celebrated men who lived principally under Philip II. and Philip III. We shall now contemplate one who reached the height of his fame under Philip IV. Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, bear the impress of their age; but their individual genius greatly predominates, though the ancient traits of the national character were not entirely obliterated. Among the poets whom we shall notice in this chapter, we shall still find many authors of real merit, but always corrupted in their taste by their contemporaries and their government. It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the nation wholly declined; and its lethargic slumbers lasted till the middle of the eighteenth.

The Spaniards inherited from the Moors a forced, pompous, and inflated manner. They devoted themselves with ardour, from their first cultivation of letters, to the seductive style of the East, and their own character seemed in this respect to be confounded with that of the Asiatics; for before the conquests of the latter, all the Latin writers in Spain had exhibited, like Seneca, an inflated style and great affectation of sentiment. Lope de Vega himself was deeply tainted with their defects. With his astonishing fertility of genius, he found it more easy to adorn his poetry with *concetti*, and with daring and extravagant images, than to reflect on the propriety of his expressions, and to temper his imagination by reason and good taste. His example diffused amongst the poets of Spain a style of writing which seemed to harmonize with their character. It was that which Marini at the same time adopted in Italy. Marini, born in Naples, but of a Spanish family, and educated amongst the Spaniards, was the first to communicate to Italy that affectation and false taste which was already observable in the early poetry of Juan de Mena. The school of the *Seicentisti* (or writers of the sixteenth century), which he had formed, was afterwards introduced into Spain,

and produced there in a much greater degree than in Italy that pretension, affectation of style, and pedantic expression, which destroyed all taste; but in both countries the cause of this change is attributable to a higher source, and was the same in both. The poets had, in fact, preserved their genius, though they had lost the freedom of sentiment; they had retained the powers of imagination without any true direction for their genius; and their faculties, which no longer derived support from each other, or harmonized together, exhausted themselves in the only path which was left open to them.

The chief of this fantastic and affected school, who fixed its style, and who was desirous of forming a new epoch in art by a more refined culture, as he expressed it, was Luis Gongora de Argote, a man of great talent and genius, but who by his subtilty and false taste destroyed his own merit. He had too to struggle with misfortune and poverty. Born at Cordova in 1561, his brilliant course of study had not succeeded in procuring him an employ; and it was not until after he had waited on the Court for eleven years, that he with difficulty obtained a small benefice. His discontent produced in him a vein of invective, which was long the principal merit of his verses, and his satirical sonnets are excessively caustic, as we may perceive by the following, on the mode of life in Madrid.

SONNET.

Circean cup, and Epicurus' sty;
Vast broods of harpies fattening on our purse;
Empty pretensions that can only nurse
Vexation; spies who swear the air will lie;
Processions, lackeys, footmen mounted high,
Coaching the way; new fashions always worse,
A thousand modes,—with unflesh'd swords, the curse
Of citizens, not foes;—loquacity
Of female tongues; impostures of all kind,
From courts to cabarets; lies made for sale,
Lawyers, priests riding mules, less obstinate;
Snares, miry ways, heroes lame, halting, blind;
Titles, and flatteries, shifting with each gale:
Such is Madrid, this hell of worldly state.

His success was still greater in burlesque satires, in the form of romances or songs. In these his language and versification exhibited precision and clearness, and the natural expression did not betray any affinity to the affected school which he afterwards adopted. It was by cool reflection, and not in the warmth of an imagination still young, that he

invented for poetry a more elevated style, which he denominated the *cultivated style*. To this end he formed, with the utmost labour and research, a language affected, obscure, and ridiculously allegorical, and totally at variance with the common manner of speaking and writing. He endeavoured, moreover, to introduce into the Spanish language the boldest inversions of the Greek and Latin, in a way never before permitted; he invented a particular punctuation to assist in ascertaining the sense of his verses, and sought for the most uncommon words, or altered the sense of those already in use, to give new attraction to his style. At the same time he carefully consulted mythology in order to add fresh ornaments to his language. It was with this kind of labour that he wrote his *Soledades*, his *Polyphemus*, and some other poems. These are all fictions without any poetic charm, full of mythological images, and loaded with a pomp of fanciful and obscure phrases. Gongora's lot in life was not, however, ameliorated by the celebrity which this new style bestowed on his writings. He survived some time longer in poverty; and when he died, in 1627, he was no more than titular chaplain to the king.

It is extremely difficult to give to foreign nations a just idea of the style of Gongora, since its most remarkable quality is its indistinctness; nor is it possible to translate it, for other languages do not admit of those labyrinths of phrases, in which the sense wholly escapes us; and it would be the translator and not Gongora, who would be charged by the reader with want of perspicuity. I have, however, attempted the commencement of the first of his *Soledades*, by which word, of rare occurrence in Spain, he expresses the solitude of the forest. There are two of these poems, each of which contains about a thousand verses:

'Twas in that flowery season of the year,
When fair Europa's spoiler in disguise,
(On his fierce front, his glittering arms, arise
A half-moon's horns, while the sun's rays
Brightening his speckled coat,)—the pride of heaven,
Pastured on stars amidst the sapphire fields;
When he, most worthy of the office given
To Ida's boy—to hold Jove's cup that yields
Immortal juice—was wreck'd in savage sea,
Confiding to the waves his amorous pains;
The sea relenting sends the strains
To the far leafy groves, glad to repeat
Echoes than old Arion's shell more sweet.

Era del año la estacion florida,
En que el mentido robador de Europa
(Media luna las armas de su frente,
Y el sol todos los rayos de su pelo)
Luciente honor del cielo,
En campos de zafiro pace estrellas;
Quando el, que ministrar podia la copa
A Jupiter, mejor que el garçon de Ida,
Naufragó, y desdeñado sobre ausente
Lagrimosas de amor, dulzes querellas
Dá al mar, que condolido,
Fue a las hondas, que al viento
El mísero gemido
Segundo de Arion, dulze instrumento.

Brussels edition, 4to, 1659. p. 457

The Polyphemus of Gongora is one of his most celebrated poems, and the one which has been most frequently imitated. The Castilian poets, who were persuaded that neither interest nor genius, sentiment nor thought, were any part of poetry, and that the end of the art was solely the union of harmony with the most brilliant images, and with the riches of ancient mythology, sought for subjects which might furnish them with gigantic pictures, with a strong contrast of images, and with all the aid of fable. The loves of Polyphemus appeared to them a singularly happy subject, since they could there unite tenderness and affright, gentleness and horror. The poem of Gongora consists of only sixty-three octave stanzas; but the commentary of Sabredo has swelled it into a small quarto volume. In the literature of Spain and Portugal, we find at least a dozen or fifteen poems on this subject. I shall here insert a few stanzas of that which has served as a model to all the others:

Cyclops—terrific son of Ocean's God!—
Like a vast mountain rose his living frame;
His single eye cast like a flame abroad
Its glances, glittering as the morning beam:
A mighty pine supported where he trod
His giant steps, a trembling twig for him,
Which sometimes served to walk with, or to drive [live.
His sheep to pasture, where the sea-nymphs

His jet-black hair in wavy darkness hung,
Dark as the tides of the Lethean deep,
Loose to the winds, and shaggy masses clung [sweep,
To his dread face; like a wild torrent's
His beard far down his rugged bosom flung
A savage veil; while scarce the massy heap
Of ropy ringlets his vast hands divide,
That floated like the briny waters wide.

Not mountainous Trinacria ever gave
Such fierce and unform'd savage to the day; [brave
Swift as the winds his feet, to chase or
The forest hordes, whose battle is his play, [shoulders wave
Whose spoils he bears; o'er his vast
Their variegated skins, wont to dismay
The shepherds and their flocks. And now he came [twilight beam.
Driving his herds to fold 'neath the still

With hempen cords and wild bees' wax he bound [sbrill,
A hundred reeds, whose music wild and
Repeated by the mountain echoes round,
Shook every trembling grove, and stream, and hill.

Era un monte de miembros eminente
Este, que de Neptuno hijo fiero
De un ojo ilustra el orbe de su frente,
Emulo casi del mayor Luzero,
Ciclope, a quien el pino mas valiente
Baston le obedecia tan ligero,
Y al grave peso jungo tan delgado,
Que un dia era baston y otro cayado.

Negro el cabello, imitador ñudoso,
De las escuras aguas del Leteo,
Al viento que lo peina proceloso
Buela sin orden, pende sin aseo.
Un torrente es su barba impetuoso,
Que adusto hijo deste Pireneo,
Su pecho inunda, o tarde, o mal, o en vano
Sulcada aun de los dedos de su mano.

No la Trinacria, en sus montañas, fiera
Armó de crueldad, calcó de viento,
Que redima feroz, salve ligera.
Su piel manchada de colores ciento;
Pellico es ya, la que en los montes era
Mortal horror, al que con passo lento
Los bueyes a su albergue reducia,
Pisando la dudosa luz del dia.

Cera y cañamo unio (que no devier:)
Cien ca'as, cuyo barbaro ruydo
De mas ecos, que unio cañamo y cera
Albogue es duramente repetido.
La selva se confon le, el mar se..alter.a,
Rompe Triton su caracol torcido,

The ocean heaves, the Triton's shells re-sound [till
No more; the frighted vessel's streamers
With the shook air, and bear in haste away;
Such was the giant's sweetest harmony.

Sordo huye el baxel a vela y remo.
Tal la musica es de Polifemo.

Those who understand the Spanish language, will perceive that the translation has rather softened than overcharged the metaphors. It was these, however, which were admired as the true sublime of poetry and the highest productions of genius. Polyphemus, after having expressed his passion and vainly solicited Galatea, furiously assails with fragments of rock the grotto whither she had retired with Acis her lover. One of these kills Acis, and thus the poem terminates.

The effect produced by the poetry of Gongora on a people eager after novelty, impatient for a new career, and who on all sides found themselves restrained within the bounds of authority, of the laws and the church, presents a remarkable phenomenon in literature. Restricted on every side by the narrowest barriers, they resolved, however, to enfranchise themselves from those of taste. They abandoned themselves to all the extravagancies of a wild imagination, merely because all the other faculties of their minds were under restraint. The followers of Gongora, proud of a talent so laboriously acquired, considered all those who either did not admire or did not imitate the style of their master, as writers of circumscribed minds, who could not comprehend him. None of these imitators, however, had the talent of Gongora, and their style in consequence became still more false and exaggerated. They soon divided themselves into two schools, the one retaining only his pedantry, the other aspiring to the genius of their master. The first found no occupation so proper to form their taste as commenting on Gongora. They composed long critiques, and tedious explanations of the works of this poet, and displayed on this occasion their whole stock of erudition. These persons have been surnamed in derision *cultoristos*, from the *estilo culto*, or cultivated style, which they so highly extolled. Others were named *conceptistos*, from the *conceptos* (concetti) of which they made use in common with Marini and Gongora. These last sought after uncommon thoughts, and antitheses of the sense and of images; and then clothed them in the eccentric language which their master had invented.

In this numerous school some names have shared in the

celebrity of Gongora. Thus Alonzo de Lodesma, who died some years before his master, employed this peculiar language and false style, to express in poetry the mysteries of the Catholic religion. Felix Arteaga, who was preacher to the court in 1618, and who died in 1633, applied the same eccentric manner to pastoral poetry.*

I know not whether we must rank among the disciples of Gongora, or only as conforming himself to the taste of the age, the monk Lorenço de Zamora, more celebrated indeed as a theologian than as a poet. He has left us, under the name of the *Mystic Monarchy of the Church*, a work in many quarto volumes which is well esteemed; and he has intermixed his meditations with some poems. The epoch of their publication (1614) is that with which we are now occupied, and we may form an idea of them from the following *redondilhas* in honour of St. Joseph. "What language is equal to express his glory who taught the word of the Father himself to speak; according to whose wise dispensation, and by different means, God who is the master of the universe, submits to find a master in the Saint. What higher claim to science can he advance than that he taught Jesus his letters—his very A, B, C? If I consider him as my servant who eats of my bread, Mary, O Saint! was your servant; God himself is your servant; yet, since it was God who created the fruit of your labours, I scarcely know whether I should call him your creator or your creature. Joseph! what a happy man you were when God himself was your minister. No man, and not even God, was ever better administered to, than you were. God rules above, and you rule also. God reigns over heaven and earth; but on earth you were obeyed by the Lord himself. How happy you will be in heaven, when you find on your arrival such relations at court. You bestowed bread on the bread of life; you nourished bread with bread; and you gave bread to him who invites us to his eternal bread. Another celestial privi-

* The following curious stanzas quote from Boutterwek.

Los milagros de Amarilis,
Aquel angel superior,
A quien dan nombre de Fenix
La verdad y la passion,

Mirava a su puerta un dia
En la corte un labrador,
Que si adorar no merece
Padecer si mereció.

Una tarde, que es mañana
Pues el alva se riò,
Y entre carmin encendido
Candidas perlas mostrò,

Divirtioso en abrasar
A los mismos que alumbrò,
Y del cielo de si mismo
El angel bello cayo.

lege was reserved for you: you invited your God to sit at your table; your dignity was such, that after having invited the Lord to sit down, you yourself took the first place. It was the first man's prerogative to bestow names upon all animals: but that of which you boast is far more wonderful; you bestowed a name upon the Lord himself. How well acquainted with you he must be, we may learn from the fact of his having addressed you by the name of Papa, during his whole childhood. After receiving such a title from him, is there any thing which can be added to your glory?"*

* I insert here the whole text of this fanciful piece. I found it in Book VIII. of the third part of the *Monarchia mystica de la Yglesia*, by Fray Lorenço de Zamora, chap. xiii. page 523. It is a curious monument, not indeed of poetry, but rather of the spirit of the age.

Redondilhas a San Joseph.

Que lengua podra alcançar
Aquel que tanto subio,
Que á la palabra enseño
Del propio padre á hablar.

Segun su sabio aranzel,
Aunque por diversos modos,
Es Dios maestro de todos,
Pero de Dios lo fue el.

De lo que su ciencia fue
Yo no sé dar otra seña,
Sino que al Christus enseña
Las letras del A, B, C.

O Joseph! es tan gloriosa
Vuestra virtud, y de modo,
Que el mismo padre de todo
Su madre os dio por esposa.

Pudo dar al hijo el padre
Madre de mas alto ser,
Aunque en razon de muger
Pero no en razon de madre!

A esta cuenta pudo Dios
Joseph, hazeros mas santo,
Mas como padre soys tanto,
Que otro no es mejor que vos

Pero si vos en quanto hombre
Soys tanto menos que Dios,
Por lo menos llegays vos
A ser ygual en el nombre.

Si yo llamo mi criado
Al que con mi pan se cria,
Vuestra criada es Maria,
Y aun Dios es vuestro criado.

Pues cria à Dios el sudor
De vuestra mano, y ventura,
Ni sé si os diga criatura
O si os llame criador.

Joseph dichoso aveys sido,
Pues que servido de Dios,
Nadie fue mejor que vos
Ni aun Dios fue mejor servido.

Manda Dios, y mandays vos,
Manda Dios en suelo y cielo,
Pero vos, acá en el suelo
Mandastes al mismo Dios.

Que diré de vos que importe,
Dichoso quando allá yreys,
Pues en llegando hallareys
Tales parientes en corte.

Pues pudo **Dios** escoger
Para su madre marido,
El mejor que aviá nacido
Vos lo devistes de ser.

Si os llamaremos mayor
Joseph que el señor del cielo,
Pues viviendo acà en el suelo,
Fue el mismo vuestro menor.

Bien es que en sueño y tendido
Os hable el angel à vos,
Que à quien despierto habla Dios
Hablele el angel dormido.

Distes pan al pan de vida,
Y con pan el pan criastes,
Yvos a pan combidastes
Al que con pan nos combida.

Otra celestial empresa
Realça vuestro valor,
Que al propio Dios y señor
Sentastes a vuestra mesa.

Soys en fin de tel manera
Que al mismo Dios combidastes,
Y aunque con Dios os sentastes,
Tuvistes la cabecera.

Por gran cosa el primer hombre
Dio nombre a los animales,
Mas son vuestras prendas tales
Que al mismo Dios distes nombre

Soys quien soys, y tal soys vos,
Y vuestro valor de modo,
Que a Dios obedece todo,
Y a vos obedece Dios.

Joseph, quien soys aquel sabe
Que tayta llamaros supo,
Y pues tal nombre en vos cupo,
Esse os calebre y alabe.

Whilst Gongora introduced into the higher walks of poetry an affected and almost unintelligible style, and his followers, in order to preserve the reputation of refined genius, descended even on the most sacred subjects to the most preposterous play of words, the ancient school which had been founded by Garcilaso and by Boscan had not been wholly abandoned. The party, which designated itself as classical, still continued, and made itself conspicuous by the severity of its criticisms against the imitators of Gongora. But in spite of its adherence to ancient examples, and to the best principles, those who composed it had lost all creative genius, all powerful inspiration, and the charm of novelty. Some men of this school merit notice from their attachment to the purest style of poetry, but they were the last flashes of an expiring flame.

Among the contemporaries of Cervantes and Lope de Vega, two brothers, whom the Spaniards compare to Horace, occupy a distinguished place. Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola was born in 1565, at Balbastro; and Bartolomeo Leonardo in 1566, of a family originally of Ravenna, but for some time past established in Aragon. The first, after having finished his studies at Saragossa, wrote in his youth three tragedies, of which Cervantes expresses, in Don Quixote, the highest admiration. He was attached as secretary to the Empress Maria of Austria, who was living in Spain. He was commissioned by the King, and the States of Aragon, to continue the Annals of Zurita; and he ultimately attended the Count de Lemos to Naples as secretary of state, and died there in 1613. His brother, who had shared in his education and pursued a like career, and who had never been separated from him, returned to Saragossa after the death of Lupercio. He there continued the Annals of Aragon, and died in 1631.

These brothers, in the opinion of Bouterwek and Nicolo Antonio, resembled each other so exactly in taste, genius, and style, that it is difficult to distinguish their compositions, and the two poets may be considered as one individual. They are not peculiarly remarkable for their originality or power of thought, for enthusiasm, or for melancholy reverie; but they possess a great delicacy of poetic sentiment, a vigorous and elevated genius, a great talent of description, a fine wit, a classical dignity of style, and, above all, a solidity of taste, which entitles them to rank immediately after Ponce de Leon, as the most correct of the Spanish poets.

Notwithstanding the suffrage of Cervantes, the reputation of Argensola does not rest on his dramatic works. It is the lyric poetry of the two brothers, and their epistles and satires in the manner of Horace, which have rendered their names illustrious. We may remark in them an imitation of this model, as in Luis Ponce de Leon; but they have not in so great a degree that tranquil and soft enthusiasm of devotion, which confers on the verses of the latter so peculiar a charm. I have perused the works of the two brothers, in the edition of Saragossa, in quarto, 1634. Some specimens of their choicest poetry are given by Boutterwek. In a fine sonnet of the eldest,* may be observed a peculiar elevation of imagery, style, and harmony, joined to an obscurity of thought and expression, which we cannot but regard as the harbinger of a corrupt taste. His brother wrote some satiric sonnets,† evidently in imitation of the Italians. The epistles and satires of both the one and the other brother are the pieces in which they are said to have most resembled Horace. The specimens of them which I have seen inspire little curiosity.

The historical works of Argensola are composed in a good style, and with a greater degree of judicious observation and elevated sentiment than we should have expected in the epoch in which he wrote. His principal work is the History of the Conquest of the Moluccas.‡ His continuation of the Annals of Aragon by Zurita, which comprehends the troubles at the commencement of the reign of Charles V.,‖ was published

* Imagen espantosa de la muerte,
Sueño cruel, no turbes mas mi pecho,
Mostrandome cortado el ñudo estrecho,
Consuelo solo de mi adversa suerte.

Busca de algun tirano el muro fuerte,
De jaspe paredès, de oro il techo;
O el rico avaro el en angosto lecho,
Haz que temblando con sudor despierte.

El uno vea el popular tumulto
Romper con furia las herradas puertas,
O al sobornado siervo el hierro oculto;

El otro sus riquezas descubiertas,
Con llave falsa, o con violento insulto;
Y dexale al amor sus glorias ciertas.

† As a specimen of his manner, we give the following sonnet, addressed to an old coquette:

Pon, Lice tus cabellos con legias,
De venerables, si no rubios, rojos,
Que el tiempo vengador busca despojos,
Y no para volver huyen los dias.

Y las mexillas, que avultar porfias,
Cierra en porfiles languidos, y flojos,
Su hermosa atrocidad nobo o los ojos,
Y apriesa te desarma las ancias.

Pero tú acude por socorro all' arte,
Que aun con sus fraudes quiero que defienda
Al desengaño descortes la entrada.

Con pacto, y por tu bien, que no pretendas
Reducida a ruinas, ser amada
Sino es de ti, si puedes engañarte.

‡ Madrid, fol. 1609.

‖ Saragossa, fol. 1630.

early in the reign of Philip IV., and dedicated to the Count Duke d'Olivarez. The King, who imagined the spirit of the Aragonese utterly subdued, saw, without uneasiness, this record of their ancient privileges.

Spain had at this time a great number of poets in the lyric and bucolic style, who followed the example of the Romans and the Italians, of Boscan, and Garcilaso. Like the Italians of the fifteenth century, they are more remarkable for purity of taste and elegance of language, than for richness of invention or force of genius; and whilst we acknowledge their talents, if we do not possess an insatiable appetite for love-songs, or an unlimited toleration of common ideas, we shall soon be wearied with their perusal. Vincenzio Espinel, Christoval de Mesa, Juan de Morales, Augustino de Texada, Gregorio Morillo, a happy imitator of Juvenal, Luis Barahona de Soto, a rival of Garcilaso; Gonzales de Argote y Molina, whose poems breathe an uncommon ardour of patriotism; and the three Figueroa, distinguished by their success in different styles, are the chief among a crowd of lyric poets, whose names can with difficulty be preserved from oblivion.

It is to a very different class that we must assign Quevedo, the only man perhaps whose name deserves to be placed by the side of that of Cervantes, and whose fame, without rivalling the genius of the latter, is however permanently established in Europe. Of all the Spanish writers, Quevedo bears the greatest resemblance to Voltaire; not so much, indeed, in genius as in his turn of mind. Like Voltaire he possessed a versatility of knowledge and talent, a peculiar vein of pleasantry, a cynical gaiety even when applied to serious subjects, a passion for attempting every style and leaving monuments of his genius on every topic, an adroitness in pointing the shafts of ridicule, and the art of compelling the abuses of society to appear before the bar of public opinion. Some extracts from his voluminous works will show within what narrow barriers Voltaire must have confined himself under such a suspicious government as that of Philip II. and beneath the yoke of the inquisition.

Don Francisco de Quevedo y Villegas was born at Madrid in 1580, of an illustrious family attached to the court, where it held several honourable appointments. He lost both his parents when young, but his guardian, Don Jerome de Villanueva, placed him in the university of Alcala, where he

earned the languages. He made himself master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Italian, and French; and he pursued at the same time the usual scholastic studies, including theology, law, the belles lettres, philology, natural philosophy, and medicine. Distinguished at the university as a prodigy of knowledge, he acquired in the world at large the reputation of an accomplished cavalier. He was frequently chosen as arbiter in disputed points of honour, and while with the greatest delicacy he preserved the parties from any compromise of character, he had at the same time the art of reconciling them without an appeal to a sanguinary ordeal. Highly accomplished in arms, he possessed a courage and address beyond that of the most skilful masters, although the malformation of his feet rendered bodily exercises painful to him. A quarrel of a somewhat chivalric nature, was the cause of a change of his destiny. He one day undertook the defence of a lady with whom he was unacquainted, and whom he saw insulted by a man likewise unknown to him. He killed his adversary on the spot, who proved to be a nobleman of consideration. Quevedo, to avoid prosecution from his family, passed into Sicily with the Duke d'Ossuna, who had been appointed Viceroy of that Island, and afterwards accompanied him to Naples. Charged with the general inspection of the finances of both countries, he established order by his integrity and severity. Employed by the Duke in the most important affairs, in embassies to the King of Spain and the Pope, he crossed the sea seven times in his service. During the time he was so accredited, he was frequently pursued by assassins, who wished to rid themselves of a negotiator, an enemy, or a judge, so dangerous to them. He took a share in the conspiracy of the Duke of Bedmar against Venice, and he was in that city with Jacomo Pietro at the moment of the detection of the plot, but contrived to withdraw himself by flight, from the search of the government, while many of his most intimate friends perished on the scaffold. After a brilliant career, he was involved in the disgrace of the Duke d'Ossuna. He was arrested in 1620, and carried to his estate of Torre de Juan Abad, where he was detained prisoner three years and a half, without being allowed during the first two years to call in a physician from the neighbouring village for the benefit of his declining health. At length his innocence was acknowledged, his im-

prisonment changed into banishment, and his freedom soon after restored him; but on demanding indemnification for the injuries he had suffered, he was again sent into exile. This forced retirement restored him to the cultivation of letters, from which his political career had in some degree estranged him. During his banishment to his estates he wrote the greater part of his poems, and in particular those which he published as the works of a poet of the fifteenth century, under the name of Bachiller de la Torre. He was afterwards recalled to court, and appointed secretary to the king on the 17th March, 1632. The Duke d'Olivarez solicited him to enter again into public business, and offered him an embassy to Genoa, which Quevedo declined, in order to devote himself entirely to his studies and to philosophy. He was at this time in correspondence with the most eminent men in Europe; his countrymen appeared sensible of his merits, and the ecclesiastical benefices which he enjoyed, producing a revenue of eight hundred ducats, placed him in easy circumstances. These he renounced in 1634, in order to espouse at the age of fifty-four a lady of high birth. He lost her in the course of a few months, and his grief brought him back to Madrid, where in 1641 he was arrested in the night-time in the house of a friend, as the author of a libel against good morals and the government. He was not permitted to send to his house for a change of linen, or to give information of his apprehension, but was thrown into a narrow dungeon in a convent, where a stream of water passed under his bed and produced a pernicious damp in his melancholy cell. He was there treated as a common malefactor, with a degree of inhumanity which ought not to be practised on the most abandoned criminals. His estate was confiscated, and in his confinement he was reduced to subsist upon common charity. His body was covered with wounds, and, as he was refused a surgeon, he was obliged to cauterise them himself. He was eventually set at liberty, in consequence of a letter to the Duke d'Olivarez, which his biographer has preserved. After an imprisonment of two and twenty months, his case was inquired into, and it appeared that it was already ascertained that a monk was the real author of the libel which he was suspected to have written. He was then restored to liberty, but his health was so entirely ruined that he could not remain at Madrid to demand satisfaction for his long

confinement. Sick and broken in spirit, he returned to his estate, where he died on the eighth of September, 1645

A considerable part of the writings of Quevedo were stolen from him in his lifetime, amongst which were his theatrical pieces and his historical works, so that he cannot, as he had hoped, lay claim to distinction in every class of letters. But, notwithstanding the loss of fifteen manuscripts, which have never yet been recovered, his remains form eleven large volumes, eight of which are in prose and three in verse.

Quevedo was always on his guard against exaggeration of style, pomp of words, extravagant images, inverted sentences, and ridiculous ornaments borrowed from mythology. This false taste, of which Gongora was in some degree the founder, frequently afforded to our poet the subject of an agreeable and witty satire. But, in some respects, Quevedo himself has not escaped the general contagion. He endeavoured to attract admiration and to dazzle; he did not aim at a just expression of sentiment, but regarded only the effect it might produce; so that marks of effort and affectation are visible in every line of his writings. His ambition was to shine, and he had in fact more of this quality than any of his contemporaries, and more than we find in any other Spanish author; but this constant display is not natural to him, and it is evident that his succession of pleasantries, strokes of wit, antitheses, and piquant expressions, are prepared before hand, and that he is more desirous of striking than of persuading. On serious subjects, it is needless to enquire whether or not he be sincere, while truth, propriety, and rectitude of mind appear to be indifferent to him. On humorous subjects he wishes to excite our laughter, and he succeeds; but he is so lavish of incident, and his strokes of wit are so often repeated, that he fatigues even while he amuses us.

Among the works of Quevedo there is one on the public administration, entitled, *The Kingdom of God and the Government of Christ*, and dedicated to Philip IV., as containing a complete treatise on the art of ruling. As secretary of the Duke d'Ossuna, and as one who had executed the designs, and often perhaps directed the councils of this ambitious viceroy, whose political measures so long troubled Europe, he was certainly entitled to be heard. If he had

developed the policy by which the terrible Spanish triumvirate, Toledo, Ossuna, and Bedmar, attempted to govern Italy, he would, without doubt, have manifested not less depth of thought, knowledge of mankind, address, courage, and immorality, than Machiavelli. Whether he had attacked or attempted to defend the principles on which the Cabinet of Madrid conducted itself; whether he had weighed the character of other nations, or investigated the interests of people and of princes, he would have excited reflection in the minds of his readers on objects which had been to himself the subject of profound meditation. But the work of Quevedo is of a quite different nature, and consists of political lessons taken from the life of Christ, and applied to kingly government, with the most pious motives, but on the other hand with as complete an absence of practical instruction, as if the work had been composed in a convent. All his examples are drawn from the sacred writings, and not from that living history of the seventeenth century in which the author had taken so considerable a share. One might justly have expected a rich treasure of precepts and observations, and a very different train of thought, from a man who had seen and acted so much. To recommend virtue, moderation, and piety to sovereigns is, doubtless, inculcating the truth; but it requires something more than bare axioms, something circumstantial and engaging, in order to make a durable impression.

Although Quevedo discovers so little profound thought on a subject of which he ought to have been the master, he discovers notwithstanding, at all times, in the same work, considerable talent and wit. It does not at first view appear easy to find in the conduct of Jesus Christ, a model for all the duties of royalty, and to draw from his life alone examples applicable to all the circumstances of war, finances, and public administration; but it was intended, perhaps, to exhibit rather a strong invention than a correct mode of reasoning. His most remarkable qualities are, his precision and energy of language, his rapid and eloquent phrases, and his fulness of sense and thought. Quevedo wishes to persuade monarchs to command their armies in person. The relation of this advice to the moral precepts of the Gospel, it is not easy to discover; but he illustrates his subject in a natural manner by the conduct of the apostle Peter, who,

under the eyes of his master, attacks the whole body of the guard of the high-priest, but who, when he is separated from Jesus, shamefully denies him before a servant. "The Apostle," he says, "then wanted his principal strength—the eyes of Christ: his sword remained, but it had lost its edge; his heart was the same, but his master saw him no longer. A king who enters into the field himself and shares the dangers of his soldiers, obliges them to be valiant; in lending his presence to the combat, he multiplies his strength, and obtains two soldiers for one. If he despatches them to the combat without seeing them, he exculpates them from their negligence, he trusts his honour to chance, and has only himself to blame for any misfortune. Those armies which rulers only pay, differ much from those which they command in person; the former produce great expense, and renown attends on the latter; the latter too are supported by the enemy, the former by indolent monarchs who are wrapped up in their own vanity. It is one thing for soldiers to obey commands, and another to follow an example: the first seek their recompense in pay, the latter in fame. A king, it is true, cannot always combat in person, but he may and he ought to appoint generals more known by their actions than by their pen." These precepts, although antithetical, are just and true; and at that time one might, perhaps, also consider them as somewhat daring, since Philip III. and Philip IV. never saw their armies, and Philip II. was early separated from his. At the present day these precepts would be ranked with stale truths. The great error of Quevedo consists in wasting his genius on common ideas. There is seldom much novelty in his thoughts, but often a good deal in the manner in which they are expressed.

The merit of novelty of expression may, perhaps, be considered as sufficient in moral works; since their object is to inculcate, and to fix in the hearts of all, truths as ancient as the world, and which never change. Quevedo, besides his purely religious works, as his Introduction to a holy Life, his Life of the Apostle Paul, and that of St. Thomas of Villanueva, has also left some treatises on moral philosophy. The most remarkable one, and that which affords us the best idea of the character of his genius, is the amplification of a treatise attributed to Seneca, and afterwards imitated by Petrarch, on the consolations in good and bad fortune. The

Roman author enumerated the calamities of human nature, and applied to each the consolations of philosophy. Quevedo, after his translation of the Latin, adds a second chapter to each calamity, in which he estimates the same misfortune in a Christian point of view, generally with the design of proving that what the Roman philosopher supported in patience, was to him a triumph. We shall give an example of this play on morality. It is one of the shortest chapters, on *Exile.*

Seneca. *Thou art banished:* However I be forced, I cannot be driven out of my country; there is but one country for all men, and no one can quit it *Thou art banished:* I shall change only my place of abode, not my country; wherever I go I shall find a home; no place is a place of exile, but a new country to me. *Thou shalt remain no longer in thy country:* Our country is the place where we enjoy happiness; but real happiness is in the mind, not in place, and depends on a man's self; if he be wise, his exile is no more than a journey; if he is unwise, he suffers banishment. *Thou art banished:* That is to say, I am made a citizen of a new state.

D. Francisco de Quevedo. *Thou art banished:* This is a sentence to be passed only by death. *Thou art banished:* It is possible that some one may have the desire to banish me, but I know that no one has the power. I can travel in my country, but cannot change it. *Thou art banished:* Such may be my sentence, but the world will not allow it, for it is the country of all. *Thou art banished:* I shall depart, but shall not be exiled; the tyrant may change the place where I set my feet, but he cannot change my country. I shall quit my house for another house, my village for a new one; but who can drive me from my home? I shall quit the place where I was born, not the place for which I was born. *Thou art banished:* I quit only one part of my country for another part. *Thou shalt see thy wife, thy children, thy relations, no more:* That might happen to me when living with them. *Thou shalt be deprived of thy friends:* I shall find others in the place to which I go. *Thou shalt be forgotten:* I am so already where I am thus rejected. *Thou shalt be regretted by none:* That will not be strange to me, leaving the place I leave. *Thou shalt be treated as a stranger:* That is a consolation to me, when I see how you treat your own citizens. Christ has said, no man is a prophet in his own country; a stranger is therefore always better received.

Such is the genius of Quevedo, and such is the character of his morals. It surprises and amuses us, and is presented to us in an attractive manner, but it carries with it little persuasion and less consolation. We feel that after all that has been said, it would not be difficult to defend the opposite side with equal success.

Many of his works consist of visions, and in these we find more gaiety, and his pleasantries are more varied. It must

be confessed, however, that he has chosen singular subjects to jest on; church-yards, alguazils possessed of devils, the attendance of Pluto, and hell itself. In Spain eternal punishment is not considered too serious a subject for pleasantry; elsewhere it scarcely affords room for the exercise of wit. Another singular trait is the description of people on whom Quevedo has lavished his sarcasms. These are lawyers, physicians, notaries, tradespeople, and, more particularly, tailors. It is the latter that he most generally attacks, and we cannot well imagine in what way a Castilian gentleman, a favourite of the Viceroy of Naples, and frequently an ambassador, could have been so far exasperated by the knights of the gentle craft to owe them so long a grudge. For the rest, these visions are written with a gaiety and an originality which becomes still more poignant from the austerity of the subject. The first vision, *El Sueño de las Calaveras*, represents the Last Judgment. "Scarcely," he says, "had the trumpet sounded, when I saw those who had been soldiers and captains rising in haste from their graves, thinking they heard the signal for battle; the miser awoke in anxious fear of pillage; the epicures and the idle received it as a call to dinner, or the chase. This was easily seen from the expression of their countenances, and I perceived that the real object of the sound of the trumpet was not understood by any one of them. I afterwards saw the souls flying from their former bodies, some in disgust, others in affright. To one body an arm was wanting, to another an eye. I could not forbear smiling at the diversity of the figures, and admiring that Providence, which, amidst such a confusion of limbs, prevented any one from taking the legs or the arms of his neighbour. I observed only one burial-ground where the dead seemed to be changing their heads; and I saw a notary whose soul was not in a satisfactory state, and who, by way of excuse, pretended that it had been changed and was not his own. But what astonished me most was to see the bodies of two or three tradesmen, who had so entangled their souls that they had got their five senses at the end of the five fingers of their right hand."

We find as much gaiety, and on less serious subjects, in the *Correspondence of the Chevalier de la Tenaza*, who teaches all the various modes of refusing to render a service, to give a present, or to make a loan that is asked for; in the *Advice to Lovers of Fine Language*, where Gongora and Lope de

Vega are very pleasantly ridiculed; in the *Treatise on all Subjects in the World and many besides;* in the *Happy Hour*, where Fortune, for once only, rewards every one according to his merit; and lastly, in the *Life of the great Tacano*, a romance in the manner of Lazarillo de Tormes, which paints the national manners in a very amusing way.

One of the most striking circumstances in the domestic life of the Castilians, is the difficulty of reconciling their excessive poverty with their pride and slothfulness. Among the poorer classes of other countries, we observe privations of different kinds, want, sickness, and sufferings; but absolute starving is a calamity which the most wretched seldom experience; and if they are reduced to this state, it generally throws them into despair. If we are to believe the Castilian writers, a considerable portion of their population are in constant apprehension of famine, yet never think of relieving themselves by labour. A crowd of poor gentlemen, and all the *knights of industry*, trouble themselves little about luxuries, as food is absolutely often wanting to them, and all their stratagems are often employed in procuring a morsel of dry bread. After this repast their next object is to appear before the world in a dignified manner; and the art of arranging their rags in order to give the idea of a shirt and clothes under their cloak, is the principal study of their lives. These pictures, which are found in many of the works of Quevedo, and in all the Spanish romances, have too great a semblance of truth to have been mere inventions; but with whatever humour and originality they may have been drawn, they ultimately leave a disagreeable impression, and discover an egregious national vice, the correction of which should be the first object of a legislator.

The poems of Quevedo form three large volumes, under the name of the Spanish Parnassus. He has, in fact, arranged them under the names of the nine Muses, as if to hint that he had attained every branch of literature and sung on every subject. These nine classes are however intermixed, and consist almost entirely of lyric poems, pastorals, allegories, satires, and burlesque pieces. Under the name of each Muse he arranges a great number of sonnets. He has written more than a thousand, and some of them possess great beauty. Such, in my eyes, is that *On the Ruins of Rome*, of which the following is a translation:

SONNET.

Stranger, 'tis vain! Midst Rome, thou seek'st for Rome
In vain; thy foot is on her throne—her grave;
Her walls are dust: Time's conquering banners wave
O'er all her hills; hills which themselves entomb.
Yea! the proud Aventine is its own womb;
The royal Palatine is ruin's slave;
And medals, mouldering trophies of the brave,
Mark but the triumphs of oblivion's gloom.
Tiber alone endures, whose ancient tide
Worshipp'd the Queen of Cities on her throne,
And now, as round her sepulchre, complains.
O Rome! the steadfast grandeur of thy pride
And beauty, all is fled; and that alone
Which seem'd so fleet and fugitive remains! *

After his sonnets, the romances of Quevedo form the most numerous class of his writings. In these short stanzas, neither the measure nor the rhyme of which are difficult, we often find the most biting satire, much humour, and not unfrequently ease and grace; though these latter qualities accord little with his constant desire of shining. On the other hand, these romances, abounding in allusions and in words borrowed from different dialects, are very difficult to comprehend. I shall cite only some stanzas of one of them, written on his misfortunes. The manner in which a man of genius struggles against calamity, and the means with which he arms himself for the contest, are always worthy of attention. When he has experienced misfortunes as severe as those of Quevedo, his pleasantries on his ill-fortune, although they may not be very refined, bear a value in our eyes from the moral courage which they exhibit:

Since then, my planet has look'd on
With such a dark and scowling eye,
My fortune, if my ink were gone,
Might lend my pen as black a dye.

No lucky or unlucky turn
Did Fortune ever seem to play;
But ere I'd time to laugh or mourn,
'Twas sure to turn the other way.

Ye childless great, who want a heir,
Leave all your vast domains to me,
And Heaven will bless you with a fair,
Alas! and numerous progeny.

They hear my effigy about
The village, as a charm of power,
If clothed, to bring the sunshine out,
If naked, to call down the shower.

When friends request my company,
No feasts and banquets meet my eye;
To holy mass they carry me,
And ask me alms, and bid good-bye.

* *A Roma sepultada en sus ruinas.*

Buscas en Roma á Roma, ó peregrino!
Y en Roma misma á Roma no la hallas:
Cadaver son, las que ostentó murallas,
Y tumba de si propio el Aventino.

Yace donde reynaha el Palatino,
Y limadas del tiempo las medallas,
Mas se muestran destrozo á las batallas
De las edades, que blazon latino.

Solo el Tibre quedó, cuya corriente
Si ciudad la rego, ya sepultura
La llora con funesto són doliente.

O Roma! en tu grandeza, en tu hermosura
Huyó lo que era firme, y solamente
Lo fugitivo permanece y dura.

Should bravos chance to lie *perdu*,
To break some happy lover's head,
I am their man, while he in view
His beauty serenades in bed.

A loosen'd tile is sure to fall
In contact with my head below,
Just as I doff my hat. 'Mong all
The crowd, a stone still lays me low.

The doctor's remedies alone
Ne'er reach the cause for which they're given,
And if I ask my friends a loan,
They wish the poet's soul in heaven;

So far from granting aught, 'tis I
Who lend my patience to their spleen;
Mine is each fool's loquacity,
Each ancient dame will be my queen.

The poor man's eye amidst the crowd
Still turns its asking looks on mine;
Jostled by all the rich and proud,
No path is clear, whate'er my line.

Where'er I go I miss my way,
I lose, still lose at every game;
No friend I ever had would stay,
No foe but still remain'd the same.

I get no water out at sea,
Nothing but water at my inn;
My pleasures, like my wine, must be
Still mix'd with what should NOT be in.*

We also find amongst the poems of Quevedo, pastorals, allegories under the name of *Sylvas*, epistles, odes, songs, and the commencement of two epic poems, one burlesque, the other religious. But it is to his works themselves that we must refer those who wish to be better acquainted with a Spanish writer who has, perhaps, nearer than any other, approached the French style of writing.

By the side of Quevedo we may place Estevan Manuel de Villegas, born at Nagera, in old Castile, about the year 1595. He studied at Madrid and Salamanca, and his talent for poetry manifested itself from his earliest years. At the age of fifteen he translated Anacreon into verse, and several odes of Horace; and from that period he always imitated these two poets, to whose genius his own was strictly analogous. At the age of three and twenty he collected his various poems, which he printed at his own expense, and dedicated to Phillip III., under the title *Amatorias*, or *Eroticas*. He obtained with difficulty a small employ in his native city; for, although noble, he was without fortune. Devoting the remainder of his life to philological Latin works, he contributed nothing, after his twenty-third year, to Spanish poetry. He died in 1669, aged seventy-four. He is considered the Anacreon of Spain. His grace and softness, and his union of the ancient style with the modern, place him above all those who have written in the same class;† but he was as incapable as the other Spanish poets of

* Thalia, Romance 16.

† As a specimen of his Anacreontic manner, I may refer to the thirty-fifth *Cantilena* given below, and which I have the rather selected as it is not found in Boutterwek.

Dicen me las muchachas
Que será don Esteban,
Que siempre de amor cantas
Y nunca de la guerra?

Per-

submitting himself to the rules of the ancients in the correction of his thoughts, and he often indulged himself in the *concett* of Marini and Gongora. I shall give only one of his pieces, a model of grace and sensibility, already quoted by Boutterwek:

THE NIGHTINGALE.

I have seen a nightingale
On a sprig of thyme, bewail,
Seeing the dear nest, which was
Hers alone, borne off, alas!
By a labourer; I heard,
For this outrage, the poor bird
Say a thonsand mournful things
To the wind, which, on its wings,
From her to the guardian sky,
Bore her melancholy cry,
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break;
One while, in a sad sweet note,
Gurgled from her straining throat,
She enforc'd her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer, and plaintive wail;
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwearied, she was mute;
Then afresh for her dear brood
Her harmonious shrieks renew'd.
Now she wing'd it round and round;
Now she skimm'd along the ground;
Now. from bough to bough, in haste,
The delighted robber chas'd;
And, alighting in his path,
Seem'd to say, 'twixt grief and wrath,
" Give me back, fierce rustic rude!
" Give me back my pretty brood:"
And I saw the rustic still
Answer'd, " *That I never will!*" *

Yo vi sobre un tomillo
Quexarse un paraxillo,
Viendo su nido amado
De quien era caudillo
De un labrador robado.
Vi le tan congoxado
Por tal atrevimiento,
Dar mil quexas al viento,
Para que al ciel santo
Lleve su tierno llanto,
Lleve su triste acento.
Ya con triste harmonia
Esforçando al intento
Mil quexas repetia;
Ya cansado callava;
Y al nuevo sentimiento
Ya sonóro volvia.
Ya circular volaba,
Ya rastrero corria:
Ya pues de rama en rama
Al rústico seguia,
Y saltando en la grama,
Parece que decia;
Dame rustico fiero
Mi dulce compania!
Yo ví que respondia
El rustico, *no quiero.*

Among the distinguished poets of this age we may enumerate Juan de Xauregui, the translator of the Pharsalia of Lucan; Francisco de Borja, Prince of Esquillace, one of the first grandees of Spain, who cultivated poetry with the greatest ardour, and whose works are extremely voluminous; and Bernardino Count de Rebolledo, ambassador to Denmark at the close of the thirty years' war, who composed the greater part of his Spanish poetry at Copenhagen. But poetry expired in these writers. They no longer separated the powers

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Pero yo las respondo:
Mucbachas bachilleras,
El ser los hombres feos
Y el ser vos otras bellas.

De que sirve que canté
Al son de la trompeta,
Del otro embarazado
Con el pavés á cuestas?

Que placeres me guiza
Un arbol pica seca
Cargado de mil hojas
Sin una fruta en ellas?

Quien gusta de los parches,
Que muchos parches tenga;
Y quien de los escudos
Que nunca los posea.

Que yo de los guerreros
No trato los peleas,
Sino las de las niñas
Porque estas son mis guerras

* [For the kind communication of the above translation, the Editor has to repeat his acknowledgments to Mr. Wiffen.—*Tr.*]

of inspiration from the reasoning faculty; and the *Selvas Danicas* of Rebolledo, which comprehend in rhimed prose the history and geography of Denmark, and his *Selvas Militares y Politicas*, where he has collected all that he knew on war and government, seem written to prove the last decline of Spanish poetry. We should imagine it had here reached its termination, if Calderon, whom we shall notice in the following chapters, had not appeared at the same epoch, and stamped this as the most brilliant period of the Spanish romantic drama.

During the reigns of Philip II., Philip III., and Philip IV., several prose writers obtained applause. A romance in the modern taste, of Vincent Espinel, intitled *The Life of the Squire Marco de Obregon*, led the way to the introduction of many succeeding pictures of polite life. In that class of novels, which is most attractive to the Spaniards, and which is called by them *El Gusto Picaresco*, the *Life of Don Gusman d'Alfarache* appeared in 1599, and of course previous to Don Quixote. It was immediately translated into Italian, French, and Latin, and into the other languages of Europe. The author was Matteo Aleman, who had retired from the court of Philip III. to live in solitude; and the applause with which his work was received was not sufficient to induce him to relinquish his retreat. A continuation, which was published under the assumed name of Matteo Luzan, is far from bearing a comparison with the original.

In history, the Jesuit Juan de Mariana, who commenced writing in the lifetime of Charles V., and who died only in 1623, in his ninetieth year, has obtained a well-deserved reputation from the elegance of his style. His language is pure, his descriptions are picturesque, without poetic affectation, and for the time in which he lived he has exhibited much impartiality and freedom of opinion. We must not, however, confide either in his criticisms, or in his facts, whenever the authority of the church or the power of monarchs would have been compromised by a more strict relation. In imitation of the ancients, in all important councils, and before the battles, he has placed speeches in the mouths of his principal personages. Livy makes us acquainted with the manners and opinions of the inhabitants of Italy at different epochs, and his harangues are always formed on real sentiments and incidents, although the in-

vention of the author. The speeches of Mariana, on the contrary, though of a late age, bear all the marks of antiquity; they are deprived of all probability; and we perceive from the very first word, that neither the Gothic kings, nor the Saracen princes to whom they are given, could ever have uttered them. Mariana at first wrote his History of Spain in Latin. It consisted of thirty books, and was brought from the earliest period down to the death of Ferdinand the Catholic, and dedicated to Philip II. He afterwards translated it into Spanish, and dedicated the translation to the same monarch. Notwithstanding his great caution. he was formally denounced to the Inquisition, the suspicious Philip thinking that he detected in his work traces of that freedom, the very memory of which he wished to extinguish; and Mariana with difficulty escaped prosecution.

The second of the historians of Spain in point of reputation, was born only a few years before the death of Mariana. Antonio de Solis, who lived from 1610 to 1686, not less distinguished by his poetry than his prose, followed the example of Calderon, with whom he was united in strict friendship, and presented the stage with many comedies written with much imagination. His political and historical information procured him employment in the chancery of the state, under the reign of Philip IV. After the death of that monarch in 1665, he was presented with the office of historian of the Indies, with a considerable salary. At the close of his life he entered into holy orders, and thenceforth was wholly devoted to religious observances. It was at a mature age and in discharge of the duties of his office, that he wrote his History of the Conquest of Mexico, one of the last Spanish works in which purity of taste, simplicity, and truth, are to be found. The author has avoided in this history all flights of imagination and display of style which might betray the poet. He united a brilliant genius with a correct taste. The adventures of Fernando Cortes, and of the handful of warriors, who in a new hemisphere overthrew a powerful empire; their inflexible courage, their passions and their ferocity; the dangers which incessantly presented themselves, and over all of which they triumphed; the peaceful virtues of the Mexicans, their arts, their government, and their civilization, so different from that of Europe, formed altogether an assemblage of novel and attractive cir-

cumstances, and afforded a noble subject for history. A unity of design, and a romantic interest, connected with the marvellous, naturally present themselves in it. Descriptions of places and of manners, and philosophical and political reflections, are all called for by the subject, and excite our earnest attention. Antonio de Solis was not unequal to the task, and few historical works are read with more pleasure.

All true taste seemed now to expire in Spain : a passion for antithesis, *concetti*, and the most extravagant figures, had introduced itself alike into prose and verse. No one ventured to write without calling to his aid, on the most simple subject, all the treasures of mythology, and without quoting, in support of the most common sentiment, all the writers of antiquity. The most natural sentiment could not be expressed without supporting it by an imposing image ; and in common writers, the mixture of so many pretensions, with a cumbrous phraseology and dulness of intellect, formed a most extraordinary contrast. The lives of the distinguished men whom we have presented to the reader, are all written by their contemporaries or their immediate successors in this eccentric style. That of Quevedo by the Abbé Paul-Antonio de Tarsia would be entertaining from its excess of absurdity, if one hundred and sixty pages of such ridiculous composition were not too fatiguing, and if one could avoid experiencing regret, not so much at the folly of an individual, as at the decline of letters and the corruption of national taste. Among a multitude of writers who transferred into prose all the defects and affectation of Gongora, one of distinguished talents contributed to extend this bad taste still further. This was Balthasar Gracian, a Jesuit, who appeared to the public under the borrowed name of his brother Lorenzo Gracian. His works treat of politeness, morals, theology, poetical criticism, and rhetoric. The most diffuse of all bears the title of *el Criticon*, and is an allegorical and didactic picture of human life, divided into epochs, which he calls *crises*, intermingled with tedious romances. We discover throughout this work a man of talent, who endeavours to soar above every thing common, but who often at the same time oversteps both nature and reason. A constant display, and an affectation of style which makes him at times unintelligible, render the perusal of him tedious. Gracian, nevertheless, would have succeeded as a good writer if he had not been too ambitious of distinction

His reputation was more proportioned to his efforts than to his merit. He was translated and panegyrized in France and Italy, and out of Spain contributed to corrupt that taste which in his own country was in its last decline.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DON PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

Our attention is now called to a Spanish poet whom his fellow-countrymen have designated as the prince of dramatists, who is known to foreigners as the most celebrated in this class of literature, and whom some critics of Germany have placed above all dramatic writers of modern days. It would be improper to impeach with levity so high a reputation; and whatever my own opinion may be on the merits of Calderon, it is my duty to show in the first place the esteem in which he has been held by persons of the first distinction in letters, in order that the reader, in the extracts which I shall submit to him, may not give too much attention to national forms, often in opposition to our own; but that he may seek and feel the excellences of the author, and may arm himself against prejudices from which I am myself perhaps not exempt.

The life of Calderon was not very eventful. He was born in 1600 of a noble family, and at fourteen years of age we are assured he began to write for the stage. After having finished his studies at the university, he remained some time attached to his patrons at court. He quitted them to enter into the army, and served during several campaigns in Italy and Flanders. Some time afterwards, King Philip IV., who was passionately attached to the drama, and who himself published many pieces which purported to be written, *By a Wit of this Court: Un ingenio de esta Corte;* having seen some pieces of Calderon, gave the author of them an appointment near his own person, presented him with the order of St. James, and attached him permanently to his court. From that time the plays of Calderon were represented with all the pomp which a rich monarch, delighting in such entertainments, had the power to bestow on them, and the Poet Laureate was often called on for occasional pieces on festive days at court. In 1652, Calderon entered into orders, but without renouncing

the stage. Thenceforth, however, his compositions were generally religious pieces and *autos sacramentales;* and the more he advanced in years, the more he regarded all his works which were not religious, as idle and unworthy of his genius. Admired by his contemporaries, caressed by kings, and loaded with honours and more substantial benefits, he survived to a very great age. His friend Juan de Vera Tassis y Villaroel, having undertaken, in 1685, a complete edition of his dramatic works, Calderon authenticated all that are found in that collection. He died two years after, in his eighty-seventh year.

Augustus William Schlegel, who more than any person has contributed to the diffusion of Spanish literature in Germany, thus speaks of Calderon in his Lectures on the Drama. "At length appeared Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, as fertile in genius and as diligent in writing as Lope, but a poet of a different kind; a true poet, indeed, if ever man deserved the name. For him, but in a superior degree, was renewed the admiration of nature, the enthusiasm of the public, and the dominion of the stage. The years of Calderon's age coincided with those of the seventeenth century. He was, therefore, sixteen years old when Cervantes died, and thirty-five at the time of the death of Lope, whom he survived nearly half a century. According to his biographers, Calderon wrote more than one hundred and twenty tragedies or comedies, more than a hundred sacred allegorical pieces (*autos sacramentales*), a hundred humorous interludes or *saynetes*, and many other pieces not dramatic. As he composed for the theatre from his fourteenth year to his eighty-first, we must distribute his productions through a long space of time, and there is no reason to suppose that he wrote with such wonderful celerity as Lope de Vega. He had sufficient time to mature his plans, which he did without doubt, but he must have acquired from practice great facility of execution.

"In the almost countless number of his works, we find nothing left to chance; all is finished with the most perfect talent, agreeable to fixed principles, and to the first rules of art. This is undeniable, even if we should consider him as a mannerist in the pure and elevated romantic drama, and should regard as extravagant those lofty flights of poetry which rise to the extreme bounds of imagination. Calderon has converted into his own what served only as a model to his predecessors, and he required the noblest and most

delicate flowers to satisfy his taste. Hence he repeats himself often in many expressions, images, and comparisons, and even in dramatic situations, although he was too rich to borrow, I do not say from others, but even from himself. Theatrical perspective is in his eyes the first object of the dramatic art; but this view, so restricted in others, becomes positive in him. I am not acquainted with any dramatic author who has succeeded in an equal degree in producing that poetical charm which affects the senses at the same time that it preserves its ethereal essence.

"His dramas may be divided into four classes; representations of sacred history, from Scripture or legends; historical pieces; mythological, or drawn from some poetical source; and, lastly, pictures of social life and modern manners. In a strict sense we can only call those pieces historical which are founded on national events. Calderon has painted with great felicity the early days of Spanish history; but his genius was far too national, I may almost say too fiery, to adapt itself to other countries. He could easily identify himself with the sanguine natives of the South or the East, but in no manner with the people of classic antiquity, or of the North of Europe. When he has chosen his subjects from the latter, he has treated them in the most arbitrary manner. The beautiful mythology of Greece was to him only an engaging fable, and the Roman history a majestic hyperbole.

"Still, his sacred pieces must, to a certain extent, be considered as historical; for, although he has ornamented them with the richest poetry, he has always exhibited with great fidelity the characters drawn from the Bible and sacred history. On the other hand, these dramas are distinguished by the lofty allegories which he often introduces, and by the religious enthusiasm with which the poet, in those pieces which were destined for the feast of the Holy Sacrament, has illumined the universe, which he has allegorically painted with the purple flames of love. It is in this last style of composition that he has most excited the admiration of his contemporaries, and he himself also attached to it the greatest value."

I think it my duty to give a further extract from Schlegel on Calderon. No one has made more extensive researches into Spanish literature; no one has developed with more enthusiasm the nature of this romantic poetry, which it is not just to submit to austere rules; and his partiality has

added to his eloquence. The passage I am about to translate has been highly extolled in Germany. I shall, in my turn, present Calderon under another aspect; but that under which his admirers have viewed him must still be allowed to possess a degree of truth.

"Calderon served in several campaigns in Flanders and in Italy; and, as a knight of St. James, performed the military duties of that order until he entered into the church; by which he manifested how much religion had been the ruling sentiment of his life. If it be true that a religious feeling, loyalty, courage, honour, and love are the basis of romantic poetry, it must in Spain, born and nourished under such auspicious circumstances, have attained its highest flight. The imagination of the Spaniards was as daring as their spirit of enterprise; and no adventure was too perilous for them. At an earlier period the predilection of the nation for the most incredible wonders had been manifested in the chivalric romances. These they wished to see repeated on the stage; and as at this epoch the Spanish poets had attained the highest point of art and social perfection, had infused a musical spirit into their poetry, and purifying it of every thing material and gross, had left only the choicest colours and odours, there resulted an irresistible charm of contrast between the subject and its composition. The spectators imagined they again saw on the stage a revival of that national glory, which, after having threatened the whole world, was now become half extinct, whilst the ear was gratified by a novel style of poetry, in which were combined all the harmony of the most varied metres, elegance, genius, and a prodigality of images and comparisons which the Spanish tongue alone permitted. The treasures of the most distant zones were in poetry, as in reality, imported to satisfy the mother-country, and one may assert that, in this poetic empire, as in the terrestrial one of Charles V., the sun never set.

"Even in the plays of Calderon which represent modern manners, and which for the most part descend to the tone of common life, we feel ourselves influenced by a charm of fancy which prevents us from regarding them as comedies, in the ordinary sense of the word. The comedies of Shakspeare are composed of two parts, strangers to each other: the comic part, which is always conformable to English manners,

because the comic imitation is drawn from well-known and local circumstances; and the romantic part, which is derived from the stage of the South, as his native soil was not in itself sufficiently poetical. In Spain, on the contrary, national manners might be regarded in an ideal point of view. It is true that would not have been possible if Calderon had introduced us into the interior of domestic life, where its wants and habits reduce every thing to narrow and vulgar limits. His comedies conclude, like those of the ancients, with marriage, but differ from them wholly in the antecedent part. In these, in order to gratify sensual passions and interested views, the most immoral means are often employed; the persons, with all the powers of their mind, are only physical beings, opposed to one another, seeking to take advantage of their mutual weaknesses. In those, a passionate sentiment prevails which ennobles all that it surrounds, because it attaches to all circumstances an affection of the mind. Calderon presents to us, it is true, his principal personages of both sexes in the first effervescence of youth, and in the confident anticipation of all the joys of life; but the prize for which they contend, and which they pursue, rejecting all others, cannot in their eyes be exchanged for any other good. Honour, love, and jealousy are the ruling passions. Their noble struggles form the plot of the piece, which is not entangled by elaborate knavery and deceit. Honour is there a feeling which rests on an elevated morality, sanctifying the principle without regard to consequences. It may by stooping to the opinions and prejudices of society become the weapon of vanity, but under every disguise we recognize it as the reflection of refined sentiment. I cannot suggest a more appropriate emblem of the delicacy with which Calderon represents the sentiment of honour, than the fabulous trait narrated of the ermine, which, rather than suffer the whiteness of its fur to be soiled, resigns itself to its pursuers. This refined sentiment equally predominates in the female characters of Calderon, and overrules the power of love, who only ranks at the side of honour and not above it. According to the sentiments which the poet professes, the honour of woman consists in confining her love to an honourable man, loving him with pure affection, and allowing no equivocal attentions, inconsistent with the most severe feminine dignity. This love demands an inviolable secrecy, until a legal union per-

mits a public declaration. This condition alone defends it against the poisonous mixture of that vanity, which might boast of pretensions advanced, or of advantages obtained. Love thus appears as a secret and holy vow. It is true that under this doctrine, in order to satisfy love, trick and dissimulation, which honour elsewhere forbids, are permitted. But the most delicate regard is observed in the collision of love with other duties, and particularly those of friendship. The force of jealousy, always awake, always terrible in its explosion, is not, as in the East, excited by possession only, but by the slightest preference of the heart, and by its most imperceptible manifestations. Love is thus ennobled; for this passion falls beneath itself, if it is not wholly exclusive. It often happens that the plot which these contending passions form, produces no result, and the catastrophe then becomes comic. At other times it assumes a tragic shape, and honour becomes a hostile destiny to him who cannot satisfy it without destroying his own happiness by the commission of a crime.

"Such is the lofty spirit of these dramas, which foreigners have called intriguing comedies, but which the Spaniards, after the costume in which they are performed, have named Comedies of the mantle and the sword: *Comedias de capa y espada.* In general they possess nothing burlesque, further than the part of the humorous valet, who is known under the name of *Gracioso.* This personage, indeed, serves only to parody the ideal motives by which his master is governed, but he does it often in the most elegant and lively manner. It is seldom that he is employed as an instrument to increase the plot by his artifices; as this is usually effected by accidental and well contrived incidents. Other pieces are named *Comedias de figuron;* the parts in which are cast in the same manner, only distinguished by one prominent figure in caricature. To many of the pieces of Calderon the claim of dramatic character cannot be denied, although we must not expect to see the more delicate traits of character exhibited by the poets of a nation, whose powerful passions and fervent imaginations are irreconcileable with a talent for accurate observation.

"Calderon bestowed on another class of his dramas the name of festival pieces. These were intended to be represented in court on occasions of solemnity. From their

theatrical splendour, the frequent change of scene, the decoration presented to the eyes, and the music which is introduced, we may call them poetical operas. In fact they are more poetical than any other compositions of this kind, since by their poetry alone an effect is produced which in the simple opera is obtained only by scenery, music, and dancing. Here the poet abandons himself to the highest flights of fancy, and his representations seem almost too ethereal for earth.

"But the true genius of Calderon is more peculiarly shewn in his management of religious subjects. Love is painted by him with its common attributes, and speaks only the language of the poetic art. But religion is his true flame, the heart of his heart. For her alone he touches those chords to which the soul most deeply responds. He seems not to have wished to effect this through worldly means, as piety was his only motive. This fortunate man had escaped from the labyrinth and the deserts of scepticism to the asylum of faith, whence he contemplates and paints, with an imperturbable serenity of soul, the passing tempests of the world. To him, life is no longer an enigma; even his tears, like dewdrops in the beams of morning, reflect the image of heaven. His poetry, whatever the subject may ostensibly be, is an unceasing hymn of joy on the splendours of creation. With delighted astonishment he celebrates the wonders of nature and of human art, as if he saw them for the first time in all the attraction of novelty. It is the first awakening of Adam, accompanied by an eloquence and a justness of expression which an intimate knowledge of nature, the highest cultivation of mind, and the most mature reflection could alone produce. When he united the most opposite objects, the greatest and the smallest, the stars and the flowers, the sense of his metaphor always expresses the relation of his creatures to their common Creator; and this delightful harmony and concert of the universe, is to him a new and unfading image of that eternal love which comprehends all things.

"Calderon was yet living, while in other countries of Europe a mannerism began to predominate in the arts, and literature received that prosaic direction which became so general in the eighteenth century. He may, therefore, be considered as placed on the highest pinnacle of romantic poetry; and all her brilliancy was lavished on his works, as

in a display of fireworks the brightest colours and the most striking lights are reserved for the last explosion."

I have here given a faithful translation of this spirited and eloquent passage, which is, indeed, in opposition to my own opinion. It contains every thing splendid that can be said of Calderon ; and I could wish that the reader himself may be induced by so high an eulogium to study a writer who has excited such warm enthusiasm. It was also my object to shew the high rank which Calderon occupies in the world of letters. I shall shortly give an analysis of some of his best pieces, that every person may form his own opinion on a poet to whom no one can refuse a place in the first rank. But, in order to explain what impression his works have made on myself, I ought to refer to what was said in the last chapter of the debasement of the Spanish nation in the seventeenth century, the corruption of religion and of the government, the perversion of taste, and, in fine, the change which the ambition of Charles V. and the tyranny of Philip II. had operated on the Castilians. Calderon had in his youth seen Philip III. ; he had shared the patronage of Philip IV. : and he lived sixteen years under the more miserable, and if possible, more shameful reign of Charles II. It would be strange indeed if the influence of an epoch so degrading to mankind had not been in some degree communicated to the leading poet of the age.

Calderon, in fact, although endowed by nature with a noble genius and the most brilliant imagination, appears to me to be the man of his own age—the wretched epoch of Philip IV. When a nation is so corrupt as to have lost all exaltation of character, it has no longer before its eyes models of true virtue and real grandeur, and, in endeavouring to represent them, it falls into exaggeration. Such to my view is the character of Calderon : he oversteps the line in every department of art. Truth is unknown to him, and the ideal which he forms to himself offends us from its want of propriety. There was in the ancient Spanish knights a noble pride, which sprang from a sentiment of affection for that glorious nation in which they were objects of high importance ; but the empty haughtiness of the heroes of Calderon increases with the misfortunes of their country, and their own debasement. There was in the manners of the early knights a just estimate of their own character, which prevented affronts

and assured to every one the respect of his equals ; but when public and private honour became continually compromised by a corrupt and base court, the stage represented honour as a point of punctilious delicacy, which, unceasingly wounded, required the most sanguinary satisfaction, and could not long exist without destroying all the bonds of society. The life of a gentleman was, in a manner, made up of duelling and assassination ; and if the manners of the nation became brutalized, those of the stage were still more so. In the same way the morals of the female sex were corrupted ; intrigue had penetrated beyond the blinds of windows and the grates of the convent, where the younger part of the sex were immured ; gallantry had introduced itself into domestic life, and had poisoned the matrimonial state. But Calderon gives to the women he represents a severity proportioned to the relaxation of morals ; he paints love wholly in the mind ; he gives to passion a character which it cannot support ; he loses sight of nature, and aiming at the ideal he produces only exaggeration.

If the manners of the stage were corrupt, its language was still more so. The Spaniards owe to their intercourse with the Arabs a taste for hyperbole and for the most extravagant images. But the manner of Calderon is not borrowed from the East ; it is entirely his own, and he goes beyond all flights which his predecessors had allowed themselves. If his imagination furnishes him with a brilliant image, he pursues it through a whole page, and abandons it only through fatigue. He links comparison to comparison, and, overcharging his subject with the most brilliant colours, he does not allow its form to be perceived under the multiplied touches which he bestows on it. He gives to sorrow so poetical a language, and makes her seek such unexpected comparisons, and justify their propriety with so much care, that we withhold our compassion from one who is diverted from his griefs by the display of his wit. The affectation and antithesis with which the Italians have been reproached, under the name of *concetti*, are, in Marini and in the greatest mannerists, simple expressions in comparison with the involved periods of Calderon. We see that he is affected with that malady of genius which forms an epoch in every literature on the extinction of good taste, an epoch which commenced in Rome with Lucan, in Italy with the *seicentisti*, or poets of the sixteenth century,

which distinguished in France the Hôtel de Rambouillet; which prevailed in England under the reign of Charles II.; and which all persons have agreed to condemn as a perversion of taste. Examples of this style will crowd on us in the succeeding extracts; but we shall pass over them at the time in order not to suspend the interest; and it will be better to detach a single passage as a specimen. It is taken from a play in which Alexander, Duke of Parma, relates how he is become the rival of Don Cæsar, his secretary and friend.

In gallant mood, I sought my sister's bower,
And saw with her and with her ladies there,
My Anna, in a garden of the Loves,
Presiding over every common flower,
A fragrant rose and fair;
Or rather, not to do her beauty wrong,
I saw a star on beds of roses glowing:
Or, midst the stars, the star of morning young
May better tell my love's bright deity;
Or, on the morning stars its light bestowing,
I saw a dazzling sun; or, in the sky,
Midst many brilliant suns of rivalry,
I saw her shine with such a peerless ray,
That heaven was fill'd with that one glorious day.
But when she spoke, then was my soul entranc'd:
Eyes, ears, and every sense in rapture danc'd;
The miracle of nature stood confess'd,
Fair modesty, in modest beauty dress'd.
It could not last: she bade farewell!
But was that evening transient as a dream?
Ask Love; and he will tell how fleet hours seem
Moments, which should be ages; ages well
Might seem but moments, as they speed away!
And when she bade adieu,
With courteous steps I watch'd my love's return.
We parted! Let it now suffice to say,
Loving, I die, and absent, live to mourn!*

This language which, if it be allowed to be poetical, is still

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* Entré galan al quarto de mi hermana,
Y con ella y sus damas ví a dona Ana:
Ví, en un jardin de amores,
Que presidia entre communes flores
La rosa hermosa y bella;
Mal digo, que si bien lo considero,
Yo ví entre muchas rosas una estrella,
O entre muchas estrellas un Lucero;
Y si mejor en su Deidad reparo,
Prestando a los demas sus arreboles,
Entre muchos Luceros ví un sol claro,
Y al fin ví un cielo para muchos soles.
Y tanto su beldad los excedia,
Que en muchos ciclos huvo solo un dia.
Hablando estuvé, en ella divertidos
Los ojos, quanto atentos los oidos;
Porque mostraba, en todo milagrosa
Cuerda belleza en discrecion hermosa
Despidió se en efecto; si fue breve
La tarde, amor lo diga, que quisiera
Que un siglo intero cada instante fuera;
Y aun no fuera bastante,
Pues aunque fuera siglo, fuera instante.
La sali acompañando cortesmente.
Y aqui basta decirte
Que muero amante y que padesco ausente.
Nadie fié su secreto. Jorn. 1, t. i. p. 273

extremely false, becomes still more misplaced when it is employed to express great passions or great sufferings. In a tragedy, otherwise replete with beautiful passages, and to which we shall return, intitled *Amar despues de la Muerte; Love after Death*, or rather the revolt of the Moors in the Alpuxarra, Don Alvaro Tuzani, one of the revolted Moors, running to the aid of his mistress, finds her poniarded by a Spanish soldier, at the taking of Galera: she yet breathes, and recognizes him.

CLARA.

Thy voice—thy voice, my love, I fain would hear:
'Twill give me life: 'twill make my death most happy.
Come nearer. Let me feel you in my arms.
Let me die thus—and— (*She dies.*)

DON ALVARO.

Alas, alas! They err who say that love
Can knit twain hearts, and souls, and lives in one;
For were such miracle a living truth,
Thou hadst not fled, or I had died with thee;
Living or dying, then, we had not parted,
But hand in hand smil'd o'er our equal fate.
Ye heavens! that see my anguish; mountains wild!
That echo it; winds! which my torments hear;
Flames! that behold my sufferings; can ye all
See Love's fair starry light extinguish'd thus,
His chief flower wither, and his soft breath fail
Come, ye who know what love is, tell me now,
In these my sorrows, in this last distress,
What hope more is there for the wretched lover
Who, on the night that should have crown'd his passion
So long and faithful, finds his love (oh, horror!)
Bathed in her own sweet blood; a lily flower
Bespangled with those frightful drops of red;
Gold, precious, purified in fiercest fire?
What hope, when, for the nuptial bed he dream'd of,
He clasps the cold urn, weeps o'er dust and ashes,
Whom once he worshipp'd, Love's divinity?
Nay, tell me not of comfort: I'll none of it.
For if in such disasters men do weep not,
They will do ill to follow other's counsels.
O ye invincible hills of Alpuxarra,
O scene of the most shameless coward deed,
Infamous triumph, glory execrable!
For never did thy mountains, Alpuxarra,
Never thy valleys witness sight like this!
Upon thy highest cliffs, or depths profound,
More hapless beauty never breathed its last!
But why complain! if my complaints when pour'd
To the wild winds are but the wild winds' sport!

A correct taste would have expressed, in a situation so violent and so calamitous, the agonizing cry of the lover, and would have made the audience participators of his grief; but we all feel that the language of Alvaro Tuzani is false, and he instantly checks the profound emotion which the dreadful incident is calculated to produce; a fault continually repeated by Calderon. His decided predilection for investing with the beauties of poetry the language of all his personages, deprives him of all heartfelt and natural expression. We may observe in him many situations of an admirable effect, but we never meet with a passage touching or sublime from its simplicity or its truth.

The admirers of Calderon have almost imputed it to him as a merit, that he has not clothed any foreign subject with national manners. His patriotism, they say, was too ardent to have allowed him to adopt any other forms than those peculiar to Spain; but he had the more occasion to display all the riches of his imagination, and his creations have a fantastic character, which gives a new charm to pieces where he has not allowed himself to be fettered by facts. Such is the opinion of the critics of Germany; but after showing so much indulgence on one side, how happens it on the other side that they have treated with so much severity the tragic writers of France, for having given to their Grecian and Roman heroes some traits and forms of society drawn from the Court of Louis XIV.? An author of the Mysteries of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries might be pardoned for confounding history, chronology, and facts. At that time information was scanty, and one half of ancient history was veiled under clouds of darkness. But how shall we excuse Calderon, or the public for whom he composed his plays, when we find him mixing together incongruous facts, manners, and events, in the most illustrious periods of Roman history, in a way which would disgust even a school-boy. Thus, in his play of Coriolanus, which he has entitled *The Arms of Beauty*, he represents Coriolanus as continuing against Sabinius, king of the Sabines, the war which Romulus had already commenced against the same imaginary king, and consequently at the distance of a whole generation; and he even speaks to us of the conquest of Spain and Africa, of Rome, the empress of the Universe, the rival of Jerusalem.* The character of Corio-

* La gran Comedia de las Armas de la Hermosura, t. 1. p. 115.

lanus, and that of the senate and the people, are alike travestied. It is impossible to recognize a Roman in the sentiments of any person in the piece. Metastasio, in his Roman dialogues, was infinitely more faithful to history and to the manners of antiquity.

But we must not attribute to Calderon alone an ignorance of foreign manners. Whether it be deserving of praise or of blame, it was not peculiar to him, but belonged to his country and his government. The circle of permitted information became every day more circumscribed. All books containing the history of other countries, or their state of civilization, were severely prohibited, for there was not one of them which did not contain a bitter satire on the government and religion of Spain. How then could they be allowed to study the ancients, with whom political liberty was inseparable from existence? Whoever had been penetrated by their spirit, must, at the same time, have regretted the noble privileges which their nation had lost. How could they be allowed to contemplate the history of those modern nations, whose prosperity and glory were founded on religious liberty? After having studied them, would they themselves have tolerated the Inquisition?

There is one trait in the character of Calderon on which I shall insist with the greater caution, as I am sensible that my feelings on the subject are extremely warm. Calderon is, in fact, the true poet of the Inquisition. Animated by a religious feeling, which is too visible in all his pieces, he inspires me only with horror for the faith which he professes. No one ever so far disfigured Christianity; no one ever assigned to it passions so ferocious, or morals so corrupt. Among a great number of pieces, dictated by the same fanaticism, the one which best exhibits it, is that entitled *The Devotion of the Cross.* His object in this is to convince his Christian audience that the adoration of this sign of the Church is sufficient to exculpate them from all crimes, and to secure the protection of the Deity. The hero, Eusebio, an incestuous brigand and professed assassin, but preserving in the midst of crimes devotion for the cross, at the foot of which he was born, and the impress of which he bears on his heart, erects a cross over the grave of each of his victims, and often checks himself in the midst of crime at the sight of the sacred symbol. His sister, Julia, who is also his mistress, and is

even more abandoned and ferocious than himself, exhibits the same degree of superstition. He is at length slain in a combat against a party of soldiers commanded by his own father; but God restores him to life again, in order that a holy saint may receive his confession, and thus assure his reception into the kingdom of heaven. His sister, on the point of being apprehended, and of becoming at length the victim of her monstrous iniquities, embraces a cross, which she finds at her side, and vows to return to her convent and deplore her sins; and this cross suddenly rises into the skies, and bears her far away from her enemies to an impenetrable asylum.

We have thus in a manner laid the cause of Calderon before the reader, and made him acquainted with both sides of the question. Let it not, however, be imagined that the faults which I have brought forward are sufficient to obliterate the beauties which have been so highly extolled by Schlegel. There are, doubtless, sufficient left to place Calderon amongst the poets of the richest and most original fancy, and of the most attractive and brilliant style. It now only remains for me to make him known by his own works, and to present an analysis of some of his most striking pieces. Of these I shall select two in the most opposite styles, but with the decided intention of placing before the reader such instances of the genius and sensibility of this celebrated author as appear worthy of imitation, and not with a desire of dwelling on his defects, which I have already sufficiently pointed out.

I shall commence with one of the most beautiful and engaging of his comedies of intrigue. It is called *El Secreto a Vozes*, or *The Secret in Words*. The scene is laid in Parma, which is described in so particular a manner that we cannot doubt that the author resided in this city during his campaigns in Italy, and that he had the scenery fresh in his recollection. But the period of time is imaginary, and is referred to the supposed reign of a duchess Flerida, heiress to the duchy of Parma, a mere imaginary personage. This princess, suffering under a secret passion, surrounds her court with all the fascinations of art in order to divert her grief. The action commences in the gardens, and the scene opens with a troop of musicians, who sing as they cross the stage, and are followed by the whole court. The chorus celebrates the empire of Love over Reason; and Flora, one of

the ladies of the duchess, responds in strains of love. In the mean time, two knights by turns advance to view in her retreat this beautiful princess. The first, Frederick, the hero of the piece, is one of the gentlemen of the duchess; the second, who conceals himself under the name of Henry, is the Duke of Mantua, who, enamoured of Flerida, and having already demanded her in marriage, wishes to appear to her in the character of a private gentleman, and thus to contemplate her more nearly. For this purpose he addresses himself to the young and gallant Frederick, to whom he confides his secret, and with whom he is lodging. Fabio, the valet of Frederick, is not admitted into the secret; and his curiosity, which manifests itself from the first scene, renders the spectator more attentive to the disguise of Henry. By the questions of Henry and the replies of Frederick, we are made acquainted with the character of the duchess.

The latter returns, and while she observes with Frederick the tone of a sovereign, she still betrays that she is agitated by a tender emotion. She is aware that Frederick is the author of the verses which had just been sung before her; she remarks that they are love-verses; and that all the verses which he composes turn on love and its sorrows. She wishes him to name the object of his passion; but Frederick, who laments his poverty and ascribes to it alone his want of success, utters nothing which may discover his secret, or flatter the desire of Flerida to see herself beloved by him.

Meanwhile Henry presents himself as a knight of the duke of Mantua. He bears a letter of recommendation to the duchess, of his own writing, in which he requests an asylum until his reconciliation with a family, irritated against him by the consequences of a duel in which a love affair had engaged him. Whilst the duchess reads the letter and the courtiers converse together, Frederick approaches Laura, the first lady of the court and the secret object of his passion. They have a mutual understanding, and maintain a correspondence; and Laura, by stealth, hands him a letter concealed in the glove of the duchess.

Flerida then invites the stranger to participate in the games which form the entertainment of the court. These are questions on points of love and gallantry, which are agitated with all the subtlety of the Platonic philosophy. That of the day is to decide what is the greatest pain in love. Every one

advances a different proposition, and supports it with arguments sufficiently laboured ; but the princess, whose only pleasure consists in these exercises of the mind and this affectation of sensibility, gives additional room for conjecturing that she is tormented by an unequal passion, and one which she dares not avow.

The duchess, with her whole court, retires. Frederick remains alone with his valet, and reads the letter he has received. He distrusts his valet, and conceals from him the name of his mistress, and the manner in which he obtains her letters ; but by this he only excites more strongly the curiosity of Fabio, who takes all that he sees for enchantment; and he has not the precaution to conceal from Fabio the purport of the letter, an appointment that very evening under the window of his mistress. The duchess in the mean time sends for Fabio, and bribes him with a chain of gold to name the lady to whom his master is attached. The faithless valet has it not in his power to betray his master, but he apprises Flerida of the rendezvous with an unknown lady, to which his master was that night invited. Flerida, tormented by jealousy, orders Fabio to watch narrowly the movements of his master, and she on her side seeks to interrupt the happiness of the two lovers. Frederick brings her some state papers to sign ; she lays them aside, and gives him a letter for the Duke of Mantua, with directions to deliver it that very night. Frederick despatches his valet to order his horses ; but after having communicated with the Duke of Mantua, they agree that he shall open the letter addressed to him, and that if Flerida has not discovered that he is concealed under the name of Henry, he shall answer it as if he had received it at home.

Night arrives. and Laura is on the point of repairing to the window at which she had made the appointment with her lover, when the duchess calls her, and informs her that she had discovered that one of her ladies had made an appointment to meet a gentleman at one of the palace windows. She is anxious to discover which of them could dare so far to violate the laws of decorum, and has made choice of Laura, as the most trustworthy of her train, to watch over the rest of the house. She then orders her to descend to the lattice, and to observe minutely all that approach. In this manner she sends her herself without suspicion to the very appointment

which she wished to prevent. Shortly after, some one is heard to strike against the lattice, the signal agreed on, and Frederick appears at the window. The two lovers have a short explanation. Laura is offended at the duchess being made acquainted with their meeting, and is jealous of the interest which Flerida seems to take in it. However, they exchange portraits, and that which Frederick gives her completely resembles in the setting that which he receives from her. He promises to give her on the day following a cypher, by means of which they may understand each other in the presence of other persons. It is this cypher which gives to the play the name of the *Secret in Words.*

At the commencement of the second act, Frederick and Fabio in travelling dresses appear on the stage with Henry. The latter finding that the duchess did not suspect him, has answered the letter, and Frederick is the bearer of his reply. He presents to the duchess, to the great astonishment of his valet, the answer of the Duke of Mantua ; and he takes the opportunity of giving to Laura a letter, which he pretends to have received from one of her relatives at Mantua. In this is contained the concerted cypher. The letter runs thus : "Whenever, Signora, you wish to address me, begin by making a sign with your handkerchief, in order to engage my attention. Then, on whatever subject you speak, let the first word of the sentence be for me, and the rest for the company ; so that by uniting all your first words, I shall discover what you wished to communicate. You will do the like when I give the signal for speaking myself." Laura did not long delay making a trial of this ingenious cypher. Fabio tells the duchess that his master had not been to Mantua during the night, but that on the contrary, he had communicated with his mistress, and Laura warns Frederick of this circumstance. Her speech is composed of sixteen short words, which commence sixteen little verses ; but she never speaks more than a stanza at a time; and Frederick, uniting the first words of each verse, repeats them, and thus spares the audience the trouble of connecting them after him. This stage-trick is very diverting ; and the perplexed expressions of Laura, who makes use of the longest circumlocutions to express the most simple things, in order to introduce at the commencement of the stanzas the words for which she has occasion, add still more to the humour of the

situation. But what is most laughable, is the surprise of Fabio, who, left alone with his master, and without having been out of his sight, suddenly finds that he is informed of his treachery. Frederick is on the point of punishing this babbler, when he is interrupted by the entrance of Henry.

In the mean time Fabio, not warned by the danger which he has already incurred, returns to the duchess, and informs her, that he has seen in the hands of his master the portrait of a lady, and that he is sure that he carries it in his pocket. The duchess, whose jealousy continues to increase, though it is not directed to Laura, invents a stratagem to obtain from Frederick the portrait, at the moment when he brings papers of state for her signature. She commands him to lay them down and depart, since she can no longer have confidence in a man who has betrayed her, and who has been in correspondence with her mortal enemy. Frederick is astonished, and at first believes she is reproaching him for having introduced the duke of Mantua into the palace ; he implores forgiveness ; and Flerida is confounded at discovering a traitor in the object of her love. Their mutual surprise renders the scene highly interesting. The duchess, however, after having drawn forth an explanation respecting Henry, resumes her accusation. She reproaches Frederick with maintaining a criminal correspondence ; she questions his honour ; and compels him to produce all the papers on his person, and the keys of his bureau. This was what she aimed at, as the accusation was merely a stratagem to obtain the contents of his pockets, and the case with the portrait makes its appearance, the only object which she wishes to see, and the only one which he refuses. She would indeed have effected her object, if Laura had not succeeded in adroitly changing her portrait for that of Frederick, which was in a similar case ; in such a manner, that when the duchess opens the suspected case she finds only the image of the man from whom she has taken it.

Fabio appears alone at the commencement of the third act. He has the exact character of the Italian harlequin ; inquisitive, cowardly, and greedy. When he betrays his master, it is more from his folly than his malice, and he is insensible to the mischief which he occasions. His pleasantries are often gross ; he narrates many tales to the duchess as well as to his master, and these tales are in the most vulgar taste. The

French stage has, in regard to decorum, an infinite advantage over those of other countries. Fabio, however, uneasy under his master's displeasure, hides himself in his apartment until the storm be passed over. Frederick soon afterwards enters with Henry, and Fabio unintentionally overhears their conversation. Frederick informs Henry, that the duchess is aware that he is the duke of Mantua, and that it is useless to disguise himself longer. At the same time he confides to him the embarrassment he is in respecting his mistress. Sensible of the danger she incurs in being the rival of the duchess, Laura has resolved to fly with her lover, who is for that purpose to be ready with two horses at the extremity of the bridge, between the park and the palace. Henry promises not only to give him an asylum, but to conduct him himself to the borders of his state. As soon as they are gone out to make their preparations, Fabio issues from his concealment, and hastens to disclose to the duchess all that he has by chance overheard.

The scene is then transferred to the palace. The duchess throughout makes Laura her confidant, and reveals to her her love for Frederick, her desire to speak openly to him, and to elevate him to her own rank by marriage. The jealousy she by this excites in Laura is still further augmented by Frederick, who comes in and pays his sovereign a gallant compliment. A quarrel and reconciliation now take place between the two lovers, by means of the cypher, from which they appear to address the duchess on subjects relating to the court. The duchess then indulges some hope ; but she is again troubled at the report of Fabio, who informs her of the intended flight of his master. She addresses herself to Ernest, the father of Laura, and desires him not to lose sight of Frederick for a moment during the whole night. She assigns, as a reason, a duel in which he was engaged by a love-affair, and from which she wishes him to be restrained at all risks. She authorises Ernest to take with him her body guard, to act in case of necessity. Ernest arrives at the house of Frederick at the moment when the latter is issuing from it. He is aware that his mistress and the duke are waiting for him ; that the hour is passing by, and that the visit of the talkative old man is not likely soon to end. Frederick tries all methods to rid himself of his importunities, but Ernest repels them with a well-managed obstinacy,

which agrees admirably with the character of an aged flatterer. At last Frederick declares his intention of going out alone, when Ernest calls in his guards with orders to arrest him. Frederick's house has, happily, two outlets. He escapes, and soon after arrives at the park where Laura is in waiting for him. The latter on her side, is surprised by Flerida, who, not trusting wholly to Ernest, wishes to assure herself personally that the lovers do not meet. Frederick calls, and the duchess obliges Laura to answer. In spite of all the artifices of Laura, who still dissembles, the duchess clearly discovers their attachment, and their project for flying together. She hesitates for some time as to what she ought to do ; she yields by turns to jealousy and to love ; but she adopts at last a generous resolve. She marries Laura to Frederick, and gives her own hand to the duke of Mantua.

I have thought it better, in order to convey to the reader an idea of the genius of Calderon, and of the fertile invention which he manifests in his plots, to give a full analysis of a single play, rather than to glance only at a greater number. At the same time, nothing appears so difficult to me as to give a just idea of his pieces. The poetry in them, which forms by turns their charm and their defect, cannot possibly be translated, in consequence of its brilliant and exaggerated colours. The sentiments are so strongly impressed with a foreign character, that with whatever fidelity they may be rendered, a Spaniard only can judge of their accuracy, and the pleasantries are all national. In both the heroic and comic pieces, the emotion or the mirth arises almost entirely from a complicated plot, which, even in the original requires our constant attention, to make ourselves masters of it, and which necessarily becomes confused in an extract where many of the intermediate links are wanting. Every one of these Spanish plays contains ample matter for three or four French comedies ; and the zeal with which the author himself enters into this labyrinth, does not allow him time to develope the situations, and to draw from the feelings of his characters the full expression of their passions.

The plays of Calderon are not divided into comedies and tragedies. They all bear the same title of *La gran Comedia*, which was probably given to them by the actors in their bills, in order to attract public notice ; and which appellation

has remained to them. They all belong to the same class. We find the same passions, and the same characters, which, according to the developement of the plot, produce either a calamitous or a fortunate catastrophe, without our being able to foresee it from the title or from the first scenes. Thus, neither the rank of the persons, nor the exposition, nor the first incidents, prepare the Spectator for emotions such as are produced by *The Constant Prince*, and the *Secreto a Vozes. The Constant Prince*, or rather *The Inflexible Prince*, the Regulus of Spain, is one of the most moving plays of Calderon. In a translation by Schlegel, it is at present performed with great success on the German stage, and I think myself justified in giving a full analysis of it.

The Portuguese, after having driven the Moors from the whole western coast of the Peninsula, passed over into Africa to pursue still farther the enemies of their faith. They undertook the conquest of the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco. The same ardour led them to seek a new passage to the Indies, and to plant the standard of Portugal on the coast of Guinea, in the kingdom of Congo, at Mozambique, at Diu, at Goa, and Macao. John I. had conquered Ceuta. At his death he left several sons, all of whom wished to distinguish themselves against the infidels. Edward, who succeeded him, sent his two brothers, in the year 1438, with a fleet, to attempt the conquest of Tangiers. One of these was Ferdinand, the hero of Calderon, the most valiant of princes ; the other was Henry, who was afterwards celebrated for his assiduous efforts in exploring the sea of Guinea, in order to discover the passage to the Indies. Their expedition is the subject of this tragedy.

The first scene is laid in the gardens of the King of Fez, where the attendants of Phenicia, a Moorish princess, call upon some Christian slaves to sing, in order to entertain their mistress. "How," they reply, "can our singing be agreeable to her, when its only accompaniment is the sound of the fetters and chains which bind us?" They sing, however, until Phenicia appears, surrounded by her women. The latter address to her the most flattering compliments on her beauty, in that eastern style which the Spanish language has preserved, and which its extravagance would render absurd in any other. Phenicia in sadness repels their attentions ; she speaks of her grief ; and she attributes it to a

passion which she cannot vanquish, and which seems to be accompanied by sorrowful presentiments. Her discourse consists wholly of description and of brilliant images. We are not to regard the tragedies of Calderon as an imitation of Nature, but as an image of Nature in the poetical world, as the opera is an image of it in the musieal world. This requires from the spectators a tacit convention to lend themselves to a language beyond the rules of Nature, in order to enjoy the union of the fine arts with an action in real life.

Phenicia is attached to Muley Cheik, cousin of the King of Fez, and his admiral and general ; but her father wishes to marry her to Tarudant, Prince of Morocco. She has scarcely received this intelligence when Muley returns from a cruise, and announces to the king the approach of a Portuguese fleet, commanded by two princes, and carrying fourteen thousand soldiers for the attack of Tangiers. His speech, which is intended to serve as an explanation of the principal action, is two hundred and ten lines in length ; but all the splendour of the poetry with which it is interspersed would not be able to procure attention in France to so long an harangue. Muley receives orders to oppose the landing of the Portuguese with the cavalry of the coast.

The landing is the subject of the next scene. It is effected near Tangiers amidst the sound of clarions and trumpets. In the midst of this military pomp each of the Christian heroes, as he reaches the shore, manifests his character, his hopes and fears, and the manner in which he is affected by the evil omens which befel them on their voyage. Whilst Fernando is endeavouring to dispel this superstitious fear from the hearts of his knights, he is attacked by Muley Cheik, but he obtains an easy victory over this suddenly assembled body of cavalry. Muley himself falls into his hands, and Fernando, not less generous than brave, when he finds that his prisoner runs the danger, by his captivity, of losing for ever the object of his love, restores Muley to his liberty without a ransom.

In the mean while the kings of Fez and Morocco had assembled their armies, and advanced with an overwhelming force. Retreat is now become impossible to the Portuguese, and their only resource is in their resolution to die like brave soldiers and Christian knights. Even this hope is frustrated, as the Moors obtain the victory ; and Fernando, after having fought valiantly, surrenders to the King of Fez, who makes

himself known to him. His brother Henry also delivers himself up with the flower of the Portuguese army. The Moorish king makes a generous use of his victory, and treats the prince with a regard and courtesy that are due to an equal when he is no longer an enemy. He declares that he cannot restore him to liberty until the restitution of Ceuta, and he sends back Henry to Portugal to procure by this means the ransom of his brother. It is on this that the fate of Fernando turns, as he is unwilling that his liberty should cost Portugal her most brilliant conquest; and he charges Henry to remind his brother that he is a Christian, and a Christian Prince. This ends the first act.

In the second act Don Fernando appears surrounded by Christian captives, who recognize him, and hasten to throw themselves at his feet, hoping to escape from slavery with him. Fernando addresses them:

> My countrymen, your hands! Heaven only knows
> How gladly I would rend your galling chains,
> And freely yield my freedom up for yours!
> Yet, oh! believe, the more benignant fate
> That waits us, soon shall soothe our bitter lot.
> The wretched, well I know, ask not for counsel;
> But pardon me, 'tis all I have to give:
> No more; but to your tasks, lest ye should rouse
> Your masters' wrath.

The King of Fez prepares a feast for Fernando, proposes to him a hunting excursion, and tells him that captives like him are an honour to the man who detains them. During these transactions Don Henry returns from Portugal. Grief for the defeat at Tangiers has caused the death of the king, but in expiring he had given orders to restore Ceuta to the King of Fez, for the redemption of the captives; and Alfonso V., who had succeeded him, sends Henry back to Africa to make the exchange; but Fernando thus repels his endeavours:

> Henry, forbear! Such words may well debase
> Not only him who boasts himself a true
> Soldier of Christ, and prince of Portugal,
> But even the lowest of barbarians, void
> Of Christian faith. My brother, well I deem,
> Inserted this condition in his will,
> Not that it should be acted to the letter,
> But to express how much his noble heart
> Desir'd a brother's freedom. That must be
> Obtain'd by other means: by peace or war.

How ever may a Christian prince restore
A city to the Moors, bought with the price
Of his own blood? for he it was, who first,
Arm'd with a slender buckler and his sword,
Planted our country's banner on its walls.
But even if we o'erlook this valiant deed,
Shall we forsake a city that hath rear'd
Within its walls new temples to our God?
Our faith, religion, Christian piety,
Our country's honour, all forbid the deed.
What! shall the dwelling of the living God
Bow to the Moorish crescent? Shall its walls
Re-echo to the insulting courser's hoof,
Lodg'd in the sacred courts, or to the creed
Of unbelievers? Where our God hath fix'd
His mansion, shall we drive his people forth?
The faithful, who inhabit our new town,
May, tempted by mischance, haply abjure
Their faith. The Moors may train the Christian youth
To their own barbarous rites; and is it meet
So many perish to redeem one man
From slavery? And what am I but a man?
A man now reft of his nobility;
No more a prince or soldier; a mere slave!
And shall a slave, at such a golden price,
Redeem his life? Look down upon me, king,
Behold thy slave, who asks not to be free;
Such ransom I abjure. Henry, return;
And tell our countrymen that thou has left
Thy brother buried on the Afric shore,
For life is here, indeed, a living death!
Christians, henceforth believe Fernando dead;
Moors, seize your slave. My captive countrymen!
Another comrade joins your luckless band;
And king, kind brother, Moors, and Christians, all
Bear witness to a prince's constancy,
Whose love of God, his country, and his faith,
O'erlived the frowns of fortune.

THE KING.[1]

Proud and ungrateful prince, and is it thus
Thou spurn'st my favour, thus repay'st my kindness?
Deniest my sole request? Thou haply here
Thinkest thyself sole ruler, and would'st sway
My kingdom? But, henceforth thou shalt be
By that vile name thou hast thyself assumed—
A slave! thou shalt be treated as a slave.
Thy brother and thy countrymen shall see
Thee lick the dust, and kiss my royal feet.

After a warm altercation, and vain solicitations, the king calls one of his officers:

Hence with this captive! rank him with the rest:
Bind on his neck and limbs a heavy chain.
My horses be his care, the bath, the garden.
Let him be humbled by all abject tasks;
Away with his silk mantle; clothe his limbs
In the slave's garb. His food, the blackest bread;
Water his drink; a cold cell his repose;
And let his servants share their master's fate.

We next see Fernando in the garden, working with the other slaves. One of the captives, who does not know him, sings before him a romance, of which he is the hero; another bids him be of good heart, as the prince, Don Fernando, had promised to procure them all their liberty. Don Juan Continho, Count of Miralva, one of the Portuguese knights, who, from the time of their landing, had been the most distinguished for his bravery and attachment to Fernando, devotes himself to him, makes a vow not to quit him, and introduces him to the prisoners, all of whom, in the midst of their sufferings, hasten to shew him respect. Muley Cheik now arrives, and, dismissing all witnesses, addresses Fernando:—"Learn," he says, "that loyalty and honour have their abode in the heart of a Moor. I come not to confer a favour, but to discharge a debt." He then hastily informs him that he will find near the window of his prison instruments for releasing himself from his fetters; that he himself will break the bars, and that a vessel will wait for him at the shore to convey him home to his own country. The king surprises them at this moment, and instead of manifesting any suspicions, he engages Muley, by the ties of honour and duty, to execute his wishes. He confides to him the custody of Prince Fernando, assured that he alone is above all corruption, and that neither friendship, fear, nor interest, can seduce him. Muley feels that his duties have changed since the king has reposed this confidence in him. He still, however, hesitates between honour and gratitude. Fernando, whom he consults, decides against himself. That prince declares that he will not avail himself of his offer; that he will even refuse his liberty, if any one else should propose his escape; and Muley submits at last with regret, to what he considers the law of duty and of honour.

Not being himself able to restore his benefactor to liberty, Muley endeavours to obtain his freedom through the generosity of the Moorish king. At the commencement of the

third act we see him imploring his compassion on behalf of his prisoner. He gives a moving picture of the state to which this unhappy prince is reduced: sleeping in damp dungeons, working at the baths and in the stables, deprived of food, sinking under disease, and resting on a mat at one of the gates of his master's house. The details of his misery are such, that the taste of the French stage would not suffer even an allusion to them. One of his servants and a faithful knight attach themselves to him, and never quit him; dividing with him their small ration, which is scarcely sufficient for the support of a single person. The king hears these revolting details, but recognizing only obstinacy in the conduct of the prince, he replies in two words: "'Tis well, Muley." Phenicia comes, in her turn, to intercede with her father for Fernando, but he imposes silence on her. The two ambassadors of Morocco and Portugal are then announced, and prove to be the sovereigns themselves, Tarudant and Alfonso V., who avail themselves of the protection of the law of nations, to treat in person of their several interests. They are admitted to an audience at the same time. Alfonso offers to the King of Fez twice the value in money of the city of Ceuta as the ransom of his brother; and he declares that if it be refused, his fleet is ready to waste Africa with fire and sword. Tarudant, who hears these threats, considers them as a personal provocation, and replies that he is about to take the field with the army of Morocco, and that he will shortly be in a state to repel the aggressions of the Portuguese. The king, meanwhile, refuses to liberate Fernando on any other terms than the restitution of Ceuta. He bestows his daughter on Tarudant, and orders Muley to accompany her to Morocco. Whatever pain Muley may feel in assisting at the nuptials of his mistress, and abandoning his friend in his extreme misery, he prepares to obey. The commands of a king are considered by Calderon as the fiat of destiny, and it is by such traits that we recognize the courtier of Philip IV.

The scene changes; and Don Juan and the other captives bear in Don Fernando on a mat, and lay him on the ground. This is the last time that he appears on the stage; he is overpowered by the weight of slavery, disease, and misery. His condition chills the heart, and is perhaps too strongly drawn for the stage, where physical evils should be introduced only

with great reserve. In order, indeed, to diminish this painful impression, Calderon bestows on him the language of a saint under martyrdom. He looks upon his sufferings as so many trials, and returns thanks to God for every pang he endures, as the pledge of his approaching beatification. Meanwhile the King of Fez, Tarudant, and Phenicia, pass through the street where he lies; and Don Fernando addresses them: "Bestow your alms," he cries, "on a poor sufferer. I am a human being like yourselves; I am sick and in affliction, and dying of hunger. Have pity on me; for even the beasts of the forest compassionate their kind." The king reproaches him with his obstinacy. His liberation, he tells him, depends on himself alone, and the terms are still the same. The reply of Fernando is wholly in the oriental style. It is not by arguments, nor indeed by sentiments of compassion, that he attempts to touch his master; but by that exuberance of poetical images, which was regarded as real eloquence by the Arabians, and which was perhaps more likely to touch a Moorish king, than a discourse more appropriate to nature and to circumstances. Mercy, he says, is the first duty of kings. The whole earth bears in every class of creation emblems of royalty; and to these emblems is always attached the royal virtue of generosity. The lion, the monarch of the forest; the eagle, the ruler of the feathered race; the dolphin, the king of fish; the pomegranate, the empress of fruits; the diamond, the first of minerals, are all, agreeably to the traditions cited by Fernando, alive to the sufferings of mankind. As a man, Fernando is allied to the King of Fez by his royal blood, notwithstanding their difference in religion. In every faith, cruelty is alike condemned. Still, while the prince considers it his duty to pray for the preservation of his life, he desires not life, but martyrdom; and awaits it at the hands of the king. The king retorts that all his sufferings proceed from himself alone. "When you compassionate yourself, Don Fernando," he says, "I too shall compassionate you."

After the Moorish princes have retired, Don Fernando announces to Don Juan Coutinho, who brings him bread, that his attentions and generous devotion will soon no longer be required, as he feels himself approaching his last hour. He only asks to be invested in holy garments, as he is the grand master of the religious and military order of Advice; and he

begs his friends to mark the place of his sepulture: "Although I die a captive, my redemption is sure, and I hope one day to enter the mansions of the blessed. Since to thee, my God, I have consecrated so many churches, grant me a dwelling in thine own mansions." His companions then depart with him in their arms.

The scene changes, and represents the coast of Africa, on which Don Alfonso, Don Henry, and the Portuguese troops have just landed. It is announced to them that the army of Tarudant is approaching, and that it is conducting Phenicia to Morocco. Don Alfonso addresses his troops, and prepares for battle. The shade of Don Fernando, in the habit of his chapter, appears to them, and promises them victory. Again the scene changes, and represents the walls of Fez. The king appears on the walls, surrounded by his guards. Don Juan Coutinho brings forward the coffin of Don Fernando. The stage is veiled in night, but a strain of military music is heard in the distance. It draws near, and the shade of Don Fernando appears with a torch in his hand, conducting the Portuguese army to the foot of the walls. Don Alfonso calls to the king, announces to him that he has taken prisoners his daughter, Phenicia, and Tarudant, his proposed son-in law, and offers to exchange them against Don Fernando. The king is seized with profound grief when he finds his daughter in the hands of those very enemies to whom he had behaved with so much cruelty after his victory. He has now no longer the means of redeeming her, and he informs the Portuguese king, with regret, of the death of Don Fernando. But if Alfonso was desirous of restoring his brother to liberty, he is now not less solicitous to recover his mortal remains, which are a precious relic to Portugal. He divines that this is the object of the miracle which presented the shade of the prince to the eyes of the whole army; and he accepts the exchange of the body of his brother against Phenicia and all the other prisoners. He only requires that Phenicia be given in marriage to Muley, in order to recompense that brave Moor for the friendship and protection he had extended to his brother. He thanks Don Juan for his generous services to Fernando, and consigns to the care of his victorious army the relics of the newly canonized Saint of Portugal.*

* The historical records of the life of Don Fernando do not disclose to us so exalted an idea of his self-devotion. I have examined the original Chronicles, of the fifteenth

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONCLUSION OF CALDERON.

AFTER having noticed in Calderon the faults which arose from the political state of his country, from the religious prejudices in which he was born, and from the bad taste which prevailed in Spain, in consequence of the fatal examples of Lope de Vega and Gongora, it would appear inconsistent to confine our notice to his most celebrated pieces; pieces which are sufficiently conformable to our rules to be introduced on the stage, as the play of *Il Secreto a Vozes;* or to those where the situation is so truly tragic, the emotion so profound, and the interest so well supported, as not to leave us any desire for that regularity which would rob us of all the interest of the romance he presents to us, as in *The Inflexible Prince.* If we once admit the enthusiasm for religious conquests, which, at that time, formed so essential a part of the national manners, if we once believe it sanctified by heaven and supported by miracles, we must allow the conduct of Don Fernando to be great, noble, and generous. We esteem him while we suffer with him; the beauty of his character increases our pity, and we feel sensible of the peculiar charm of the romantic unity, so different from our own. We perceive with pleasure that the poet leaves nothing neglected which belongs to the interest of the subject. He conducts us from the landing of Fernando in Africa, not only to his death, but to the ransoming of his remains, that none of our wishes may continue in suspense, and that we may not leave the theatre until every feeling is fully satisfied.

To confine ourselves to an analysis of these two pieces, would be to give a very incomplete idea of the plays of Calderon. We must, therefore, take a view of some others of his dramas, though we shall not dwell on them very long. Mor frequently called upon to criticise, than to offer models fo imitation, we shall detain the reader only on such points as merit his attention, sometimes as a proof of talent, sometimes

century, published by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Lisbon: *Collecçaó de livros ineditos de Historia Portugueza, dos reinados dos senhores reys D. Joao I. D. Duarte, D. Affonso V. e D. Joaó II.* 3 vol. *in fol.* We there find that, if Fernando was not liberated from his captivity, it was not owing to his own high feelings, but to the troubles in which Portugal was involved, and to the jealousy of the reigning princes; that, though a prisoner in 1438, he did not die until 1443; and that his death was not accelerated by ill-treatment: *Chron. do rey Affonso V. por Ruy de Pina,* t. i. c. 54 His remains were not redeemed until 1473.

as a picture of manners or of character, and sometimes as a poetic novelty.

The discovery of the New World has, at all times, been a favourite theme with the Spanish poets. The glory of these prodigious conquests was yet fresh in the minds of men, in the reign of Philip IV. The Castilians at that time distinguished themselves as Christians and warriors, and the massacre of infidel nations appeared to them to extend at the same time the kingdom of God and of their own monarch. Calderon chose as the subject of one of these tragedies, the discovery and conversion of Peru. He called it *La Aurora en Copacavana*, from the name of one of the sacred temples of the Incas, where the first cross was planted by the companions of Pizarro. The admirers of Calderon extol this piece as one of his most poetical efforts, and as a drama animated by the purest and most elevated enthusiasm. A series of brilliant objects is indeed presented to the eyes and to the mind. On one side, the devotions of the Indians are celebrated at Copacavana with a pomp and magnificence, which are not so much derived from the music and the decorations, as from the splendour and poetic elevation of the language. On the other side, the first arrival of Don Francisco Pizarro on the shore, and the terror of the Indians, who take the vessel itself for an unknown monster, whose bellowings (the discharges of artillery) they compare to the thunder of the skies, are rendered with equal truth and richness of imagination. To avert the calamities which these strange prodigies announce, the gods of America demand a human victim. They make choice of Guacolda, one of their priestesses, who is an object of love to the Inca, Guascar, and to the hero Jupangui. Idolatry, represented by Calderon as a real being, who continually dazzles the Indians by false miracles, herself solicits this sacrifice. She obtains the consent of the terrified Inca, whilst Jupangui withdraws his mistress from the priests of the false gods, and places her in safety. The alarm of Guacolda, the devotion of her lover, and the danger of the situation, which gradually increases, give to the scene an agreeable and romantic interest, which, however, leads us almost to forget Pizarro and his companions in arms.

In the second act both the interest and action are entirely changed. We behold Pizarro, with the Spaniards, assaulting the walls of Cusco, the Indians defending them, and the

Virgin Mary assisting the assailants, and saving Pizarro, who is precipitated from the summit of a scaling-ladder, by the fragment of a rock, but rises without experiencing any injury, and returns to the combat. In another scene the Spaniards, already masters of Cusco, are reposing in a palace built of wood; the Indians set fire to it, but the Virgin, invited by Pizarro, comes again to his aid; she appears amidst a choir of angels, and pours on the flames torrents of water and snow. This vision appears also to Jupangui, as he leads the Indians to the attack of the Spaniards. He is moved and converted. He addresses the Virgin in a moment of danger, when the asylum of his mistress, Guacolda, is discovered, and the Virgin, taking him under her protection, conceals them both from their enemies.

This new miracle gives rise to the third action, which forms the third act, and which is apparently founded on the legend of Copacavana. Peru has wholly submitted to the King of Spain, and is converted; but Jupangui has no other desire or thought than to form an image of the Virgin similar to the apparition which he saw in the clouds. Notwithstanding his ignorance of art, and of the use of the requisite instruments, he labours incessantly, and his rude attempts expose him to the derision of his companions. The latter refuse to allow a statue of so grotesque an appearance to be deposited in a temple. Jupangui is doomed to experience all sorts of disappointments and mortifications. An attempt is made by an armed band to destroy his image; but the Virgin at length, touched by his faith and perseverance, despatches two angels to his assistance, who, one of them with chisels, and the other with pencils and colours, retouch the statue, and render it a perfect likeness of its divine original. The festival which solemnizes this miracle terminates the scene.

We have before noticed a dramatic piece by Lope de Vega, called *Arauco domado*, on the conquest of Chili; which, barbarous as it may be, yet seems to me very much superior to that of Calderon. The greater elegance of versification in the latter, if indeed such be the fact, is not sufficient to atone for the gratuitous violation of all essential rules of art, and of those founded in nature itself. The author perpetually diverts our attention to new subjects, without ever satisfying us. Not to mention the interest which might have been excited in us for the flourishing empire of the Incas, which

is represented to us in the midst of solemnities, and which falls we know not how, Pizarro appears, landing for the first time among the Indians of Peru ; we stop to admire the contrast between these two distinct races of men, when the scene is suddenly withdrawn from us. The love of Jupangui and Guacolda excites in us, in its turn, a romantic interest, but it is abandoned long before the close of the piece. The struggle between a conquering and a conquered people might have developed instances of valour and heroism, and produced scenes both noble and affecting ; but we have only a glimpse of this contest, which is suddenly terminated by a miracle. A subject altogether new then commences with the conversion of Jupangui, and his attempt to make the miraculous image. Fresh personages enter on the scene ; we find ourselves in an unknown world ; the new-born zeal of the converted Peruvians is beyond our conception ; all the feelings previously awakened in us become enfeebled or extinguished, and those which the poet wishes to excite in us in the third act are not properly grounded in the heart. How shall we account for the admiration bestowed by critics of unquestioned celebrity on a piece like this ? Intimately acquainted with the ancient and modern drama, and accustomed to appreciate the perfect productions of the Greeks, how is it possible that they could be blind to the monstrous defects of these ill connected scenes ? But, in fact, it is not in the capacity of critics that they have judged the Spanish stage. They have extolled it only because they find in every page that religious zeal which appears to them so chivalric and poetical. The enthusiasm of Jupangua redeems in their eyes all the faults of the *Aurora en Copacavana.* But rank in literature is not to be regulated by religion ; and if this, indeed, were the case, these neophytes would probably find themselves disarmed by that very church, whose tenets they have embraced, when they applaud a fanaticism which at this day she herself disavows.

To return to Calderon, he had, on the unity of subject and of style, ideas differing in an extraordinary degree from our own. He has shown it in all his pieces ; but there is one amongst others which in this respect deserves to be noticed for the eccentricity of its plan. It is intitled, *The Origin, Loss, and Restoration of the Virgin of the Sanctuary,** and

* Origen, perdida, y restauracion de la Virgen del Sagrario, t. vi. p. 99.

was composed to celebrate the festival, on the stage as well as in the church, of a miraculous image of the Virgin which was preserved in the cathedral at Toledo. This piece, like all the Spanish comedies, is divided into three acts, but the first act is placed in the seventh century, under the reign of Recesuindo, king of the Visigoths (A. D. 648); the second is in the eighth century, during the conquest of Spain by Aben Tariffa (A. D. 712); and the third is in the eleventh century, at the time when Alfonso VI. recovered Toledo from the Moors (A. D. 1083). The unity of the piece, if unity it may be called, is placed in the history of the miraculous image, to which every thing is referred, or rather on which depends the destiny of Spain. As to the rest, the personages, the action, and the interest, vary in every act.

The first act discovers to us the Bishop of Toledo, St. Ildefonso, who, with the authority of the King Recesuindo, establishes a festival in honour of this image, worshipped from the remotest period in the church of Toledo. He relates the origin of Toledo, founded, as he says, by Nebuchadnezzar. In this city, the primitive church worshipped the same Virgin of the Sanctuary which the Saint now offers afresh to the adoration of the Christians. His victory over the heresiarch Pelagius is celebrated at the same time. Pelagius himself appears in the piece as an object of persecution to the people and the priests, and to give to the Spaniards a foretaste of their *Autos da fé*. His heresy, which, according to ecclesiastical history, consists in obscure opinions on grace and predestination, is represented by Calderon as treason against the majesty of the Virgin, as he is accused of denying the immaculate conception. The poet supposes that he wishes to possess himself of the image by theft. He is prevented by a miracle; the Virgin comes to the aid of her representative; she terrifies the sacrilegious intruder; she encourages St. Ildefonso, and she announces to the miraculous image that it must be long concealed, and must be doomed to pass several ages in darkness.

It is difficult to imagine what advantage Calderon found in mingling, particularly in his religious pieces, such gross anachronisms in his narrations. The long discourse of St. Ildefonso on the origin of the miraculous image commences thus: "Cosmography, which measures the earth and the heavens, divides the globe into four parts: Africa, Asia, and America, are the three first, of which I have not occasion at

present to speak, but which the learned Herodotus has fully described; the fourth is our Europe," &c. Calderon must surely have known that America was discovered only about a hundred years before he was born, and that neither Herodotus nor St. Ildefonso could possibly have spoken of it.

In the second act, Tariffa is seen with the Moors, besieging Toledo. Calderon conducts him to the walls of the city, where he recounts to the besieged, in a speech of eleven stanzas, the fall of the monarchy of the Goths, the defeat of Rodrigo at Xerès, and the triumph of the Musulmans. Godman, governor of the city, whom the Guzmans consider at the present day as their stock, replies, in a speech equally as long, that the Christians of Toledo will perish on the ramparts rather than surrender. A lady, at length, Donna Sancha, who, in the name of all the inhabitants, makes a speech longer than the two others, prevails on Godman to capitulate. A part of the Christians retire to the Asturias; but the miraculous image of Sagrario will not permit itself to be carried away by the archbishop. It remains for the purpose of comforting the people of Toledo in their captivity; and the prelate, carrying with him the relics of some saints, leaves the image of the virgin on the altar. Godman, in the articles of capitulation, obtains liberty of conscience for the Christians, who remain intermixed with the Arabs, and he conceals the image of the sanctuary at the bottom of a well.

In the third act, we behold Alfonso VI. in the midst of his court and knights, receiving the capitulation of the Moors of Toledo, and engaging by oath to maintain their religious liberty, and to leave for the worship of the Musulmans, the largest mosque in the city. We also see the origin of the dispute, which was ultimately decided by a duel, as to the preference of the Moçarabian or Catholic rites. Alfonso, wishing to extend his conquests, leaves his wife Constance governess of the city in his absence. Constance, sacrificing every other consideration to her religious zeal, violates the capitulation with the Moors, deprives them of their mosque, and restores to its place the miraculous image of the Virgin. Alfonso, at first, is highly indignant at this proceeding, and promises the deputies of the Moors, who prefer their complaints to him, to chastise his wife, to restore the mosque to the Moors, and to punish all who had broken their oaths. But when Constance appears before him to implore his pardon, the Virgin sur-

rounds her with a celestial glory; she dazzles the king, and convinces him, to the great delight of the spectators, that it is an unpardonable crime to keep faith with heretics.

This piece, although so religious, is not less interspersed with low scenes than all the others. We have peasants in the first act, drunken Moors in the second, and pages in the third, whose business it is to entertain the pit, and to correct, by their occasional witticisms, the too great solemnity of the subject.

Among the religious plays there are few of greater splendour and interest than the *Purgatory of St. Patricius.* It is one of those of which the Spaniards and the enthusiastic German critics so much admire the pious tendency; a tendency so directly contrary to what we regard at the present day as properly belonging to religion. The triumph of faith and repentance over the most frightful crimes, is the favourite theme of Calderon. The two heroes of the piece are St. Patricius, or the Perfect Christian, and Louis Ennius, or the Accomplished Villain. They are shipwrecked together on the coast of Ireland. Patricius supports Louis in his arms, saves him by swimming, and conducts him to the shore, where Egerio the King of Ireland, and his whole court, happen to be standing. Calderon, in general, paints his characters wholly dark or light, and, in order to make us acquainted with them, instead of giving himself the trouble to put them into action, he makes them speak of themselves in a manner contrary to all probability. In the third scene of the first act, Patricius and Louis are seen struggling in the waves in each other's arms, and as they reach the shore they fall to the earth, exclaiming:

Patricius. Lend me thine aid, O God. Louis. The devil aid me!
Lesbia. These shipwreck'd men move my compassion, king!
The King. Not mine, who am a stranger to all pity!
Patr. Misfortune, Sire, within the noblest hearts,
Hath ever had compassion, nor exists,
I deem, a soul so hard as not to feel
My miserable state. Thus, in the name
Of God, I seek for pity at your hands.
Louis. I ask it not, nor men nor gods I seek
To move with my misfortunes. The King. Say, I pray,
Whence are you, so we better may decide
Your claims unto our hospitality.
But first, that ye may know with whom ye speak,
I will reveal my title, lest, perhaps,
Through ignorance, you fail in reverence
And adoration of my rank. Know, then,
I am the King Egerio, sovereign

Of this small empire; small, indeed, for one
Whose merit might, with justice, claim the globe.
Savage my dress, not kingly, for myself
Am savage as the monster of the wild;
Nor God I own, nor worship, nor believe
In aught, save that which with our life begins,
And ends with death. Now that ye know my rank
And royal station, say from whence ye come.

The speeches of the two shipwrecked persons are too long for translation; that of Patricius exceeds one hundred and eighty lines, and that of Louis Ennius three hundred; each is a complete biography, and abounds in events. Patricius relates that he is the son of an Irish knight and a French lady; that his parents, after his birth, retired into separate convents, and that he was brought up in the ways of piety by a saintly matron; that God had early manifested his predilection for him in electing him to perform some miracles; that he had restored a blind person to sight, and dispersed the waters of an inundation; and he adds

Yet greater miracles I could relate,
But modesty hath tied my tongue, made mute
My voice, and seal'd my lips.

We feel a pleasure in meeting with so modest a saint. He relates at length how he had been carried off by pirates, and how Heaven had avenged him by exciting a tempest, during which the vessel was lost; but he himself had saved Louis Ennius:

Some secret tie hath bound me to this youth,
And warns me that he one day amply will
Repay my services.

Louis Ennius, in his turn, thus commences his history:

I am a Christian too; in that alone
Patricius and myself agree, though even
In that we differ, far as difference lies
'Twixt good and evil. But whatever be
My conduct, I would here a thousand times
Lay down my life to aid that holy faith
Which I adore. By that same God I swear it,
Whom I believe in, since I thus invoke him.
I shall recount no acts of piety,
No miracles, by Heaven wrought in my favour,
But horrid crimes, theft, murder, sacrilege,
Treason and perfidy—these are my boast
And glory!

He, indeed, keeps his word, and it is difficult to combine a greater number of crimes in the course of a short life. He

has killed an aged nobleman, and carried away his daughter, and has assassinated a gentleman in the nuptial chamber in order to rob him of his wife. At Perpignan, in a quarrel which he raised at a gaming table, he has murdered an officer, and wounded three or four soldiers. It is true, that in defending himself he also killed an archer; and among so many crimes, there is, he says, this one good action for which he may ask a recompense at the throne of God. He went at length to seek refuge in a convent, and here he committed a dreadful act:

> The first, which stung me with remorse, the first
> I tremble to recount; my heart is struck
> With horror, and would leap from out my breast;
> And at the memory of the direful deed
> My hair stands all erect.

He at length confesses his crime, which was the seduction of a nun, whom he carried off and married. He retired with her to Valencia, and having exhausted his means, he wished to find resources in the dishonour of his wife. She indignantly refuses, escapes to a convent, and shuts herself up for the second time. He then sails for Ireland, but, after falling into the hands of corsairs, is shipwrecked with Patricius and saved by him. The king, after having heard these two confessions, pardons the Christian faith of Louis in consideration of his crimes, whilst Patricius remains exposed to his hatred and anger.

The object of this piece is to shew Louis Ennius persisting in his faith, although his conduct is most atrocious, and meriting by his belief the favour and protection of St. Patricius, who follows him like his good genius to inspire him with repentance for his crimes, and who at last assures his salvation. Louis seduces Polonia, the daughter of the king, engages in a duel with Philip, the general betrothed to her, and is made prisoner and delivered over to justice. He then considers whether he shall not commit suicide:

> No, that were only worthy of a heathen:
> What demon arm'd my hand for such a deed?
> Myself a Christian, and my soul immortal,
> Rejoicing in the holy light of faith,
> Shall I, amidst these Gentiles, do an act
> Dishonouring my creed?

He therefore does not kill himself, and in that acts wisely, as Polonia finds means to break her chains and escapes with him. But he had in fact never loved Polonia:

Love is with me a passing appetite,
Varying with each new object. I would lead
A life unfetter'd by a woman's love:
So must Polonia die.

We then see them on their route, in the midst of a forest. Polonia wounded, is flying from her lover, who pursues her with a dagger:

POLONIA. Restrain thy bloody hand. If love hath lost
His power, yet think upon thy Christian faith.
Thou hast robb'd me of mine honour; oh then spare
My life. Thy fury terrifies my soul.
LOUIS. Luckless Polonia, misery was always
The lot of boasted beauty, for ne'er yet
Were happiness and beauty join'd together.
In me thou seest a more unpitying wretch
Than ever grasp'd a murderer's sword. Thy death
Is now become my life.

By this speech and the twenty-five verses which follow, he seems desirous of persuading her to resignation, and he ends by killing her with his poniard. He then knocks at the cottage of a peasant, whom he compels to serve him as a guide to the next sea-port, and whom he designs to kill when he has arrived there.

During this interval, St. Patricius restores Polonia to life. This, however, is not sufficient to convert the king, who threatens the saint with death in the space of an hour, if he does not allow him to see the world of spirits; or, at least, Purgatory. Patricius undertakes the task. He conducts the king and all his court to a mountain containing a cavern which leads to Purgatory. The king, in his haste to see the wonders of the cavern, rushes into the gulf, blaspheming; but, through an ingenious stratagem of St. Patricius, instead of reaching Purgatory, the king falls direct into Hell; a circumstance which produces the instantaneous conversion of the court and of all Ireland.

Louis, meanwhile, departs with the guide whom he had taken from his house; but, instead of murdering him, as he first intended, he retains him as his domestic; and he becomes the *gracioso*, or buffo of the piece. They make together the tour of Italy, Spain, France, Scotland, and England. After an absence of several years, they return to Ireland at the commencement of the third act. Louis returns thither for the purpose of assassinating Philip, on whom he had not sufficiently revenged himself. But whilst he is waiting for him at

night in the public street, a knight, completely armed at all points, challenges him. Louis attacks him, but finds his strokes are lost in air. At length the cavalier raises his casque, and shows himself to be a skeleton. "Knowest thou not thyself?" he cries, "I am thy likeness: I am Louis Ennius." This apparition converts Ennius: he falls to the ground in a fit of terror; but, when he rises, he proclaims his repentance; he implores God to judge him with mercy, and exclaims: "What atonement can be made for a life spent in crime?" A celestial music answers: "Purgatory." He then resolves to seek the purgatory of St. Patricius, and takes the road to the same mountain to which the saint had conducted the king. Polonia, after her restoration to life, lived there in solitude, and it is she who points out to Louis the route he should follow. He is obliged to enter into a convent of regular canons who guard the cavern; he addresses himself to them; he attends to their exhortations; he shews himself full of faith and hope; he enters into the cavern, and, at the end of some days, he departs pardoned and sanctified. The piece finishes by his narration of what he had seen in the purgatory of St. Patricius. It is a speech of more than three hundred lines, and we may readily dispense with the perusal of it.

It may, perhaps, be thought that more than sufficient attention has been bestowed on these pretended Christian dramas, which compose so large a portion of the Spanish theatre, and of Calderon in particular. But we cannot pass them over in silence; and especially at a time when one of the most distinguished critics of Germany has selected them as the noblest pieces which human genius, seconded by the most pure and enthusiastic piety, has produced. It would seem that by a sort of compact, the literary world of the present day is pleased to represent Spain as the country of true Christianity. If, in a work of imagination, a romance, or poem, French, English, or German, it is intended to represent a religious person or missionary animated by the most tender charity and the most enlightened zeal, the scene must be laid in Spain. The more conversant we are with Spanish literature, the more we find such opinions injurious to true Christianity. This nation has, indeed, been richly endowed. Genius, imagination, depth of thought, constancy, dignity, and courage, have been lavished on her. She seems in these to outstrip all other countries. but her religion has almost at all times rendered these brilliant

qualities unavailing. Let us then not be deceived by names, nor acknowledge in thought or in word that such a religion is our own.

The chivalric plays of Calderon possess a different kind of interest as well as merit. Those which are founded on intrigue, always present scenes of so much interest, life, and gaiety, that the best comic writers of France have frequently enriched the stage with them. Often, indeed, in doing this, the interest of the action, which was more animated in the Spanish, has been allowed to flag, and the most attractive points in the scene and the language have been lost. This appears to me to be the case with the *Geôlier de soï-même: L'Alcaide de si mismo;* from which Thomas Corneille, after Scarron, has composed a piece far less entertaining than the original. He has sacrificed much of the Spanish wit to the dignity of the Alexandrine verse, and to the adherence to the rules of the French theatre; and the comedies of Thomas Corneille are not so regular as to allow him to purchase that quality at so high a price. *La Dama Duende*, has furnished Hauteroche with his *Dame Invisible*, or *L'Esprit Follet*, which is still preserved on the stage. Quinault has translated under the title of *Coups de l'Amour et de la Fortune*, the piece entitled *Lances de Amor y Fortuna;* and it is to Calderon that we owe the *Paysan Magistrat* of our own days, which is little more than a translation of the *Alcaide de Zamalea;* but the Spanish piece has the double advantage of representing with great truth of invention, nature, and consistency, the character of the peasant magistrate, Pedro Crespo, and of painting with not less historical veracity the character of a general, at that time dear to the remembrance of the Spaniards, Don Lope de Figueroa.

From a comedy of the description last mentioned, but which cannot be imitated in French, I shall proceed to give some scenes, which seem to me to paint in a very original manner the national character, and peculiar point of honour. It is intitled *El Medico de su Honra.* Don Guttierre Alfonso, who is fondly attached to his wife, Donna Mencia de Acuña, discovers that she is secretly attached to Henry de Transtamare, brother of Peter the Cruel, and afterwards his successor. On one occasion he surprises this prince in his garden; at another time he finds his sword, which he had forgotten, in his house; he has heard his wife call on the name of Henry; and whilst she observes all the laws of

honour and virtue, she has manifested a predilection which had existed before her marriage, and which she could not conquer. He has also detected a letter from her, which shews him that she had been always faithful to him, but that her heart is not at rest. He carefully conceals all these proofs, and saves his wife's honour and his own. In his words, we find a mixture of the most tender and passionate love, and the most delicate sense of high Spanish honour. When he snatches from her hands the letter which she had written, she faints away; and on recovering she finds the following billet from her husband:

"Love adores thee, but honour condemns thee: the one dooms thee to death, the other warns thee of it. Thou hast only two hours to live. Thou art a Christian; save thy soul: as for thy life, it is forfeited." "Heaven be my protection!" she cries, "Jacintha! O God, what is this? No one replies; my terror increases; my servants are banished; the door is closed; I am left alone in this dreadful emergency; the windows are barred; the doors bolted; on whom shall I call for succour? whither fly? the horrors of death surround me."

She passes into her closet; and in a succeeding scene Guttierre returns with a surgeon, whom he brings with his eyes bound, and whom he has forced from his house. He thus addresses him:

Thou must now enter this closet, but first hear me: This dagger shall pierce thy heart, if thou dost not faithfully execute my orders. Open this door, and say what thou seest.

The Surgeon. An image of death; a corpse stretched on a bed. Two torches burn at each side, and a crucifix is placed before it. I know not who it may be, as a veil covers the countenance.

Gut. 'Tis well! This living corpse that thou seest, it is incumbent on thee to put to death.

The Surgeon. What are thy dreadful commands?

Gut. That thou bleed her, and lettest her blood flow, until her strength forsake her; that thou leave her not till from this small wound she has lost all her blood and expires. Thou hast nothing to answer. It is useless to implore my pity.

The surgeon, after having for some time refused, at length enters the apartment, and executes the orders given to him; but on his departure he places his hand, crimsoned with blood, on the door of the house, in order that he may know it again, his eyes having been bandaged. The king, informed of the circumstance by the surgeon, repairs to the house of Guttierre, who informs him that his wife, after having been blooded in the day, had, by accident, removed the bandage on the veins, and that he had found her dead, and bathed in her

own blood. The king, in reply, orders him to marry on the instant a lady to whom he had been formerly attached, and who had appealed to the king against him:

GUT. Sire, if the ashes of so great a fire
Be yet unquench'd, will you not grant me time
To weep my loss? KING. You know my wish! Obey!
GUT. Scarce 'scap'd the tempest's wrath, would you again
Force me upon the deep? What shall I have
Henceforth for my excuse? KING. Your king's commands
GUT. Deign then to hear my reasons, which alone
To you I dare divulge. KING. 'Tis all in vain;
Yet speak. GUT. Shall I again expose myself
To such unheard-of insult as to find
Your royal brother nightly haunt my house?
KING. Yield not belief to such a tale. GUT. But if
At my bed's foot I find Don Henry's sword?
KING. Think how a thousand times servants have been
Suborn'd to treachery; and use thy reason.
GUT. Yet always that may not suffice; if day
And night I see my house besieg'd, how act?
KING. Appeal to me. GUT. But if, in my appeal,
A greater grief attend me? KING. It imports not;
Grief may itself deceive you. You should know
That beauty is a garden, to be fenc'd
By strong walls 'gainst the winds. GUT. And if I find
A letter from my wife praying the Infant
Not to abandon her? KING. For every wrong
There is a remedy. GUT. What! for this last?
KING. There is. GUT. What is it?
KING. In yourself. GUT. You mean?— KING. Blood!
GUT. Ah! what say you? KING. Mark your gates; there is
A bloody sign upon them. GUT. Sire, 'tis known
That those who exercise an office, hang
Over their doors a shield that bears their arms:
My office is my honour. So my doors
Bear impress of a bloody hand, for blood
Alone can wash out injur'd honour's stains.
KING. Give, then, thy hand to Leonora; well
She merits it. GUT. I give it freely, if
Leonora dare accept it bathed in blood.
LEON. I marvel not, nor fear. GUT. 'Tis well, but I
Have been mine honour's own physician, nor
Have yet forgot the science. LEON. Keep it then
To aid my life, if it be bad. GUT. Alone
On this condition I now yield my hand.

This scene, with which the piece closes, seems to me one of the most energetic on the Spanish stage, and one of those which afford us the best example of the nicety of that honour, and that almost religious revenge, which have such a powerful influence on the conduct of the Spaniards, and which

give so poetical a colouring to their domestic incidents, often, it is true, at the expense of morals and of humanity.

Calderon was yet a child at the epoch of the expulsion of the Moors. But this despotic act, which for ever alienated the two people, and which separated from the Spanish dominions all who were not attached by birth, as well as by public profession, to the religion of the sovereign, had produced a powerful sensation, and during the seventeenth century led the Spaniards to regard every thing relating to the Moors with a degree of national interest. The scene of many of the pieces of Calderon is placed in Africa. In many others the Moors are mingled with the Christians in Spain, and, in spite of religious hatred and national prejudices, Calderon has painted the Moors with singular fidelity. We feel that to him, and to all Spaniards, they are brothers united by the same spirit of chivalry, by the same punctilious honour, and by love of the same country; and that ancient wars and recent persecutions have not been able to extinguish the memory of the early bonds which united them. But, of all the pieces where the Moors are brought upon the scene in opposition to the Christians, no one appears to me to excite in the perusal a more lively interest than that which is entitled *Amar despues de la Muerte*. The subject is the revolt of the Moors under Philip II. in 1569 and 1570, in the Alpuxarra, the mountains of Grenada. This dreadful war, occasioned by unheard-of provocations, was the real epoch of the destruction of the Moors in Spain. The government, aware of their strength, while it granted them peace resolved to destroy them; and if its conduct had to that time been cruel and oppressive, it was thenceforth always perfidious. It is the same revolt of Grenada, of which Mendoza has written the history, and which we have already had occasion briefly to notice. But we are made better acquainted with it by Calderon than by the details of any historian.

The scene opens in the house of the Cadi of the Moors of Grenada, where they celebrate in secret, with closed doors, on a Friday, the festival of the Musulmans. The Cadi presides, and they thus sing:

A captive sad, in sorrow bow'd,
Lone Afric weeps, in sable shroud,
Her empire lost, her glory gone,
And set in night her ruling sun!
'Twas Allah's hand that bent the bow.
That laid our nation's honours low,

Una voz. Aunque en triste cautiverio
De Alà por justo misterio
Llore el Africano imperio
Su misera suerte esquiva.

Dark and mysterious is his will,
But Allah's name be worshipp'd still!
Yet will we boast the golden time,
When fierce from Afric's swarthy clime,
Fair Spain was vanquish'd by our sword,
And Allah's name was all-ador'd!
But Allah's hand hath bent the bow,
And laid our nation's honours low;
Dark and mysterious is his will,
Yet Allah's name be worshipp'd still!

TODOS. Su ley viva
LA VOZ. Viva la memoria estraña
De aquella gloriosa hasaña
Que en la libertad de España
A España tuvo cautiva.
TODOS. Su ley viva!

Their songs are suddenly interrupted by some one knocking violently against the door. This is Don Juan de Malec, a descendant of the Kings of Grenada, and entitled from his birth to be the twenty-fourth sovereign of the Moorish dynasty. He had conformed to the laws of Philip, and having become a Christian, he had, in recompense, obtained a place in the councils of the city. He relates, that he is just returned from this council, where an edict of Philip was produced, by which the Moors were subjected to new vexations:

Some of these laws are ancient, but renew'd
With double rigour; others newly pass'd
To oppress us. Henceforth none of Moorish race,
That race, the dying embers of a fire
Invincible, that once consum'd this land,
Shall join in dance or song; our very dress
Proscrib'd, our baths shut up, nor may we use
O'er our own hearth our Arab tongue, compell'd
To speak in pure Castilian.

Juan de Malec, the oldest of the counsellors, had been the first to evince his chagrin and anxiety at these precipitate measures. Don Juan de Mendoza answered him with warmth, reproaching him with being a Moor, and with wishing to screen the vile and abject race of the Moors from the punishment which was due to them. Juan de Malec then proceeds:

O luckless we, to enter into council
Without our swords; to battle with the tongue;
For words make deeper wounds than swords. Thus I,
Mov'd by his arrogance, provok'd his wrath;
And he—indignant vengeance burns my breast!
Snatch'd from my hands my staff, and then—Enough!
I cannot speak—you share the shame with me.
I have no son who may wash out the stain
From my grey hairs! Then hear me, valiant Moors,
Ye noble relic of the Afric race!
The Christians have decreed your infamy,
Declar'd you slaves. But the Alpuxarra still
Is left our mountain home, peopled with towns,

And castles well defended, all our own;
Galera, Berja, Gavia, looking forth
Midst rocks and woods to the bright azure skies,
This beauteous region still is ours, and there
Will we intrench ourselves. Now be it yours
To choose a chief of the illustrious blood
Of Aben Humeya, for that race is still
Found in Castile. From slaves ye shall be lords;
I will proclaim my wrongs, and summon all
To join your ranks, and share in your revenge.

The Moors, carried away by this speech of Juan de Malec, swear to revenge him, and then disperse. The scene now changes to the house of Malec, where Donna Clara, his daughter, abandons herself to despair. The indignity offered to her father, deprives her at once of her honour, her father and her lover; for Don Alvaro Tuzani, to whom she is attached, will, she thinks, no longer regard her after the dishonour of her house. At this moment, Tuzani enters the apartment, and asks her hand, that he may avenge the injury as the son of Malec. An indignity is not considered to be properly avenged, unless the party himself, or his son, or at least his brother, slay the offender. Tuzani must thus marry Clara before he can redeem the honour of the aged Malec. Clara resists, not wishing to bring her dishonour as a dowry to her husband. During this generous struggle the Corregidor Zuñiga, and Don Fernando de Valor, another descendant of the kings of Grenada, who had also embraced Christianity, arrive at the residence of Malec, and place him under arrest, having previously arrested Mendoza, until a reconciliation should be effected. Valor proposes a marriage between Donna Clara, the daughter of Malec, and Mendoza. Tuzani, in order to frustrate an arrangement which destroys all his hopes, seeks Mendoza, provokes him to fight, and hopes to kill him before the mediators can arrive with the proposition, which he so much fears. The provocation, the duel in the chamber, and all the details in this affair of honour, are expressed with a fire and dignity truly worthy of a nation so delicate on the point of honour. But whilst they are engaged, Valor and Zuñiga arrive, to propose to Mendoza the marriage, as a means of terminating the quarrel. The combatants are separated, and the same propositions are made to the Castilian which were made to the Moor. Mendoza haughtily rejects them. The blood of Mendoza is not destined, he says, to submit to such a stain.

VALOR. Yet Juan de Malec is a man— MENDOZA. Like you.
VALOR. He is; for from Grenada's kings he boasts
His lineage: his ancestors and mine
Alike were kings. MEND. Perchance! But mine were more
Than Moorish kings, lords of the mountain land.

By this was understood the Christian Goths, who had held possession of the mountains. Zuñiga throws down his staff of corregidor, and unites with Mendoza in treating the Moors with extreme contempt. Tuzani, as well as Valor and Malec, feels himself injured by this reflection on his ancestors.

Thus are we recompens'd, who have embraced
The Christian faith; thus is our loyalty
To Christian laws rewarded. Yet shall Spain
In bitter tears wash out the stain this day
Cast on the blood of Valor and Tuzani.

They then resolve upon revolt, and separate.

Three years elapse between the first and the second act. In this interval the revolt breaks out, and Don John of Austria, the conqueror at Lepanto, is called to suppress it. Mendoza, at the commencement of the third act, points out to him the chain of the Alpuxarra, which extends fourteen leagues along the sea-coast, and explains to him its strength, as well as its resources, consisting of thirty thousand warriors who inhabit it. Like the Goths in former times, he says, they have fled into the mountains, and hope from them to reconquer Spain. During three years they have preserved their secret with such fidelity that thirty thousand men who were informed of it, and who were employed during this long space of time in collecting in the Alpuxarra arms and ammunition, have concealed it from the detection of the most suspicious of governments. The chiefs of the blood of Aben Humeya, who had renounced their Christian appellations, and the language, the customs, and the manners of Castilians, had divided themselves among the three principal fortresses of the Alpuxarra. Fernando Valor had been recognized as king; had assumed the government of Berja, and had married the beautiful Isabella Tuzani, who, in the first act, was represented as attached to Mendoza. Tuzani commands at Gavia, and he has not yet married Clara, who is in the third city, Galera, where her father commands. When, in this manner, the unity of time is renounced, the author is obliged to enter into explanations, and to suspend the action,

in order to communicate to the spectator what has passed in the interval between the acts.

The scene is then transferred to Berja, to the palace of the Moorish king. Malec and Tuzani appear to ask his consent to the marriage of Tuzani and Clara. Agreeably to the Musulman custom, Tuzani makes his bride a present, as the pledge of marriage, of a necklace of pearls and other jewels; but the nuptials are suddenly broken off by an alarm of drums and the approach of the Christian army. Valor despatches Malec and Tuzani to their posts:

Love must forego his joys
Till victory be won.

On separating, Tuzani assures Clara that he will come every night from Galera to Gavia, to see her, though it be two leagues distant, and she promises to meet him each night on the walls. In one of the succeeding scenes we see their place of meeting, from which they are driven by the approach of the Christian army, advancing to the siege of Galera. Tuzani wishes to carry Clara with him; but the loss of his horse prevents him, and they part under the hope of being for ever united on the next day.

At the opening of the third act, Tuzani returns to the place of appointment; but the Spaniards had discovered, beneath the rocks on which Galera was built, a cavern, which they had filled with powder; and, at the moment when Tuzani approaches the wall, a dreadful explosion makes a breach by which the fortress falls into the hands of the Spaniards. Tuzani precipitates himself into the flames to save Donna Clara; but the Castilians had penetrated into the city by another way, and having received orders from their chief to spare no lives, Donna Clara had already been poniarded by a Spanish soldier. Tuzani arrives only in time to see her die. We have already mentioned this scene, the language of which does not correspond to the situation. But Tuzani, who breathes only revenge, re-assumes the Castilian habit, and descends to the Christian camp, which he traverses, and at length finds, in the hands of a soldier, who is accidentally placed with himself in prison, the necklace he had given to his mistress; he bids him relate his history, and learns from his own mouth that he is the murderer of Clara. He instantly stabs him with his dagger, and Mendoza, drawn by the dying cries of the soldier, enters the prison.

Tuzani. Thou start'st in fear, Mendoza? Dost not know me?
Behold Tuzani, the fierce thunderbolt
Of the Alpuxarra. From my mountain height
I have descended to avenge the death
Of her whom I ador'd. Sweet is revenge!
He loves not, who with blood would not avenge
The wrongs of his belov'd. What wouldst thou with me?
Erewhile thou know'st I sought thee, challeng'd thee
To fight; our weapons equal, face to face.
If, in thy turn, thou seek'st to combat here,
Come singly and in honour. If by chance
Thou com'st, then let misfortune be my passport,
The pledge of noble minds, and lead me forth
In safety. Mendoza. Much should I rejoice, Tuzani,
If, without violation of mine honour,
In such an hour as this, I might assure
Thy safety; but the service of my life
Forbids it, and by force I must arrest thee.
Tuzani. 'Tis well! Free passage then my sword shall yield.
First Sold. I'm slain!—
See. Sold. What fiend is here broke loose from hell?
Tuzani. You shall have memory of me. You shall not
Forget Tuzani, him whom fame shall blazon
As the avenger of his murder'd love.

He is then surrounded, and Don John of Austria and Don Lope de Figueroa come to ask the cause of the tumult, while Tuzani still resists.

Mendoza. A strange event? A Moor has, from the heights
Of the Alpuxarra, all alone descended,
To avenge him on a man who kill'd his love,
In the storming of Galera. Figueroa. This man slew
The lady that thou lov'dst? Tuzani. He did, and I
Slew him. Figueroa. Thou hast done well! My lord, command
His freedom; such a deed demands our praise,
Not censure. You, my lord, yourself would slay
One who should injure her you lov'd, or else
You were not John of Austria.

Don John hesitates; he does not consent to liberate Tuzani, but that hero opens a way for himself with his sword, and escapes in safety to the defiles of the Alpuxarra. On the other hand, the Moors accept the pardon offered to them in the name of Philip II. They surrender their arms, and quiet is restored in the Alpuxarra.

The large edition of the plays of Calderon, published at Madrid in 1763, in eleven volumes, octavo, by Fernandez de Apontes, contains one hundred and nine pieces, of which I have perused only thirty. I know not how far I may have made the reader acquainted with those from which I have

given extracts, or whether I have succeeded in transferring to his mind the sentiments which they have excited in my own ; admiration for the dignity of the characters, and their noble elevation of mind ; indignation at the singular abuse of religion, which in this poet is almost always at variance with the interests of morality ; a perception of the delightful flow of his poetry, which captivates the senses, like music or perfumes ; an impatience at the abuse of talent, and of images which offend from their exuberance ; and astonishment at a fertility of invention unequalled by any poet of any nation. I shall, however, have attained my object, if the extracts which I have presented should inspire a wish for a more intimate acquaintance with this poet. Taking leave, then, of his dramatic works, I shall add only a few words on that species of composition, to which, in his old age, he was anxious to attach all his celebrity, since he regarded them less as dramatic works, than as acts of devotion. I allude to the *Autos Sacramentales*, of which I have seen six volumes, published at Madrid in 1717, by Don Pedro de Pando y Mier. I must ingenuously confess, that of seventy-two pieces which they contain, and which I have partially inspected, I have fully perused only the first, and that even this I should never have read through, if I had not done so through a sense of duty. The most incongruous assemblage of real and allegorical beings, of thoughts and sentiments totally irreconcileable, all that the Spaniards themselves have, by a word sufficiently expressive, denominated *disparates*, are found united in these pieces. The first of these *autos* is intitled, *A Dios por razon de Estado;* and is preceded by a prologue, in which appear ten allegorical personages. Fame arrives first with a buckler on her arm, and makes the following proclamation :

Be it known to all who have lived heretofore, who live now, and who shall live, from the day the sun first commenced his course to the day when he shall be no more, that holy Theology, the science of Faith, to whom has been given imperfect sight, but important matter, little light but splendour ineffable, will this day hold a tournament in the university of the world, called *Maredit*, which, in Arabic, signifies, the Mother of sciences, that the triumphant *Mind* may share the honour of *Valour*. Here, then, she challenges all the Sciences who dare to support an allegorical combat against her propositions, and I, Fame, am charged as her public herald to make known this defiance to the whole world !

Theology then appears with Faith, her sponsor, and sets forth the three propositions which she intends to defend ; the

presence of God in the eucharist, the new life received in communicating, and the necessity of a frequent communion. Philosophy presents herself to combat the first of these propositions, and Nature is called in as a witness. They dispute in a scholastic manner, and also engage in battle as in a tournament, so that we see at the same time the figure and the thing which is represented under it. Theology is of course victorious, and Philosophy and Nature throw themselves at her feet, and confess the truth of the proposition which they had opposed. Medicine having Speech for sponsor, then appears to contest the second proposition, and is likewise vanquished. Jurisprudence comes in the third place, having Justice for her sponsor, and meets with a similar fate. After her three victories, Theology announces, that she intends to give an entertainment, and that this entertainment will be an *auto*, in which, agreeably to the laws of the world in such cases, it will be proved by evidence that the Catholic is the only true faith, whilst Reason and Propriety unite in its favour. It is called, *Dios por razon de Estado.* The personages of this eccentric drama are:

The Spirit, first lover.	Penitence.
Thought, the fool.	Extreme Unction.
Paganism.	Holy Orders.
The Synagogue.	Marriage.
Africa.	The Law of Nature.
Atheism.	The Written Law.
St. Paul.	The Law of Grace.
Baptism.	Three singing Women.
Confirmation.	A Choir of Music.

El Pensamiento being masculine, the part of Thought is represented by a male actor.

Thought and Mind are attracted by a choir of music, whom they hear singing these words:—"Great God! who art unknown to us, abridge this space of time and allow us to know thee, since we believe in thee." Following the music, they are led by their curiosity to the steps of a temple, built on a mountain, and consecrated to the unknown God of St. Paul. Their supplications addressed to the unknown Deity are renewed. Paganism implores him to descend and occupy the temple which mankind have erected to him; but Mind interrupts those who are paying their adorations, inquiring how an unknown God can be a God, and thereupon commences a scholastic dispute, not less tedious than the answer

made by Paganism. Mind is desirous afterwards of discussing the same point with Thought; but the latter declines for the present, as she prefers dancing. In fact, she engages in the dance which is held in honour of God, and Mind also joins in it. The dancers form themselves into the figure of a cross, and invoke the unknown triune God. A sudden earthquake and eclipse disperse all the dancers, excepting Paganism, Mind, and Thought, who remain to dispute on the cause of the earthquake and eclipse. Mind maintains that the world is at an end, or that its creator suffers; Paganism denies that a God can suffer; and, on this point they dispute together afresh; whilst Thought, the fool, runs from one to the other, and always coincides with the person who has last spoken.

Paganism departs, and Thought remains alone with Mind. The latter proposes, as there is neither time nor place in the allegory, to traverse the earth in search of an unknown God who can suffer, since this is the one he is anxious to adore. They then take their departure to America, in pursuit of Atheism, whom they question on the formation of the universe. Atheism, in answering them, doubts of all things, and shews himself indifferent to every thing. Thought is irritated, beats him, and puts him to flight. They then go in search of Africa, who is expecting the prophet Mahomet, and who follows her God before she knows his laws; but Mind will not allow her to believe that every religion possesses the power of salvation; and that revealed religion only gives the means of arriving at a higher degree of perfection. This opinion appears to her a blasphemy, and they part with mutual threats. Mind next repairs to the Synagogue in Asia, but she finds her troubled by a murder which she had committed on a young man, who pretended to be the Messiah, and who perished at the moment of an earthquake and eclipse. Another dispute arises, attended with fresh discontent on the part of Mind. But this dispute is interrupted by lightning, and by a voice from heaven, crying, "Paul, why persecutest thou me?" St. Paul is converted by these words. He then disputes with the Synagogue and Mind in support of revelation. St. Paul introduces the Law of Nature, the Written Law, and the Law of Grace, to shew that they are all united under Christianity; and he calls in the seven Sacraments to declare that they are its supporters.

Mind and Thought are convinced; Paganism and Atheism are converted; the Synagogue and Africa still resist; but Mind pronounces the following decree, and all the choir repeat it: "Let the human mind love the unknown God, and believe in him for reasons of state, even though faith be wanting."

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONCLUSION OF THE SPANISH DRAMA. STATE OF LETTERS DURING THE REIGN OF THE HOUSE OF BOURBON. CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

Europe has wholly forgotten the admiration with which, for so long a period, she regarded the Spanish stage, and the transport with which she received so many new dramatic pieces; pieces teeming with romantic incidents, intrigues, disguises, duels, personages unknown to themselves or to others, pomp of language, brilliancy of description, and fascinating poetry, mingled with the scenes of active life. In the seventeenth century the Spaniards were regarded as the dictators of the drama, and men of the first genius in other countries borrowed from them without scruple. They endeavoured, it is true, to adapt Castilian subjects to the taste of France and Italy, and to render them conformable to rules which were despised by the Spaniards; but this they did more in deference to the authority of the ancients than to indulge the taste of the people, which, indeed, throughout all Europe was the same as in Spain. At the present day this state of things is reversed, and the Spanish drama is entirely unknown in France and Italy. In those countries it is designated only by the epithet of barbarous; it is no longer studied in England; and the recent celebrity which has been attached to it in Germany, is not yet become a national feeling.

The Spaniards have only themselves to accuse for so rapid a decline and so entire an oblivion. Instead of perfecting themselves, and advancing in that career of glory on which they had entered, they have only copied themselves, and retraced a thousand times their own footsteps, without adding any thing to an art, of which they might have been the creators, and without introducing into it any variety. They had witnessed two men of genius, who composed their plays in the course of a few days, or rather hours. They thought

themselves obliged to imitate this rapidity, and they abstained from all care and correction, not less scrupulously than a dramatic author in France would have insisted on them. They considered it essential to their fame to compose their pieces without study ; if, indeed, we may speak of fame when they aspired to nothing further than the transitory applause of an idle populace, and the pleasure of novelty, to which a pecuniary profit was attached ; while the greater number did not even attempt to attract to their pieces the attention of their well-informed contemporaries, or the judgment of posterity, by committing them to the press.

We have elsewhere spoken of the *Commedie dell' Arte* of the Italians, those extemporaneous masqued pieces, with given characters, often repeated jests, and incidents which we have met with twenty times before, but adapted, well or ill, to a new piece. The Spanish school which was contemporary with Calderon, and which succeeded him, may with propriety be compared to these *Commedie dell' Arte.* The extemporaneous part was produced with a little more deliberation ; since, instead of catching the moment of inspiration on the stage, the author sought it by some hours' labour in his closet. These pieces were composed in verse, but in the running and easy form of the *Redondilhas*, which naturally flowed from the pen. In other respects, the writer did not give himself more trouble to observe probability, historical facts, or national manners, than an author of the Italian harlequin pieces ; nor did he attempt in any greater degree novelty in the characters, the incidents, or the jests, or pay any greater respect to morality. He produced his plays as a manufacture or article of trade ; he found it more easy and more lucrative to write a second than to correct the first ; and it was with this negligence and precipitation that, under the reign of Philip IV., the stage was deluged with an unheard-of number of pieces.

The titles, the authors, and the history of this innumerable quantity of plays, have escaped not only the foreigner, who can bestow merely a rapid glance on the literature of other nations, but even those Spanish writers who have exerted themselves most to preserve every production which could contribute to the fame of their country. Each troop of comedians had their own repository, or collection, and endeavoured to retain the sole proprietorship of them ; whilst

the booksellers, from time to time, printed on speculation pieces which were obtained from the manager oftener than from the author. In this manner were formed those collections of *Comedias varias*, which we find in libraries, and which were almost always printed without correction, criticism, or judgment. The works of individuals were scarcely ever collected or published separately; and chance more than the taste of the public has saved some from amongst the crowd which have perished. Chance, too, has led me to peruse many which have not been perused by Bouterwek, Schlegel, Dieze, and other critics. Thus every opinion on the personal merit of each author becomes necessarily vague and uncertain. We should have more reason to regret this confusion, if the character of the poets were to be found in their writings; if it were possible to assign to each his rank, and to distinguish his style or principles; but the resemblance is so great, that we could readily believe all these pieces to have been written by the same hand; and if any one of them has an advantage over the others, it seems more attributable to the happy choice of the subject, or to some historical trait, romance, or intrigue, which the author has had the good fortune to select, than to the talent with which they are treated.

Among the various collections of Spanish plays, the pieces which have most excited my curiosity are anonymous. I refer more particularly to those which were published as the work of a poet of the court; *de un Ingenio de esta Corte.* It is known that Philip IV. wrote several pieces for the stage under this name, and we may readily imagine that those which were supposed to come from his pen would be more eagerly sought after than others by the public. It is not impossible for a very good king to write very bad plays; and Philip IV., who was any thing rather than a good king, or a distinguished man, had still less chance of succeeding as a poet. It is, nevertheless, curious to observe a monarch's view of private life, and what notion a person entertains of society, who is, by his rank, elevated above all participation in it. Those plays, too, which, though not the work of the king, were yet written by some of his courtiers, his officers of state, or his friends, might, on that account, attract our notice; but nothing can be more vague than the title of these pieces, as an unknown individual may easily arrogate to himself a

rank which we have no means of ascertaining; and the Spaniards often extend the name of the Court to every thing within the sphere of the capital. Be this, however, as it may, it is among these pieces of a *Court Poet* that I have found the most attractive Spanish comedies. Such, for instance, is *The Devil turned Preacher: El Diablo Predicator, y mayor contrario amigo;* the work of a devout servant of St. Francis and the Capuchin monks. He supposes that the devil Luzbel has succeeded by his intrigues in exciting in Lucca an extreme animosity against the Capuchins; every one refuses them alms; they are ready to perish with hunger, and are reduced to the last extremity; and the first magistrate in the city at length orders them to quit it. But at the moment that Luzbel is congratulating himself on his victory, the infant Jesus descends to earth with St. Michael. To punish the devil for his insolence, he compels him to clothe himself in the habit of St. Francis, and then to preach in Lucca in order to counteract the mischief he had done; to ask alms, and to revive the charitable disposition of the inhabitants; and not to quit the city or the habit of the order, until he had built in Lucca another convent for the followers of St. Francis, more richly endowed, and capable of containing more monks than the former. The invention is whimsical, and the more so when we find the subject treated with the most sincere devotion, and the most implicit belief in the miracles of the Franciscans; but the execution is not the less pleasing on that account. The solicitude of the devil, who endeavours to terminate as soon as possible so disagreeable a business; the zeal with which he preaches; the hidden expressions by which he diguises his mission, and wishes to pass off his chagrin as a religious mortification; the prodigious success which attends his exertions in opposition to his own interests; the only enjoyment which is left him in his trouble, to torment the slothful monk who accompanies him in asking alms, and to cheat him in his gormandizing: all this is represented with a gaiety and life which render this piece very amusing in the perusal, and which caused it to be received with transport by the audience, when it was a few years ago given on the stage at Madrid, in the form of a regular play. It was not one of the least pleasures of the spectators, to laugh so long at the expense of the devil, as we are taught to believe that the laugh is generally on his side.

Among the rivals of Calderon, one of the most celebrated and the most deserving of notice, was Augustin Moreto, who enjoyed, like him, the favour of Philip IV.; was, like him, a zealot as well as a comic poet; and, like him, a priest towards the end of his life; but, when Moreto entered into the ecclesiastical state, he abandoned the theatre. He possessed more vivacity than Calderon, and his plots give rise to more amusing scenes. He attempted, too, a more precise delineation of character, and endeavoured to bestow on his comedies that interest, the fruits of accurate observation, which is so generally wanting in the Spanish drama. Several of his pieces were introduced on the French stage, at the time when the authors of that country borrowed so much from Spain. That which is most known to the French people, in consequence of being for a long time past acted on Shrove Tuesday, is the *Don Japhet of Armenia*, of Scarron, almost literally translated from *El Marques del Cigarral;* but this is not amongst the best pieces of Moreto. There are to be found characters much more happily drawn, with much more interest in the plot, more invention, and a more lively dialogue, in his comedy entitled, *No puede ser: It cannot be;* where a woman of talent and spirit, who is beloved by a man of jealous disposition, proposes to herself, before marrying him, to convince him that it is impossible to guard a woman effectually, and that the only safe mode is to trust to her own honour. The lesson is severe, for she assists the sister of her lover in an intrigue, although he kept her shut up, and watched her with extreme distrust. She contrives to arrange her interviews with a young man; she aids the sister in escaping from her brother's house, and in marrying without his consent; and when she has enjoyed the alarm into which he is thrown, and has convinced him that, notwithstanding all his caution and all his threats, he has been grossly duped, she consents to give him her hand. The remainder of the plot is conducted with sufficient probability, and much originality, and gives rise to many entertaining scenes, of which Moliere has availed himself in his *Ecole des Maris.*

There is a piece in much the same style by Don Fernando de Zarate, called, *la Presumida y la Hermosa.* We find in it some strong traits of character joined to a very entertaining plot. There were still to be found in Spain some men of taste, who treated with ridicule the affected style introduced

by Gongora. Zarate gives to Leonora the most conceited language, which does not differ much from that of Gongora, or even Calderon, and he contrives at the same time to show its absurdity. His Gracioso exclaims against the outrage which is thus committed upon the poor Castilian tongue.* The two sisters, Leonora and Violante, have in this piece nearly the same characters as Armande and Henriette in the *Femmes savantes;* but the Spaniards did not attempt the nicer shades of character; those which they drew were always digressions, and had little influence on the passing events. The female pedant finds a lover amiable, noble, and rich, as well as her fair and engaging rival; her preposterous character neither adds to, nor diminishes the chances of her happiness; a stratagem, a bold disguise conceived and executed by a knavish valet, decides the fate of all the characters; and whatever interest there may be in the plot, this piece does not rise beyond the common class of Spanish comedies.

One of the comic authors who enjoyed the highest reputation in the middle of the seventeenth century, was Don Francisco de Roxas, knight of the order of St. James, a great number of whose pieces we find in the ancient collection of Spanish comedies, and from whom the French stage has borrowed some dramas; amongst others, the *Venceslas* of Rotrou, and *Don Bertran de Cigarral* of Thomas Corneille. This last piece is translated from the one entitled, *Entre bobos anda el juego: The Plot is laid amongst Fools*; which passes for the best that Roxas has written. But, on the other hand, I have seen a play by him, called *The Patroness*

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* Leonora is represented with her sister in the presence of a gentleman whom they both love, and she wishes him to decide between them.

LEO. Distinguid señor don Juan
De esta retorica intacta,
Quien es el Alva y el sol;
Porque quando se levanta
De la cuna de la aurora
La Delfica luz, es clara
Consecuencia visual
Que el Alva, nevado mapa,
Cadaver de cristal, muera
En monumentos de plata:
Y assi en crepusculos rizos
Donde se angelan las claras
Pavezas del sol, es fuerza
Que el sol brille, y fine el Alva.

JUAN. Señora, vos sois el astro
Que dà el fulgor à Diana;
Y violante es el candor
Que se deriva del aura.
Y si el candor matutino
Cede la nautica braza
Al zodiaco austral,
Palustre serà la parca,
Avassallando las dos
A las rafagas del Alva.

CHOC. Viva Christo; somos Indios,
Pues de esta suerte se habla
Entre Christianos? Por vida
De la lengua castellana
Que si mi hermana habla culto
Que me oculte de mi hermana,
Al inculto barbarismo,
O à las lagunas de Parla,
O à la Nefritica idèa;
Y si algun critico trata
Morir en pecado oculto,
Dios le conceda su habla
Para que confiesse a voces
Que es castellana su alma.

of Madrid, our Lady of Atocha, written in antiquated language, apparently to give it more respectability, and which unites all the extravagances, and all the monstrous moral absurdities that we have seen exhibited in the religious pieces of Calderon.

The critics of Germany and Spain have selected *The Punishment of Avarice: El Castigo de la Miseria*, by Don Juan de Hoz, as one of the best in his class of plays. This piece, though highly humorous, is an instance of that radical defect of the Spanish drama, which by the intricacy of the plot entirely destroys the effect of character. Don Juan de Hoz has painted the character of the miser Marcos in strong colours; but the stratagem by which Donna Isidora contrives to marry him so far distracts the attention, that the avarice of the principal personage is no longer the striking feature of the piece. There is, besides, an impropriety and effrontery in giving to a comedy a title which announces a moral aim, when it concludes with the triumph of vice, and is marked by a shameful dereliction of all probity, even in those characters which are represented as respectable.

One of the latest of the dramatic writers of Spain of the seventeenth century, was Don Joseph Cañizarez, who flourished in the reign of Charles II. He left behind him a number of plays, in almost every class. Some of these are historical as *Picarillo en España*, founded on the adventures of a Frederic de Braquemont, a son of him who, with John de Béthencourt, in 1402, discovered and conquered the Canaries; but they are little less romantic than those entirely of his own invention. To conclude, neither the comedies of Cañizarez, which are the most modern, nor those of Guillen de Castro and Don Juan Ruys de Alarcon, which are the most ancient, nor those of Don Alvaro Cubillo of Aragon, of Don Francisco de Leyra, of Don Agustino de Zalazar y Torres, of Don Christoval de Monroy y Silva, Don Juan de Matos Fragoso, and Don Hieronymo Cancer, possess a character sufficiently marked to enable us to discover in them the manner and style of the author. Their works, like their names, are confounded with each other, and after having gone through the Spanish drama, whose richness at first view astonished and dazzled us, we quit it fatgued with its monotony

The poetry of Spain continued to flourish during the reigns of the three Philips (1556—1665), in spite of the national

decline. The calamities which befel the monarchy, the double yoke of political and religious tyranny, the continual defeats, the revolt of conquered countries, the destruction of the armies, the ruin of provinces, and the stagnation of commerce, could not wholly suppress the efforts of poetic genius. The Castilians, under Charles V., were intoxicated by the false glory of their monarch, and by the high station which they had newly acquired in Europe. A noble pride and consciousness of their power urged them on to new enterprises; they thirsted after distinction and renown; and they rushed forward with an increasing ardour in the career which was still open to them. The number of candidates for this noble palm did not diminish; and as the different avenues which led to fame, the service of their country, the cultivation of liberal knowledge and every branch of literature connected with philosophy, were closed against them; as all civil employ was become the timid instrument of tyranny, and as the army was humiliated by continual defeats, poetry alone remained to those who were ambitious of distinction. The number of poets went on increasing in proportion as the number of men of merit in every other class diminished. But with the reign of Philip IV. the spirit which had till then animated the Castilians, ceased. For some time before, poetry had partaken of the general decline, although the ardour of its votaries had not diminished; and affectation, and bombast, and all the faults of Gongora, had corrupted its style. At length the impulse which had so long propelled them subsided; the vanity of the distinction which attached itself to an affected and over-loaded manner was perceived; and no means seemed to remain for the attainment of a better style. The Spanish writers abandoned themselves to apathy and rest; they bowed the neck to the yoke; they attempted to forget the public calamities, to restrain their sentiments, to confine their tastes to physical enjoyments, to luxury, sloth, and effeminacy. The nation slumbered, and literature, with every motive to national glory, ceased. The reign of Charles II., who mounted the throne in 1665, at the age of five years, and who transferred at his death, in 1700, the heritage of the house of Austria to the Bourbons, is the epoch of the last decline of Spain. It is the period of its perfect insignificance in the political world, of its extreme moral debasement, and of its lowest state of literature. The war of the Succession, which

broke out shortly afterwards, though it devastated the provinces of Spain, yet restored to their inhabitants some small portion of that energy which was so completely lost under the house of Austria. A national sentiment prompted them to take arms; pride, or affection, not authority, decided on the part which they adopted; and as soon as they learned once more to feel for themselves, they began again to reflect. Still their return to literature was slow and tame; that flame of imagination, which, during a century, had given such numberless poets to Spain, was extinguished, and those who at length succeeded possessed no longer the same enthusiasm, nor the same brilliancy of fancy.

Philip V. did not influence the literature of Spain by any particular attachment to that of France. Of slender talents, and possessed of little taste or information, his grave, sombre, and silent character, was rather Castilian than French. He founded the Academy of History, which led the learned to useful researches into Spanish antiquities, and the Academy of Language, which distinguished itself by the compilation of its excellent Dictionary. In other respects, he left his subjects to their natural bias in the cultivation of letters Meanwhile the splendour of the reign of Louis XIV., which had dazzled all Europe, and which had imposed on other nations and on foreign literature the laws of French taste, had, in its turn, struck the Spaniards. A party was formed amongst the men of letters and the fashionable world, by which the regular and classical compositions of the French were decidedly preferred to the riches and brilliancy of Spanish imagination. On the other hand, the public attached itself with obstinacy to a style of poetry which seemed to be allied to the national glory; and the conflict between these two parties was more particularly felt on the stage. Men of letters regarded Lope de Vega and Calderon with a mixture of pity and contempt, whilst the people, on the other hand, would not allow, in the theatrical performances, any imitation or translation from the French, and granted their applause only to the compositions of their ancient poets in the ancient national taste. The stage, therefore, remained, during the eighteenth century, on the same footing as in the time of Calderon; except that few new pieces appeared but such as were of a religious tendency, as in these, it was imagined, faith might supply the want of talent. In the early part of the eighteenth century were pub-

lished or represented dramatic lives of the saints, which, in general, ought to have been objects of ridicule and scandal, and which, nevertheless, had obtained not only the permission, but the approbation and applause of the Inquisition. Such, amongst others, are two plays by Don Bernard Joseph de Reynoso y Quiñones; the one entitled, *The Sun of Faith at Marseilles, and the Conversion of France by Saint Mary Magdalen;* and the other, *The Sun of the Magdalen shining brighter in its setting.* The first was represented nineteen times successively after the feast of Christmas, in 1730; the second was received with not less enthusiasm in the following year. The Magdalen, Martha, and Lazarus, arrive at Marseilles in a vessel which is shipwrecked by a tempest, and appear walking tranquilly on the raging sea. The Magdalen, called on to combat with a priest of Apollo, is at one time seen by him and by all the people in the heavens surrounded by the angels, and at another time on the same ground as himself. She overthrows, at a word, his temple, and finally commands the broken columns and fallen capitals to return o themselves to their places. The grossest pleasantries of the buffoons who accompany her, the most eccentric burlesque of manners and history, are mingled with the prayers and mysteries of religion. I have also perused two comedies, more extravagant if possible, by Don Manuel Francisco de Armesto, secretary of the Inquisition, who published them in 1736. They consist of the Life of the Sister Mary of Jesus de Agreda, whom he designates as the greatest historian of sacred history; *la Coronista mas grande de la mas sagrada historia, parte primera y segunda.* Of the many qualities with which Calderon clothed his eccentric compositions, extravagance was the only one that remained to the modern authors. But whilst the taste of the people was so eager for this kind of spectacle, and whilst it was encouraged by the clergy, and supported by the Inquisition, the Court, enlightened by criticism and by a better taste, was desirous of rescuing Spain from the scandalous reproach which these pretended pious representations excited among strangers. Charles III. in 1765, prohibited the further performance of religious plays and *Autos sacramentales;* and the house of Bourbon had already deprived the people of another recreation not less dear to them, the *Autos-da-fé.* The last of these human sacrifices was celebrated in 1680, in conformity to the wishes of Charles II. and as a

festival at the same time religious and national, which would draw down on him the favour of heaven. After the extinction of the Spanish branch of the house of Austria, the Inquisition was no longer allowed to destroy its victims in public; but it has continued even to our own days to exercise the most outrageous cruelties on them in its dungeons.

That party of literary critics who endeavoured to reform the national taste, and adapt it to the French model, had at its head, at the middle of the last century, a man of great talents and extensive information, who had a considerable influence on the character and productions of his contemporaries. This was Ignazio de Luzan, member of the Academies of language, history, and painting, a counsellor of state, and minister of commerce. He was attached to poetry, and himself composed verses with elegance. He found in his nation no trace of criticism, except among the imitators of Gongora, who had reduced to rules all the bad taste of their school. It was for the avowed purpose of attacking these that he carefully studied the principles of Aristotle and those of the French authors; and as he was himself more remarkable for elegance and correctness of style, than for an energetic and fertile imagination, he sought less to unite the French correctness to the eminent qualities of his countrymen, than to introduce a foreign literature in the place of that possessed by the nation. In conformity with these principles, and in order to reform the taste of his country, he composed his celebrated Treatise on Poetry, printed at Saragossa in 1737, in a folio volume of five hundred pages. This work, written with great judgment and a display of vast erudition, clear without languor, elegant and unaffected, was received by men of letters as a master-piece, and has ever since been cited by the classical party in Spain as containing the basis and rules of true taste. The principles which Luzan lays down with regard to poetry, considered as an useful and instructive amusement, rather than as a passion of the soul, and an exercise of one of the noblest faculties of our being, are such as have been repeated in all treatises of this kind, until the time when the Germans began to regard this art from a more elevated point of view, and substituted for the poetics of the peripatetic philosopher a more happy and ingenious analysis of the mind and the imagination.

Some Spanish authors, about the middle of the last century,

commenced writing for the theatre, on the principles of Luzan, and in the French style. He himself translated a piece of La Chaussée, and many other dramatic translations were about the same time represented on the stage at Madrid. Augustin de Montiano y Luyando, counsellor of state, and member of the two academies, composed, in 1750, two tragedies, *Virginia* and *Ataulpho;* which are, says Boutterwek, drawn with such exact conformity to the French model, that we should take them rather for translations than for original compositions. They are both, he adds, frigid and tame; but the purity and correctness of the language, the care which the author has taken to avoid all false metaphors, and the natural style of the dialogue, render the perusal of them highly agreeable. They are composed in blank iambics, like the Italian tragedies. Luis Joseph Velasquez, the historian of Spanish poetry, attached himself to the same party. His work, entitled *Orígenes de la Poesia Española*, printed in 1754, shews how much the ancient national poetry was then forgotten, since we find a man of his genius and learning, often involving its history in fresh confusion, instead of throwing new light upon it. His work has been translated into the German tongue, and enriched with extensive observations by Dieze.* These critics were not deficient in talent and taste, although they were scarcely capable of appreciating the imagination of their ancestors; but Spain, from the death of Philip IV. to the middle of the last century, did not produce a single poet who could merit the attention of posterity.

The only species of eloquence which had been cultivated in Spain, even in the most splendid period of her literature, was that of the pulpit. In no other profession was an orator permitted to address the public. But if the influence of the monks, and the shackles with which they had loaded the mind of the nation, had at length almost destroyed all poetical genius, we may easily imagine what the art of eloquence would be in their hands. The preposterous study of an unintelligible jargon, which was presented to students under the names of logic, philosophy, and scholastic theology, inevitably corrupted the minds of those destined to the church. As a model of style, they had no other guide than Gongora and his school; and, on this affected and extravagant manner, which had been named the cultivated style, all their discourses were formed.

* Gottingen, 1769, 1 vol. 12mo.

The preachers endeavoured to compose long and sounding periods, each member of which was almost always a lyric verse; to form an assemblage of pompous expressions, however inconsistent with each other; to construct their sentences on the complicated model of the Latin tongue; and by fatiguing and surprising the mind, to conceal from their auditors the emptiness of their sermons. Almost every phrase was supported by a Latin quotation. Provided they could repeat nearly the same words, they never sought any connexion in the sense, but they congratulated themselves, on the contrary, as on a felicity of expression, when, by applying the words of Scripture, they could express the local circumstances, the names and the qualities of their congregation in the language of the sacred writings. Nor, in order to procure such ornaments, did they confine their researches to the Bible; they placed in requisition all their knowledge of antiquity, and more especially treatises on ancient mythology; for, agreeably to the system of Gongora, and the opinion which was formed of the cultivated style, it was an acquaintance with fabulous history, and a frequent display of it, which distinguished a refined from a vulgar style. Witticisms, a play on words, and equivoques, appeared to them oratorical strokes not unworthy of the pulpit; and popular preachers would not have been satisfied, if violent and repeated bursts of laughter had not borne testimomy to their success. To attract and command the attention from the outset, appeared to them the essence of art; and to attain this, they considered it no impropriety to excite the attention of their audience by a jest, or to scandalize them by a beginning which seemed to be blasphemous or heretical, provided that the conclusion of the sentence, which was always long delayed, explained in a natural manner what had at first amazed and confounded the hearer.

In the midst of this scandalous degradation of Christian eloquence, a man of infinite wit, a Jesuit, who belonged to that society of reformers of the public taste which had been formed about the middle of the eighteenth century, and who was also connected with Augustin de Montiano y Luyando, the tragic poet and counsellor of state, of whom we have recently spoken, undertook to correct the clergy, and more particularly the preachers, by a comic romance. He took Cervantes for his model, in the hope of producing the same impression on bad preachers by the life of his ridiculous monk,

as the author of Don Quixote had made on all bad romance-writers by the adventures of his whimsical knight. This extraordinary work, entitled, *The Life of Friar Gerund de Campazas*, by Don Francisco Lobon de Salazar, appeared in three volumes, in 1758. Under the assumed name of Lobon, the Jesuit, Father de l'Isla, attempted to conceal himself; but the many enemies, whom this lively satire raised against him, soon detected the subterfuge. The circumstance of giving to works of profound thought and serious import, the form of a romance and a sportive style, is a peculiar characteristic of Spanish literature. The Italians do not possess a single work to place at the side of Cervantes, Quevedo, or Father de l'Isla. They consider it beneath them to mingle pleasantries, or the interest of fabulous adventures, with philosophic reflections. They are not on that account the more profound thinkers; they are only the less agreeable. Their pedantic gravity repels all readers who do not bestow on them a serious attention; and while they have excluded philosophy from the world of fashion, it has not derived any advantage from its banishment. In their literature therefore we find, perhaps, more taste, and an imagination fully as rich and better regulated, but infinitely less wit, than among the Spaniards.

Friar Gerund, the hero of Father de l'Isla, is supposed to be the son of a rich countryman of Campazas, Antonio Zotes, a great friend of the monks, and who opens his house and granaries to them whenever they seek alms in his village. His conversation with the Capuchins had filled his head with passages of Latin, which he did not understand, and theological propositions, which he received in an inverted sense. But he was the scholar of the village, and the monks, grateful for his abundant alms, applauded every thing he said. Zotes became, by anticipation, proud of his son, to whom he was ambitious of giving a regular education. His brother, a gymnasiarch of San Gregorio, had already distinguished himself in his eyes by a dedicatory epistle in Latin, which the most experienced linguist could neither construe nor understand.* Gerund was not yet seven years old when he was

* This epistle is worthy of Rabelais, whom in other respects also Father de l'Isla often recalls to our recollection, by his lively and exquisite satire, by his humorous travestie of pedantry, and by the address with which he lashes not only the particular object of his castigation, but every thing ridiculous in his way. At the same time the reverend father, in his imitation of Rabelais, has never, like him, offended against propriety of manners. We here give the commencement of this epistle, and the Castilian translation attached to it:

Hactenus

sent to learn the rudiments of language from the master of the school of Villa Ornata; and the author hence takes occasion to describe, in a burlesque manner, the mode of instruction and pedantry of the village teachers, as well as the ridiculous importance which was at that time bestowed on the disputes as to the ancient and new orthography. The scene becomes still more amusing, when Gerund appears before the *domine* or governor, who enquires into his attainments. It is impossible to describe in a more entertaining manner, the gravity of the pedant, who at every opportunity gives Latin quotations; the folly of the subjects on which he discourses; and the admiration which he endeavours to instil into his pupil, for every thing that is most bombastic and ridiculous in the titles and dedications of books. Father de l'Isla takes this opportunity of making war without distinction on the dunces of all countries. Thus the governor presents to the admiring Gerund the dedicatory epistle of a treatise of sacred geography by some German author. "To the only three hereditary sovereigns in heaven and earth, Jesus Christ, Frederic Augustus, Electoral Prince of Saxony, and Maurice William, Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Zeitz." "An excellent idea!" exclaims the governor, "but you shall shortly hear something much superior! I allude to the titles which our incomparable author has invented to explain the states of which Jesus Christ is hereditary prince. Attend to me, my children! perhaps in all your lives you will not hear any thing more divine. If I had been so fortunate as to have invented these titles, I should have considered myself an Aristotle or a Plato. He calls, then, Jesus Christ, in pure and easy Latin, 'The Crowned Emperor of the Celestial Host, His Majesty the chosen King of Sion, Grand Pontiff of the Christian Church, Archbishop of Souls, Elector of the Truth, Archduke of Glory, Duke of Life,

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Hactenus me intrà vulgam animi litescentis inipitum, tua here tudo instar mihi luminis extimandea de normam redubiare compellet sed antistar gerras meas anitas diributa, et posartitum nasonem quasi agredula: quibusdam lacunis. Barburum stridorem averrucandus oblatero. Vos etiam viri optimi, ne mihi in anginam vestræ hispiditatis arnauticataclum carmen irreptet. Ad rabem meam magicopertit: cicures quæ conspicite ut alimones meis carnaboriis, quam censiones extetis, etc.

"Hasta aquí la excelsa ingratitud de tu soberanía ha obscurecido en el animo, á manera de clarissimo esplendor las apagadas antorchas del mas sonoro clarin, con ecos luminosos, á impulsos balbucientes de la furibunda fama. Peró quando examino el rosicler de los despojos al terso bruñir del emisferio en el blando oróscopo del argentado catre, que elevado a la region de la techumbre inspira oráculos al acierto en bobedas de cristal; ni lo ayroso admite mas competencias, ni en lo heroyco caben mas eloquentes dilenancias."

Prince of Peace, Knight of the Gates of Hell, Hereditary Ruler of Nations, Lord of Assize, Counsellor of State, and Privy Counsellor of the King his Heavenly Father, &c. &c. &c." These examples give a value to criticism, by presenting us with reality in the midst of fiction, and by convincing us that if Gerund and his teachers are in themselves imaginary beings, the taste on which their history is founded, was but too real and prevailing.

The young Gerund having at length finished his studies, instead of becoming a priest, allows himself to be seduced by two monks, who lodge with his father, and who engage him to enter into their convent. The preacher dazzles him by his florid eloquence, whilst the lay brother secretly gains him over by making him acquainted with the illicit indulgences which the young monks find in their convents ; indulgences which are still augmented, when, as preachers, they become the favourites of the women, and their cells are replenished with chocolate and sweets, and all the offerings of pious souls.

The young monk takes for his model the senior preacher of his convent, Friar Blas, whose portrait is drawn by the hand of a master. He is a vain monk, who, above every thing, seeks the suffrages of the women, of whom his audience was composed, and who endeavours to charm their eyes by the fashion and elegance of his hood and woollen gown. It is he who furnishes the author with instances of sudden surprise, caused to the audience by the abrupt introductions of the preacher. At one time, preaching on the Trinity, he commences by saying : " I deny the proposition that God is a single essence in three persons." All his auditors instantly regard each other with amazement, when, after a pause, he continues : " Such is the language of the Ebionite, the Marcionite, the Arian, the Manichean ; but," &c. On another occasion, preaching on the Incarnation, he exclaims : " To your healths, gentlemen !" and when all his congregation are ready to burst into laughter, he gravely adds : " This is no subject for laughter ; for to your healths, to mine, and to that of all the world, has Jesus Christ contributed by his glorious incarnation."

Meanwhile, Friar Gerund, in his turn, begins to preach ; at first to the refectory, and afterwards to the self-disciplining penitents ; and as his unintelligible discourses had excited the wonder of the people, and particularly of the cobbler of the village, an acknowledged judge in the oratorical art,

Antonio Zotes, who was at that time mojor-domo of the brotherhood of the town of Campazas, sends for his son to deliver his first public sermon there on the day of the feast of the Holy Saerament. The triumph of his relations, the admiration of the villagers, the vanity and impertinence of the hero, are painted with exquisite truth by the satirical Jesuit. He describes the toilet of Gerund, the church where he is to preach, and the procession which attends him to the pulpit. "Friar Gerund," he says, "left his house for the church with the train which we have mentioned; he drew on himself the eyes of all that could see him; he walked gravely forward, his body erect, his head elevated, his eyes tranquil, mild, and benignant; making with dignity and reserve inclinations of his head to the right and to the left, in return to those who saluted him with their hats; nor did he forget to take out from time to time his white cambric handkerchief, with four knots of silk at the four corners, to wipe away the pretended perspiration, nor after that, his other handkerchief of silk, of rose colour on one side, and pearl on the other, to blow his nose when he had no occasion."

On his arrival at the church, he repeats a short prayer, and entering into the vestry while mass begins, which is sung by the licentiate Quixano, his godfather, two curates, parishioners of the neighbourhood, serve him as dean and subdean. The choir is composed of three sacristans, also of the neighbourhood, who bear the palm from the whole province in chanting the Gregorian hymn; the carrier of the village forms the base with his deep voice, and a boy of twelve years of age, who was intended for the chapel of St. James, at Valladolid, the treble. There is no organ in the church, but its place is supplied with advantage by two bagpipes from Galicia, whom the major-domo of the festival, the father of Gerund, had hired expressly for the occasion, promising to them twenty reals apiece, and meat and drink at discretion.

The opening of the sermon and the salutation of Friar Gerund to his native place, are copied from the text. The satirical Jesuit has in no degree overcharged them, and the preposterous discourse which he gives us, is by no means more extraodinary than those which are often heard in the churches of Spain and Italy. It is thus that he commences:

If the Holy Ghost has spoken to us the truth by the mouth of Jesus Christ, how unhappy a wretch am I! I shall be lost and utterly

confounded, for this oracle has declared that no man can be a preacher or a prophet in his own country: *Nemo Propheta in patriâ suâ.* How rash, then, have I been to stand forward as a preacher this day in mine! But, my brethren, suspend your judgment for a moment; for, to my great comfort, I find from the sacred writings, that all are not alike subjected to the truths of the Evangelist: *Non omnes obediunt Evangelio;* and who knows but this may be one of those numerous propositions, which, according to the opinion of a philosopher, are only put there to terrify us: *ad terrorem.*

These, my brethren, are the first-fruits of my oratorical labours, the exordium of my duties in the pulpit; or, to speak more clearly to the most ignorant, this is the first of all my sermons, according to the text of the sacred oracles: *Primum sermonem feci, O Theophile!* But whither doth the bark of my discourse direct its voyage! Attend to me, my friends! Every thing here presages a happy event. From every side I perceive prophetic glimpses of felicity. We must either refuse our faith to the history of the Evangelist, or the Anointed himself preached his first sermon in the place where he received sacred ablution from the purifying waters of baptism. It is true that the evangelical narration does not reveal this, but it tacitly supposes it. The Lord received the frigid purification: *Baptizatus est Jesus;* and the azure taffety curtain of heaven was rent: *Et ecce aperti sunt cœli;* and the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a fluttering dove: *Et vidi Spiritum Dei descendentem sicut columbam.* Behold! the Messiah receives the baptism! the celestial veil is rent! the Holy Spirit descends on his head. And do we not here trace the vestiges of it? Does not the celestial dove still hover around the head of the preacher?

But all explanation is superfluous, when the words of the oracle are so clear. It is further said, that Jesus, when baptized, retired to the desert, or that he was led thither by the Devil: *Ductus est in desertum ut tentaretur a Diabolo.* He there remained some time: he there watched and prayed, and was tempted; and the first time that he went out was to preach in a field in a country place: *Stetit Jesus in loco campestri.* How is it possible not to recognize in all this the lively picture of all that has happened to me? I was baptized in this illustrious parish; I retired into the desert of religion, if the devil indeed did not lead me thither: *Ductus est a spiritu in desertum, ut tentaretur a Diabolo.* And what else can a man do in the desert, than watch, pray, fast, and endure temptation? And I escaped from the desert to preach. To preach where? *In loco campestri;* in a country place, at Campazas; a place which recalls to mind the fields of Damascus, which raises envy in the plains of Pharsalia, and condemns to oblivion the fields of Troy, *et campus ubi Troja fuit.*

I never had the good fortune to hear a sermon from Spanish monk; but I once, when travelling, met by chance with an Italian barber, who made a trade of selling sermons to monks who were themselves too ignorant to compose them. He had an ear not insensible to a certain degree of harmony, and he succeeded in constructing a succession of sounding periods, to which nothing was wanting but the sense. He

understood a little French, and had the curiosity to turn over many old books. In order to compose these marketable sermons, he collected together the shreds and tatters of Christian preachers which he had discovered in some old library; and it was by no means easy to detect his plagiarisms, as he began and ended his theft always in the middle of a sentence. He consulted me on one of his sermons, but without acquainting me with the secret, and I was not a little astonished at those pompous periods, the conclusion of which never corresponded with the beginning, and of which the different parts had never been intended for one another. When he confessed to me in what way he had composed them, I endeavoured, in the best way I could, to unite the two ends of the sentences; but both my time and my patience failed me, and I returned his sermon to him not unworthy of Friar Gerund. A little time afterwards it was preached by the monk who bought it, and obtained as high applause as that of our hero of Campazas.

This Jesuit, who ridiculed with so much courage the bad taste of the monks, and who was not afraid of exciting scandal by jesting on sacred subjects, was in other respects a sincerely religious man, and one who was even scrupulous and rigid in his profession. All the sciences connected with church eloquence are incidentally laid down in his work, and he introduces on repeated occasions the superiors of Friar Gerund, who endeavour, by advice full of wisdom and religion, to lead him into a better style. The Jesuit at the same time directs some part of his satire against the new philosophy, which was at that time rising in France and England. He not only combats irreligion, but the abandonment of the ancient systems; he ridicules natural philosophy, and wishes to revive the study of scholastic theology; he appeals often to the authority of the Inquisition, and invokes its aid against those preachers who disfigure their compositions by profane applications; and, in short, he shews himself through his whole book very warmly and sincerely attached to his church. But all his zeal could not save him from the animosity of a portion of the clergy, and particularly of the mendicant order, who considered themselves as more immediately the subject of his attack. They discovered him under the assumed name by which he had endeavoured to conceal himself; they loaded him with invec-

tives, and engaged him in a literary warfare, which probably embittered his days, though he always obtained the advantage in his arguments. Their hatred is nevertheless only increased his reputation, and the *History of Friar Gerund* is regarded with reason as the first work of genius which Spain produced in the eighteenth century.

In the latter part of that century, a love of national literature seemed to revive in the narrow circle of Spanish writers. The correctness of the French style did not wholly satisfy them; they felt an attachment to the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and some men of real merit attempted to unite Spanish genius with classical elegance.

The first in this poetical band who ventured to attack the French style, was Vincent Garcias de la Huerta, a member of the Spanish academy, and librarian to the king. It seems to me, that without in any manner allowing the superiority of the Spanish over the French literature, we ought always to regard with approbation the attempts of a writer to restore to his country its original genius, to re-establish its peculiar character, and the imagination which it has received from its ancestors, and to prevent it from declining into a monotonous and fatiguing uniformity. The attempt of Huerta to revive the ancient literature of his country, by calling into action the national pride, was the more likely to be attended with success, as, before he applied himself to criticism, he had already deservedly obtained the name of a poet. A piscatory eclogue, which he recited in 1760, in a distribution of prizes made by the academy, had attracted the attention of the public; and his romances in the ancient style, his commentaries, and his sonnets, bore still stronger testimony to his poetical talents. At length, in 1778, he had the courage to imitate the ancient masters of the Spanish stage, who for the last hundred years had been considered as barbarous. He composed his tragedy of *Rachel*, in which he proposed to unite the brilliant imagination of Spanish poetry with the dignity of the French, and to avoid the conventional forms of the French drama without sacrificing its better qualities.

The public, with transport, seconded his patriotic intentions. *Rachel* was performed in all the theatres of Spain, and every where received with enthusiasm. Before it was printed, two thousand copies of it had been written, which had been forwarded to various parts of the Spanish dominions and to

America. Yet this piece is by no means perfect ; it is merely an honourable proof of the poetical and national sentiment of a man of genius, who was desirous of contributing to the re-establishment of the art in his native country. The subject is taken from the ancient history of Castile. Alfonso IX. who was defeated by the Moors in the dreadful battle of Alarcos, in 1195, was attached to a beautiful Jewess, called Rachel, whom the nobles and people accused as the cause of the calamities which had befallen the monarchy. He is entreated to terminate a passion which all his court regarded as dishonourable. He balances for a long time betwixt duty and love, when a rebellion, which he had with difficulty suppressed, broke out afresh. Rachel, whilst the king is absent hunting, is surprised in the palace by the rebels ; her wretched counsellor Reuben, is compelled to kill her, in order to save his own life ; and he is himself slain by the king on his return home. The piece is divided into three acts or *jornadas*, agreeably to the ancient usage of Spain. In other respects we may easily perceive that this great opponent of the French drama has not himself escaped the contagion of the taste which he was combating. The dialogue is wholly in unrhimed iambics, without any intermixture of sonnets or lyric verses, and there is no striking scene, although the deaths at the conclusion are represented on the stage. The language is dignified throughout, and many scenes are highly pathetic ; but the characters are badly managed. The beautiful Rachel does not appear sufficiently often ; her counsellor Reuben is disagreeable ; and the monarch is too feeble. It seems that Huerta wished to flatter not only the love of the Spaniards for their ancient drama, but also their hatred of the Jews. In another piece, called *Agamemnon vengado*, he attempted to apply the romantic style to a classical subject ; he mingled iambics with octaves and lyric verses, and he thus advanced a step further in his approach to Calderon. It was after he had acquired this title to the respect of the public, that Huerta, in order to re-establish the reputation of the ancient dramatists, published, in 1785, his *Teatro Español*, in sixteen volumes, small octavo, in which he has inserted his criticisms and invectives against the French stage. He has not, however, himself ventured to expose his favourite authors to a still more severe criticism. He has given in his collection few pieces except *comedies of the cloak and the sword*. and he

has not admitted a single play of Lope de Vega, the historical pieces of Calderon, or any of his *Autos Sacramentales*. He was too well aware of the violent hostilities to which such compositions would have exposed him. With almost the same views, Don Juan Joseph Lopez de Sedano published, in 1768, his *Parnaso Español*, to place before the eyes of his countrymen the ancient monuments of her poetical fame.

On the other hand, celebrity has attended some comic poets, almost of our own day, who have introduced, with success, the French style on the Spanish stage. In some instances, in imitation of Marivaux, they have painted elegant manners, fashionable sensibility, and the slighter interests of the heart; in others, they have attempted the higher drama, and sometimes they have even risen to comedies of character. Nicolas Fernandez de Moratin is known as an author of regular tragedy, Leandro Fernandez de Moratin as a comic author, and Don Luciano Francisco Comella as approaching nearer than either of the two others to the ancient national style. Their works have not, hitherto, found their way into other countries; and as they appear to have few pretensions to originality, they excite our curiosity in a slighter degree. Of all the authors of this new school, there is only one with whose pieces I am acquainted, and that imperfectly; those of Don Ramon de la Cruzycano published in 1788, and consisting of a great number of comedies, dramas, interludes, and *saynetes*. The last seem to have retained all the ancient national gaiety. The poet has taken a pleasure in painting in these little pieces the manners of the people, and introduces market-women, sellers of chesnuts, carpenters, and artisans of every kind. The vivacity of the inhabitants of the South, their passionate sentiments, their vivid imagination, and their picturesque language, preserve, even among the people, something poetical; and ennoble the characters drawn from this class of society. Don Ramon de Cruzycano has written, under the ancient name of Loa, prologues for the comedies represented before the Court, and we there find allegorical beings conversing with men agreeably to the ancient taste. Thus, in the *Vaqueros de Aranjuez*, which served as a prologue to a translation of *The Barber of Seville*, the Tagus, the Escurial, Madrid, and Loyalty, appeared at the same time with Shepherds and Shepherdesses. It is true, indeed, that the allegory is not, throughout, treated with the ancient gravity, and that

the shepherds occasionally indulge in a jest on these eccentric interlocutors assuming the human form. The pieces of Don Ramon are like those of the early times, composed in *redondilhas assonantes*, and lyric verses are occasionally mingled with them to express passion or sensibility; but this similarity of exterior form only renders the contrast of manners more striking; we think ourselves transported into another world, and we cannot conceive how Spanish words can express sentiments so opposite to those of the ancient Spaniards. There is no longer any trace in the higher ranks of the courteous gallantry of the cavalier, of the mixed reserve and passion of the women, of suspicious jealousy in the husband, of the cruel severity often shewn by fathers and brothers, or of that irritable point of honour, so destructive to the happiness of lovers. A *cavalier servente* in the Italian manner, under the name of *Cortejo*, is admitted to an intimacy with the young wife; his rights are acknowledged; to him solely belong the private conversation, the first place by her side, the honour of dancing with her, and all the tender sentiments and endearments of marriage; whilst the husband, exposed to caprice, and ill humour, neglected or overlooked by all the guests in the house, has no part left but that of paying the expenses. The two little pieces of *The Ball* and *The Ball seen from behind: El Sarao, y el reverso del Sarao;* prove to us that Spain has exactly adopted the manners of Italy. Another piece, taken from fashionable life, *El Divorzio feliz, The happy Divorce*, shews that the Spaniards were also well acquainted with the character of a man of successful gallantry; and that the frivolous pride of these conquests had assumed the place of the ancient distinctions of honour.

The latter part of the last century also gave birth to some lyrical poets, and to some works of originality. Tomas de Yriarte, principal keeper of the records of the Supreme Council, in his *Fabulas Litterarias*, published in 1782, attained in some degree to the grace and simplicity of La Fontaine; and their merit was the more felt, as at that period no good fabulist had appeared in Spain. He never displayed more grace than when he borrowed the *redondilhas* of the ancient Castilian romances.

Two of the fables of this author I shall here translate. The first, *The ass and the flute*, is adapted to a favourite popular air:

THE ASS AND THE FLUTE.

You must know that this ditty,
This little romance,
(Be it dull, be it witty)
Arose from mere chance.

Near a certain enclosure,
Not far from my manse,
An ass, with composure,
Was passing by chance:

As he went along prying,
With sober advance,
A shepherd's flute lying
He found there by chance.

Our amateur started
And eyed it askance,
Drew nearer, and snorted
Upon it by chance.

The breath of the brute, Sir,
Drew music for once;
It enter'd the flute, Sir,
And blew it by chance.

"Ah!" cried he, in wonder,
"How comes this to pass?
Who will now dare to slander
The skill of an ass?"

And asses in plenty
I see at a glance,
Who, one time in twenty,
Succeed by mere chance.

EL BORRICO Y LA FLAUTA.

Esta fabulilla,
Salga bien o mal,
Me ha ocurrido ahora
Por casualidad.

Cerca de unos prados
Que hai en mi lugar,
Passaba un borrico
Por casualidad.

Una flauta en ellos
Hallò, que un zagal
Se dexó olvidada
Por casualidad.

Acercose a olerla,
El dicho animal,
Y dió un resoplido
Por casualidad.

En la flauta el aire
Se hubo de colar,
Y sono la flauta
Por casualidad.

Oh! dixo el borrico
Que bien sé tocar!
Y diran que es mala
La musica asnal?

Sin reglas del arte
Borriquitos hai
Que una vez aciertan
Por casualidad.

The following, *The Bear and the Monkey*, is written in simple *redondilhas*, rhymed like the ancient romances:

THE BEAR AND THE MONKEY.

A bear with whom a Piedmontese
Join'd company to earn their bread,
Essay'd on half his legs to please
The public, where his master led.

With looks that boldly claim'd applause,
He ask'd the ape, "Sir, what think you?"
The ape was skill'd in dancing-laws,
And answer'd, "It will never do."

"You judge the matter wrong, my friend,"
Bruin rejoin'd; "you are not civil!
Were these legs given for you to mend
The ease and grace with which they swivel?"

It chanced a pig was standing by:
"Bravo! astonishing! Encore!"
Exclaim'd the critic of the sty,
"Such dancing we shall see no more!"

Poor Bruin, when he heard the sentence,
Began an inward calculation;
Then, with a face that spoke repentance,
Express'd aloud his meditation.

"When the sly monkey call'd me dunce,
I entertain'd some slight misgiving:
But, pig! thy praise has proved at once
That dancing will not earn my living."

Let every candidate for fame
Rely upon this wholesome rule;—
"Your work is bad, if wise men blame,
But worse if lauded by a fool!"

L'OSO Y LA MONA.

Un oso, con que la vida
Ganaba un Piamontes,
La no muy bien aprendida
Danza ensayaba ed dos pies.

Queriendo hacer de persona,
Dixo a una mona: Qué tal?
Era perita la mona,
Y rispondiòle: muy mal.

Yo creo, replicó el oso,
Que me haces poco favor,
Pues que? mi aire no es garboso?
No hago el paso con primor?

Estaba el cerdo presente,
Y dixo bravo! bien va!
Baylarin mas excelente
No se ha visto ni verà.

Echo el oso, al vir esto,
Sus quentas allá entre si,
Y con ademan modesto
Hubo de exclamar asi.

Quando me desaprobaba
La Mona, llegué a dudar,
Mas ya que el cerdo me alaba
Muy mal debo de baylar.

Guarde para su regalo
Esta sentencia un autor
Si el sabio no aprueba, malo;
Si el necio aplaude, peor.

Yriarte also wrote a didactic poem on music, which obtained a considerable reputation ; but which, notwithstanding the poetical ornaments with which the author has occasionally interspersed it, is, in the scientific portion of it, little more than rhymed prose.

Boutterwek, in conclusion, celebrates, as a favourite of the Graces, and as a poet worthy of the best times of Spanish literature, Juan Melendez Valdes, who is, probably, still alive, and who, at the close of the last century, was Doctor of Laws in Salamanca. His poems were printed at Madrid, in two volumes, octavo, 1785. From his youth he was a follower of Horace, Tibullus, Anacreon, and Villegas ; and, if he has not attained the voluptuous grace of the last, he has still adorned his poetry with a moral delicacy, to which Villegas had little pretension. The pleasures, the pains, and the joys of love, the festivals, the leisure, and the tranquil hours of a country life, are the subjects which Melendez delighted to celebrate. His lively and romantic genius would characterise him as a Spaniard ; but the turn of his thoughts is more allied to England and Germany. Some of his idyls have all the grace of Gessner, joined to the harmonious language of the South. I shall annex in a note, an example from Boutterwek;* and this is the last specimen of Spanish poetry which I shall present to the reader.

We shall here close the history which we proposed to give of the literature of Spain ; and it is with regret that we perceive the brilliant illusions which illustrious names and chivalric manners at first excited in us, successively vanishing from our eyes. The poem of the Cid first presented itself to us amongst the Spanish works, as the Cid himself amongst

* The following is an idyl of Melendez:

Siendo yo niño tierno,
Con la niña Dorila,
Me andaba por la selva
Cogiendo florecillas,
De que alegres guirnaldas
Con gracia peregrina
Para ambos coronarnos
Su mano disponia.
Así en niñeces tales
De juegos y delicias
Pasábamos felices
Las horas y los dias.
Con ellos poco á poco
La edad corrió de prisa,
Y fué de la inocencia
Saltando la malicia.
Yo no sé; mas al verme
Dorila se reia,
Y á mi, de solo hablarla
Tambien me daba risa.
Luego al darle las flores
El pecho me latia,
Y al ella coronarme
Quedabase embebida
Una tarde tras esto
Vimos dos tortolillas
Que con tremulos picos
Se halagaban amigas.
Alentónos su exemplo,
Y entre honestas caricias,
Nos contamos turbados
Nuestras dulces fatigas.
Y en un punto, qual s mtra
Voló de nuestra vista
La niñes; mas en torno
Nos dió el amor sus dichas.

the heroes of Spain; and after him we find nothing in any degree equalling either the noble simplicity of his real character, or the charm of the brilliant fictions of which he is the subject. Nothing that has since appeared can justly demand our unqualified admiration. In the midst of the most brilliant efforts of Spanish genius, our taste has been continually wounded by extravagance and affectation, or our reason has been offended by an eccentricity often bordering on folly. It is impossible to reconcile the alliance of so rich an imagination with so whimsical a taste, and such an elevation of soul with so great a perversion of truth. It may be observed that we have seen the Italians fall into the same error; but they retrieved their reputation, and the age which gave birth to Metastasio, Goldoni, and Alfieri, may, if it does not rival that of Ariosto and Tasso, at least bear a comparison with it without humiliation. But the feeble efforts of Luzan, of la Huerta, of Yriarte, and of Melendez, the only boast of their nation for a whole century, convince us how low their country has fallen. The inspiration of the earlier ages is extinct, and modern culture has been too imperfect, and too restricted, to supply the place of those riches no longer accorded by genius. The Italians had three periods of letters, divided by two long intervals of rest; that of original vigour, when Dante seemed to draw his inspiration from the force and plenitude of his own sentiments; that of classical taste, when the study of the ancients presented new treasures to Ariosto and to Tasso; and lastly, that of reason and mind devoted to the arts, when the elevation of thought and manly eloquence of Alfieri, and the exquisite observation of Goldoni, atone for the want of that fervent imagination which began to be exhausted. But the literature of Spain has, strictly speaking, only one period, that of chivalry. Its sole riches consist in its ancient honour and frankness of character. Its imagination is supported only by its ignorance, and creates prodigies, adventures, and intrigues in abundance, as long as it feels itself unrestrained by the bounds of the possible and the probable. Spanish literature shines forth in all its splendour in the ancient Castilian romances; all the fund of sentiments, ideas, images, and adventures, of which she afterwards availed herself, is to be found in this original treasure. Boscan and Garcilaso, indeed, gave it a new form, but not a new substance and a new life. The same thoughts, the same romantic sentiments are found

in these two poets and in their school, with the addition only of a new dress and a form almost Italian. The Spanish drama awoke; and, for the third time, this primitive source of adventures, images, and sentiments, was brought into action in a new shape. Lope de Vega and Calderon introduced on the stage the subjects of the early romances, and transferred to the dramatic dialogue the language of the national songs. Thus, under an apparent variety, the Spaniards have been wearied with monotony. The prodigality of their images and the brilliancy of their poetry, discover only a real poverty. If their minds had been properly disciplined, and if they had enjoyed freedom of thought, the Spanish writers would ultimately have extricated themselves from this dull routine, and would have run the same career as those of other nations.

This fund of images and adventures of which the Spaniards have so frequently availed themselves, is that to which in our days the name of romance has been particularly attached. We here find the sentiments, the opinions, the virtues, and the prejudices of the middle ages; the picture of that *good old time* to which all our habits attach us; and since chivalric antiquity has been placed in opposition to heroic antiquity, it is interesting, even in a literary point of view, to see the manner in which it has been treated by a lively and sensitive people, who rejected all new ideas, all foreign assistance, and the results of experience derived from other principles. This observation may, perhaps, teach us that the manners and prejudices of the *good old time* present, in fact, an abundance of riches to the poet, but that it is necessary to be elevated above them to employ them with advantage; and that, in appropriating these materials from remote ages, it is requisite to treat them in the spirit of our own times. Sophocles and Euripides, when they represent to us with so much sublimity the heroic age, are themselves raised above it, and employ the philosophy of the age of Socrates to give a just idea of the sentiments of the ages of Œdipus and Agamemnon. It is only by an accurate knowledge of the times, and the truth of all its history, that we can expect to give a new interest to the age of chivalry. But the Spaniards of modern days were in no wise superior to the personages who were the subject of their poetry. They were, on the contrary, inferior to them; and they found themselves unqualified to render justice to a theme of which they were not masters.

In another point of view also, the literature of Spain presents to us a singular phenomenon, and an object of study and observation. Whilst its character is essentially chivalric, we find its ornaments and its language borrowed from the Asiatics. Thus, Spain, the most western country of Europe, presents us with the flowery language and vivid imagination of the East. It is not my design to inculcate a preference of the oriental style to the classical, nor to justify those gigantic hyperboles which so often offend our taste, and that profusion of images by which the poet seems desirous to inebriate our senses, investing all his ideas with the charm of sweetest odours, of beautiful colours, and of harmonious language. I would only wish to remark that the qualities which continually surprise us, and sometimes almost disgust us in the poetry of Spain, are the genuine characteristics of the poetry of India, Persia, Arabia, and the East; poetry, to which the most ancient nations of the world, and those which have had the greatest influence on civilization, have concurred in yielding their admiration; that the sacred writings present to us in every page instances of that highly figurative language, which we there receive with a kind of veneration, but which is not allowed in the moderns; that hence we may perceive that there are different systems in literature and in poetry; and that, so far far from assigning to any one an exclusive preference over the rest, we ought to accustom ourselves to estimate them all with justice, and thus to enjoy their distinct and several beauties. If we regard the literature of Spain as revealing to us, in some degree, the literature of the East, and as familiarizing us with a genius and taste differing so widely from our own, it will possess in our eyes a new interest. We may thus inhale, in a language allied to our own, the perfumes of the East, and the incense of Arabia. We may view as in a faithful mirror, those palaces of Bagdad, and that luxury of the caliphs, which revived the lustre of departed ages; and we may appreciate, through the medium of a people of Europe, that brilliant Asiatic poetry, which was the parent of so many beautiful fictions of the imagination.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

STATE OF PORTUGUESE LITERATURE UNTIL THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE now remains to be considered only one other language of those which are denominated the Romance, or such as are compounded of the Latin and Teutonic tongues; and we here approach the Portuguese. We have already observed the rise and progress of the Provençal, the Romance-Wallon, the Italian, the Castilian, and, indeed, of all of those mixed tongues peculiar to the South of Europe, from the extreme point of Sicily to the Levant; and we next prepare to trace their progress as far as the western extremity of the same region, in Lusitania. We shall thus have completed a view of the chief part of the European languages, those which may be said, more particularly, to owe their existence to the Roman. In the Sclavonian and Teutonic tongues there yet remain two distinct subjects of consideration. The former of these have never yet been carried to a sufficiently high point of cultivation to exhibit those powers of which they might be rendered capable among a more civilized people, and in a more advanced state of society. But we look forward to a period when we may direct our enquiries both to the western and eastern regions of the North of Europe; and after dwelling upon the more abundant resources of the English and German, the two most distinguished among the Teutonic nations, we shall proceed to take a more rapid view of the respective literatures of Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. Thence extending our researches into the Polish and the Russian, we shall have completed the very enlarged outline of our original design, and shall have traced the progress and developement of the human mind throughout the different countries of Europe.

The kingdom of Portugal forms, in fact, only an integral portion of Spain, and was formerly considered in this light by the Portuguese, who even assumed the name of Spaniards, conferring on their neighbours and rivals, with whom they participated its sovereignty, the appellation of Castilians. Portugal, nevertheless, possesses a literature of its own; and its language, so far from being ranked as a mere dialect of the Spanish, was regarded by an independent people as the cha-

racteristic of their freedom, and was cultivated with proportional assiduity and delight. Hence the most celebrated among the Portuguese devoted their talents to confer lustre on the literary character of their country, emulating each other in every species of excellence, in order that their neighbours might, in no branch whatever, boast of any advantage over them. This national spirit has given to their productions a character quite distinct from the Castilian. It is true, indeed, that their literature will be found much more complete than abundant ; with examples of almost every kind of excellence, it is really rich in nothing, if we except its lyric and bucolic poetry. Its reputation triumphed but a short time ; and we must consider that the most distinguished among a nation, by no means very formidable in point of number, produced many of their works in the Castilian language. We may add, that its literary treasures were, in a manner, locked up from the rest of Europe. The Portuguese holding little communication with the more civilized portions of the globe, were too seriously engaged with their views of aggrandizement in India, as long as their national energy continued, and have since been too far sunk in apathy, to bestow much attention on their literary celebrity abroad. Of this, my frequent journeys, and my researches into the most celebrated libraries, which have enabled me only to procure a very small proportion of their works, have made me but too fully sensible. Not unfrequently, among a hundred thousand volumes, collected at immense expense, we scarcely meet with a single work written in the Portuguese tongue ; insomuch that, without referring to the labours of Boutterwek, it would have been difficult to give a sketch, however imperfect, of the literature of this country.

Although the greater number of the Portuguese poets occasionally composed in Castilian verse, the transition from one language to the other was by no means so easily effected as we might at first be led to suppose. The Portuguese is, in truth, a sort of contracted Spanish ; but this curtailment of the words has been most frequently such as to deprive them of their characteristic sounds. The language is, moreover, softened ; as is generally the case with all dialects spoken on the coasts and downs, in distinction to the more wild and sonorous forms of speech prevailing in mountainous regions. Such is the relation between the High German and the Dutch,

between the Danish and the Swedish, and between the dialects of Venice and Romagna.*

The Teutonic conquerors of Portugal very probably spoke a different language from those of the rest of Spain; and if any monuments of the familiar language of the middle ages remained, it would, perhaps, appear that among the Vandals and the Suevi, who never mingled much with the Visigoths, those peculiar contractions of speech were made use of, which influenced, from the period of their invasion, the common idiom of Galicia and Portugal. It is probable, likewise, that the Roman subjects were more numerous in the western provinces, after the conquest of the Barbarians, as we may observe the Portuguese bears a stronger affinity than the Castilian to the Roman, and also preceded it in point of time. But the invasion of the Moors, occurring at a period when the people of Spain had not yet begun to write in the vulgar tongue, renders such researches altogether uncertain; although, at the same time, the most learned writers Portugal can boast, maintain that their own particular dialect prevailed among the Christians under the dominion of the Arabs, and had been already applied to poetical composition.†

* The contraction of the Portuguese language from the Spanish is effected chiefly by the suppression of the consonants; the consonant in the middle of the words being generally that fixed upon for expunction; a retrenchment the most perplexing of any to the etymologist. It is thus that *dolor* becomes *dòr*, grief; *celos, ceos*, heaven; *mayor, mòr; nello, no; dello, do*, &c. There appear to be some letters for which the Portuguese entertain an absolute aversion. The letter *l* is even expelled from their proper names, as *Alfonso* is written *Affonso; Alboquerque, Aboquerque;* or it is sometimes changed into an *r; blando* becomes *brando;* and *playa, praja*. The double *l* is changed into *ch;* for *llegar* we have *chegar;* for *lleno, cheo*. The consonant *j*, not aspirated, but pronounced as it is in French, sometimes takes the place of *y*, and sometimes of *g*. The *f* is used instead of *h; hidalgo* being *fidaljo*. *M* is invariably substituted for *n* at the end of words; and the nasal syllables of *ion*, are changed into the nasal ones of *aó*. Thus *nacion* becomes *naçaó; navigacion, navigaçaó*.

† In his *Europa Portuguesa*, Manuel de Faria y Sousa presents us with fragments of an historical poem, in verses of *arte mayor*, and which he asserts had been discovered in the beginning of the twelfth century, in the castle of Lousam, when it was taken from the Moors. The manuscript containing them, appeared even then, he observes, to have been defaced by time, from which he would infer, that the poem may be attributed to the period of the conquest of the Arabs. But the fact itself seems to rest on very doubtful authority, and the verses do not appear either in their construction, in their language, or even in their ideas, to lay claim to so high an antiquity. This earliest monument of the Romance languages is, however, sufficiently curious to merit attention; and three stanzas are therefore here subjoined:

A Juliam et Horpas a saa grei daminhos, [fornezinhos,
Que em sembra co os netos de Agar
Huma atimarom prasmada fazanha,
Ca Muza, et Zariph com basta companha,
De juso da sina do Miramolino,
Com falsa infançom et Prestes malinho, [panha.
De Cepta aduxeron ao soler d'Es-

Julian and Horpas, with the adultrous blood
Of Agar, fiercest spoilers of the land,
These changes wrought. They call'd accurse
Islam's brood· [band
'Neath the Miramolin's sway; a numerous
Of shameless priests and nobles. Musa stood
And Zariph there, upon the Iberian strand
Hail'd by the false count, who betray'd the power
Of Bœtica, and yielded shrine and tower.

The antiquity of the earliest specimens of the language seems to unite with historical accounts, in leading us to the supposition that the Christians under the Moorish government had retreated to the western coasts of Spain, while the eastern parts were occupied by the Arabs, ambitious of commanding the commerce of the east of Africa. The kingdom of Leon had been recovered from the Moors long before New Castile, as the latter preceded the conquest of Saragossa, lying in the very heart of Aragon. As the Christians gained ground in Spain, they appear to have carried their conquests in the direction rather of a diagonal line, from the north-west to the south-east, than of one parallel to the equator; and we are justified in supposing, that the provinces first reconquered were those which previous to their subjection had been inhabited chiefly by Moçarabian Christians, who promoted the views of their liberators.

The little county of Portugal, comprehending only at that time the modern province of *Tra los Montes*, or the district of Braganza, together with a very small portion of the Minho, succeeded, like Galicia, in throwing off the Mahometan yoke, a short time after their invasion. But as long as the dominion of the Ommiades Caliphs continued, the Portugese, confining themselves to their mountains, rather evinced a wish of remaining unmolested, than of attempting fresh conquests. The dissensions which ensued among the Moors, on the death of Hescham el Mowajed, the last of the Ommiades of Cordova, in 1031, and which continued until 1087, when Joseph, the son of Teschfin the Morabite, brought the Moors of Spain under the dominion of Morrocco, gave both the Portu-

Et porque era força, adarve et foçado
Da Betica almina, et o seu Casteval
O Conde por encha, et pro comunal,
Em terra os encreos poyaron a saagrado.
Et Gibaraltar, maguer que adornado,
Et co compridouro per saa defensaó,
Pello susodeto sem algo de afaó
Presto foy delles entrado et filhado.

E os ende filhados leaes aa verdade,
Os hostes sedentos do sangue de onjudos
Metero a cutelo apres de rendudos,
Sem que esguardassem nem seixo ou idade;
E tendo atimada a tal crueldade,
O templo e orada de Deos profanarom,
Voltando em mesquita, hu logo adoSa besta Mafoma a medes maldade.

He led them safely to that rocky pile,
Gibraltar's strength. Though stored with rich resource
Of full supplies, though men and arms the Bristled its walls, its keys without remorse
Or strife he gave, a prey, by shameless guile,
To that vile unbelieving herd. the curse
Of Christian lands, who, rifling all its pride,
To slavery doom'd the fair; the valiant died.

And died those martyrs to the truth, who clung
To their dear faith, midst every threatenNor pity for the aged or the young
Stay'd their fierce swords, till they had drunk their fill;
No sex found mercy, though, unarm'd, they
Round their assassins' knees, rejoic'd to kill;
And Moors, within the temples of the Lord,
Worshipp'd their prophet false with rites abhorr'd.

guese and the Castilians time to recover themselves, and to arrange plans of future aggrandizement.

About the same period, Alfonso VI. on his return from the conquest of Toledo, united two of his daughters in marriage with two princes of the family of Burgundy, related to the royal house of France; to one of whom he presented, as a portion, the province of Galicia, and to the other the county of Portugal. Henry of Burgundy, its first acknowledged sovereign, at the head of such adventurers as had followed him, succeeded in gradually enlarging his small territories from the year 1090 to 1112, at the expense of the surrounding Moors. His son Alfonso Henriquez, the real founder of the Portuguese monarchy, successively acquired, during a life of ninety-one, and a reign of seventy-three years,* nearly the whole of Portugal, with the exception of the kingdom of Algarves. The efforts of the Almoravides to keep the lesser princes of Spain in subjection to the empire of Morocco, appear to have afforded a short respite to the Christians; while the very formidable number of Moçarabian Christians in these provinces, doubtless promoted a conquest, which might more justly be considered a revolution, inasmuch as it introduced a new dynasty and a new religion, without otherwise changing the people. Under the reign of the same Alfonso was achieved the memorable victory of Ourique, obtained over the Moors on the twenty-sixth of July, 1139, in which five Moorish kings were defeated, and which was followed by the adoption of the title of kingdom, in place of the county, of Portugal. The Cortes, assembled at Lamego in 1145, conferred a free constitution upon the new people, who, by the acquisition of Lisbon a few years after, came into possession of a powerful capital, with an immense population and an extensive commerce.

The great wealth and power enjoyed by this vast capital of a small nation, soon exercised a decisive influence on the genius and manners of the people. From the earliest times, the Portuguese had been habituated to a life of active intercourse with society and mankind, rather than to one of monkish seclusion in their castles. They were, therefore, far less haughty and fanatical; while at the same time, in consequence of the greater number of Moçarabians incorpo-

* Between 1112 and 1185.

ated with the nation, the influence of Eastern manners was diffused over them, more generally than over the Castilians. The passion of love seemed to occupy a larger share of their existence ; it was at once more impassioned and contemplative; and their poetry was mingled with a sort of worship of the idols of their affections, more enthusiastic than that of any other people of Europe.

In the finest country in the world, a land covered with orange groves, and upon whose hills the most exquisite vines seem to invite the hand of the inhabitant, we are surprised to observe that agriculture should have obtained so small a share of the public enquiry and regard. One side of the fine banks of the Tagus is at this day almost uncultivated ; and we proceed over a spacious and fertile plain, without even meeting a cottage, a blade of corn, or the slightest appearance of human industry and existence. The open grounds are devoted to pasturage, and, compared with the rest of the population, the number of the shepherds is very great ; insomuch that the Portuguese have, indeed, some grounds for considering a rural life as always connected with the care of guarding flocks. The nation, divided into hardy navigators, soldiers, and shepherds, seemed better calculated for the display of energy and courage than for active and persevering industry. Love, and the desire of glory and adventure, always supported the Portuguese under the severest labours and privations. As seamen and shepherds, they were inured to hardships, and ready to encounter the greatest dangers ; but as soon as the excitement of the passions ceased, an habitual and thoughtful indolence resumed its sway. The indulgence of this propensity, peculiar to the people of the South, does not appear to enervate the mind as in more northern regions. The pleasures to which they abandon themselves are of a refined nature, and are found in the enjoyment of contemplative feelings, and the pleasing influences of the climate. In the moments when they appear least active, they are really alive to emotions derived from external nature. However fallen the Portuguese may appear to us in these latter ages from the glory of their ancestors, they still delight in the recollection of the proud station which they at one time occupied in the annals of the world. A mere handful of brave knights achieved the conquest of a kingdom in less than a single age, and for eight centuries

following the frontiers of this little kingdom were never known, at least in Europe, to have been encroached upon or thrown back. Heroic battles against the Moors acquired for them a country which they contended for, inch by inch. In many of their chivalric expeditions, they even volunteered their aid to their powerful neighbours the Castilians; and the Christian monarchs of Spain never offered battle to the Moors, in any of those signal exploits which illustrate the period, without the assistance of the Portuguese, who always occupied an honourable station. The same chivalric spirit, early in the fifteenth century, led them beyond the straits of Gibraltar, and they undertook to found a new Christian empire on the very frontiers of Fez and of Morocco. A more enlarged ambition, and views still more extensive, flattered the heroes who reigned over Portugal during the middle of the same century. The Infant Don Henry, third son of John I., Alfonso V., and John II., were the first to divine the real peninsular form of Africa, and the vast ocean which embraces the world. Various hardy navigators traversed the torrid zone, then supposed uninhabitable, passed the line, and, launching into an unknown sea, steered their course by the aid of constellations in a heaven which was equally unknown to them. It was then that they first doubled the appalling Cape of storms, called by King John II. with happy foresight, the Cape of Good Hope. They pointed out to Europe an unknown track to India; and the conquest of its richest kingdoms, equalling in extent and resources the modern possessions of the English, was the work of a little band of adventurers. Their dominion there is, indeed, now no more; but the Portuguese language still remains, as a monument of their past greatness, the medium of the commercial transactions of India and Africa; and is made use of in all kind of communications, like the Frank language in the Levant.

The poetry of Portugal dates its origin as early as the monarchy itself, if, indeed, we are not to refer it to a still remoter period, in the time of the Moçarabians, or Christian Moors. Manuel de Faria y Sousa has preserved some specimens of ballads ascribed to Gonzalo Hermigues, and Egaz Moniz, two knights who flourished under Alfonso I., the last of whom is represented by Camoens as a perfect model of heroism. We are assured that he really died of

grief, on learning the infidelity of the beautiful Violante, the lady to whom his love-songs were addressed. What I have seen, however, of his poetry, appears to me nearly unintelligible.* As the productions of these two heroes constitute the monuments of the language and poetry of the twelfth century, so several obscure and half-barbarous fragments still remain, which are ascribed to the two succeeding ages. The enquiries of the antiquary have been more particularly directed to the recovery of the verses written by King Dionysius, the legislator, who reigned between the years 1279 and 1325, and who was one of the greatest characters Portugal ever produced. Those, likewise, attributed to his son Alfonso IV. who succeeded him, and those of his natural son, Alfonso Sanchez, were eagerly sought after. Belonging to the same remote period, we meet with a few sonnets written in Italian metre, evidently modelled on those of Petrarch, from which we gather that the extensive commerce of Lisbon soon introduced the great Italian poets of the fourteenth century to the notice of the Portuguese, and that the latter availed themselves of these master-pieces of song, which were not imitated until a much later period in Spain. But such vestiges of the early poetry of Portugal, during three centuries, between the years 1100 and 1400, may be said to belong rather to antiquarian than to literary research ; and serve to mark the progressive changes of the language much more than the degrees of intellectual cultivation and the developement of character.

In fact, it is not until the fifteenth century that we begin to perceive the rise of Portuguese literature; a period ennobled, likewise, by the most striking manifestations of national character. Having been in possession for more than one hundred and fifty years of the same boundaries which they at present retain, the Portuguese under Alfonso III., as early as 1251, made themselves masters of the kingdom of the Algarves. They were surrounded on all sides by the people of Castile, and no longer bordered upon the confines of the Moors ; and the sanguinary wars of the fourteenth century, in which they engaged, had failed to enlarge the limits of the monarchy. In the early part of the fifteenth century, the spirit of chivalry seemed to acquire fresh energy, and to

* Manuel de Faria, who cites them in his *Europa Portuguesa*, confesses that he himself can comprehend only a few of the words, without, however, being able to collect their meaning.—*Europa Portuguesa;* vol. iii. p. iv. c. ix. page 379, &c.

spread through all ranks of the people. King John I. led an army of adventurers into Africa, and was the first to display the banner of the five escutcheons on the walls of the powerful city of Ceuta, which was considered as the key of the kingdom of Fez; a place which his son prince Fernando, the Inflexible Prince of Calderon, refused to yield up, even to preserve his own life and liberty. In the succeeding reigns of his sons, and of his grandson Alfonso, called the African, many other cities were captured from the Moors, on the coasts of Fez and Morocco. It is not unlikely that the Portuguese would have taken the same advantage of the weakness of these barbaric powers, as their ancestors had done of that of the Moors of Spain, had not the discovery of the coasts of Senegal and the Sea of Guinea at the same epoch, divided their efforts, and withdrawn their attention from that object.

But the astonishing activity displayed by the Portuguese, at this period, was far from subduing their natural ardour for the more tender and enthusiastic passions, which they arrayed in all those touching and imaginative charms on which they so much delighted to dwell. Their existence seemed to be divided between war and love, and their enthusiasm for poetry and glory soon arrived at its highest pitch. The adjacent people of Galicia, whose language very nearly resembled the Portuguese, were, above all, remarkable, even in that romantic age, for their warmth and vivacity of feeling, and for the profuseness of poetic imagery with which they embellished the passion of love. Among such a people romantic poetry seemed to have taken up its seat, extending its influence, by degrees, over the poets of Castile and of Portugal. From the time of the Marquis de Santillana, the Castilians almost invariably selected the Galician language to embody their feelings of love, while the effusions of the poets of Portugal were, at the same time, received in Castile under the title of Galician poems. The master-spirit of this agreeable school of warm and poetical lovers, was *Macias*, justly entitled *L'Enamorado*. He may be said to belong equally to the literature of both people, and is thus considered as the common boast of all the Spains.

Macias was likewise distinguished as a hero in the wars against the Moors of Grenada. He attached himself to the celebrated Marquis of Villena, the governor both of Castile

and Aragon, and the domineering favourite and minister of his own kings. Villena set a just value on the talents and ability of Macias, but was seriously displeased when he found him inclined to mix his poetical loves and reveries with the more weighty affairs of state. He even expressly forbade our poet to continue an intrigue into which he had entered with a young lady, brought up in Villena's own house, and already married to a gentleman of the name of Porcuña. Macias, believing that it behoved him, as a true knight, to proceed with the adventure at all risks, soon incurred the jealousy of the husband, as well as the anger of his master, who threw him into a prison belonging to the order of Calatrava, at Jaen, of which Villena himself was the grand master. There the lover poured forth the chief portion of those songs, in which he seems to have dismissed all idea of the hardships of captivity, in order that he might more largely indulge in descriptions of the severer pangs of absence. Porcuña having intercepted one of these poetical appeals to the lady's tenderness, in a fit of jealousy, immediately set out for Jaen, where, recognising Macias through the bars of his prison, he took deadly aim at him with his javelin, and killed him on the spot. The instrument of his death was suspended over his tomb in the church of St. Catherine, with the following simple notice: *A qui yace Macias el Enamorado;* which may be said to have consecrated the appellation.

Nearly all the productions of this unfortunate poet, once admired and imitated throughout Portugal and Spain, are now lost. Sanchez, however, has preserved for us the very stanzas which were the cause of his untimely end. They every where breathe that deep melancholy of passion for which the poets of Portugal were so early distinguished, presenting us with a very striking contrast to their heroic exploits, to their obstinate preserverance, and, not unfrequently, to their cruelty. In the following stanzas are embodied the most striking sentiments of this effusion, so intimately connected with the untimely fate of the author:

Though captive, it is not my chains
That strike each pitying heart with fear;
All ask what more than mortal pains
Speak in each throb, each bitter tear.
I aim'd at fortune proud and high
To reach a blessing still more dear;
Wherefore it is I lowly lie,
No friend to soothe my latest hour,
Or say she heeds the tears I pour.

What should I say? Now do I learn
The wretch who dares thus madly soar,
(Long shall I rue the lesson stern)
Has mounted but to fall the lower.
If to desire her were to see,
Then should I see my love once more.
My heart confess'd my destiny,
And warn'd me still, with bodings vain,
Of love despis'd and cold disdain.

Sanchez, t. i. p. 138, § 212 to 221

We are assured on the authority of Portuguese antiquaries that the poetical followers of Macias were extremely numerous, and that the fifteenth century was adorned with poets of a romantic character, who vied with each other in the degree of tender enthusiasm and reflective melancholy which they breathed into their effusions, superior to any of the same kind which the Castilians had to boast. But their works, though collected in the form of *Cancioneri*, under the reign of John II., are no longer to be met with in other parts of Europe. The indefatigable exertions of Boutterwek have been in vain directed to the different libraries throughout Germany in pursuit of them, while my own researches into those of Italy and Paris have only had a similar result; insomuch that this very brilliant period, which is said to have decorated the literary annals of Portugal, escapes altogether from our observation.*

The real epoch of Portuguese glory was at length arrived At the time when Ferdinand and Isabella were still engaged in their wars with the Moors, Portugal was rapidly extending her conquests in Africa and the Indies, while the very heroism of chivalry seemed united in her people with all the persevering activity peculiar to a commercial state. The Infant Don Henry had now directed the energies of the nation for a period of forty-three years (1420 to 1463); the western coast of Africa appeared covered with Portuguese factories; that of St. George de la Mine had already become a colony; and the whole kingdom of Benin and of Congo, embracing the Christian faith, recognized the sovereignty of the crown of Portugal. Vasco de Gama at length appeared, and doubling the Cape of Good Hope, already discovered by Bartolomeo Diaz, was the first to unfurl a sail in the immense seas which led him to the Indian shores. A rapid succession of heroes, whose valour has never been surpassed, conferred lustre on this unknown world. In the year 1507, Alfonso d'Albuquerque possessed himself of the kingdom of Ormuz,

* A member of the Academy of Lisbon, Joaquim José Fereira Gordo, was commissioned by the academy in the year 1790, to examine the Portuguese books preserved in the Spanish libraries at Madrid. He there discovered a Portuguese *Cancioneiro*, written in the fifteenth century, and containing the verses of one hundred and fifty-five poets, whose names he records. All these poems are in the burlesque style, but no specimens of them are given.—*Memorias de Letteratura Potugueza*, iii. 60.

This *Cancioneiro*, the first of its kind, is of extreme rarity. A copy is preserved in the College of the Nobles at Lisbon. Another is in the possession of Sir Charles Stuart, the English ambassador at the Court of France. No other copy is known. The *Cancioneiro* of Reysende, which was published at a subsequent period, is more frequently met with.

and in 1510, of Goa ; thus within a few years, adding an immense empire to the crown of Portugal.

About the same period, under the reign of the great Emmanuel, between the years 1495 and 1521, appeared Bernardin Ribeyro, one of the earliest and best poets of Portugal, who rose to very distinguished eminence in his art. He had received a learned education, and after studying the law, entered into the service of the king, Don Emmanuel. Here he indulged a passion for one of the ladies of the Court, which, while it gave rise to some of his most exquisite effusions, was the cause of his subsequent unhappiness. It is supposed that the object of his admiration was the king's own daughter, Beatrice ; although the poet, throughout his works, seems every where extremely cautious of betraying the secret of his soul. His imagination became wholly devoted to the object of his love, and received so deep and lasting an impression, that he is said to have passed whole nights among the woods, or beside the banks of a solitary stream, pouring forth the tale of his woes in strains of mingled tenderness and despair. But we are relieved by hearing, on the other hand, that it is well known he was married, and was affectionately attached to his consort ; and as we are not in possession of the respective eras of his life, we are doubtful in what manner these apparent contradictions are to be reconciled.

Ribeyro's most celebrated pieces consist of eclogues ; and he was the first among the poets of Spain who represented the pastoral life as the poetical model of human life, and as the ideal point from which every passion and sentiment ought to be viewed. This idea, which threw an air of romantic sweetness and elegance over the poetry of the sixteenth century, but at the same time gave to it a monotonous tone, and an air of tedious affectation, became a sort of poetical creed with the Portuguese, from which they have rarely deviated. Their bucolic poets may justly, then, be regarded as the earliest in Europe. The scene of Ribeyro's pastorals is invariably laid in his own country. We are led along the banks of the Tagus and the Mondego, and wander amidst the scenery of the sea-shores. His shepherds are all Portuguese, and his peasant girls have all of them Christian names. We often feel sensible, however, of a sort of relation and resemblance, which we do not quite understand, between the events belonging to this pastoral world, and that in which

the author really moved at court. Under the disguise of fictitious characters, he evidently sought to place before the eyes of his beloved mistress the feelings of his own breast; and the wretchedness of an impassioned lover is always the favourite theme of his rural muse. His style is much like that of the old romances, mixed with something yet more touching and voluptuous. It has, moreover, a tinge of conceit, which we must not expect to avoid in perusing Spanish poetry, even of the earliest date; but it has all the merit which earnestness and simplicity of feeling, blended with gracefulness of manner, can be supposed to confer. His eclogues are, for the most part, written in *redondilhas*, in a verse consisting of four trochees, and a stanza of nine or ten lines. The eclogue is always divided into two parts, one of which is a recital or dialogue, by way of introduction, and the other a lyric song by a shepherd, on which a more particular degree of poetic care and polish is bestowed. Such, with very slight alterations, was the method pursued by Sanazzaro, which most probably served as a model for Ribeyro; though the introductory pieces of the Italian poet are given in each eclogue in a sort of measured prose instead of verse; a form which was likewise adopted at a later period by the Portuguese.

Of all species of poetry, perhaps, the lyric and bucolic are least susceptible of being rendered into another tongue. They lose the very essence of their beauty; and an exquisite passage in the third eclogue of Ribeyro, has made me too fully sensible of this truth. The frequent repetitions of the same words, and of the same ideas, and the enchanting flow of this very mellifluous language, seem calculated to exhibit to the reader the inmost workings of the melancholy soul of a love-fond poet; but it is to be feared that the whole charm may have escaped in the following version:

Oh, wretched lover! whither flee?
What refuge from the ills I bear?
None to console me, or to free,
And none with whom my griefs to share!
Sad, to the wild waves of the sea
I tell the tale of my despair
In broken accents, passion fraught,
As wandering by some rocky steep,
I teach the echoes how to weep [taught.
In dying strains, strains dying love hath
There is not one of all I loved
But fail'd me in my suffering hour,
And saw my silent tears unmoved.
Soon may these throbbing griefs o'erpower
Both life and love, so Heaven approved!
For she hath bade me hope no more.

Triste de mi, que sera?
O coitado que farei,
Que nam sei onde me vá
Com quem me consolarie?
Ou quem me consolara?
Ao longo das Ribeiras,
Ao som das suas agoas,
Chorarei muitas canceiras,
Minhas magoas derradeiras,
Minhas derradeiras magoas.
Todos fogem ja de mim,
Todos me desempararem,
Meus males sos me ficarem,
Pera me darem a fim
Com que nunca se acabaram
De todo bem desesparе,

I would not wish her such a doom:
No! though she break this bruised heart,
I could not wish her so to part [tomb.
From all she loved, to seek, like me, the

How long these wretched days appear,
Consumed in vain and weak desires;
Imagined joys that end in fear,
And baffled hopes and wild love's fires.
At last then, let me cease to bear
The lot my sorrowing spirit tires!
For length of days fresh sorrow brings:
I meet the coming hours with grief—
Hours that can bring me no relief,
But deeper anguish on their silent wings.

Pois me desespera quem
Me quer mal que lhe nam quero;
Nam lhe quero se nam bem,
Bem que nunca delha espero

O meus desditosos dias
O meus dias desditosos:
Como vos his saudosos,
Saudosos de alegrias,
D'alegrias desejosos;
Deixame ja descansar,
Poisque eu vos faço tristes
Tristes, porque meu pesar
Me den os males que vistes,
E muitos mais por passar.

We have already oberved that Ribeyro entered into the marriage state, and his biographers agree in giving him the character of an affectionate and constant husband. In one of his *cantigas*, however, which has been handed down to us, he contrasts the passion that he entertained for his mistress with the matrimonial fidelity due to his wife, in a manner by no means flattering to the latter.

I am not wed. No, lady, no;
Though with my hand I seal'd the vow,
My heart, unmarried, fondly turns to you.
Ere yet I gazed upon your face,
Unconscious that I err'd, I gave
One trifling hand, nor cared to save
Its freedom, keeping in its place
Both eyes and heart, where you may trace,
Lady, how much they are your own;
Oh, freely yours! and yours alone.
They say, Love's union, to be blest
On either part, should meet with free,
Unfetter'd souls; and you may see,
My thoughts, my liberty, my rest,
Are all shrin'd in one gentle breast;
Glad that though one poor hand I lost,
You still my heart and soul and love may boast.

We think, however, that we can discover a strain of sportiveness running through this little piece, which might serve to tranquillize the feelings of his consort. It was with a very different expression of feeling that Ribeyro had sung his early loves, in the depth and seriousness of his soul.

There remains, likewise, a singular work of the same hand in prose, consisting of a romance, entitled, *Menina e Moça: The Innocent Young Girl;* and it is equally remarkable as being the earliest Portuguese production written in prose, aiming at an elevation of language and the expression of the more impassioned sentiments of the heart. It is a mere fragment, and the author has added to its obscurity by a studied concealment of his own adventures. Lost in a labyrinth of passions, we are frequently at a loss to follow him through the various intrigues and surprises intermingled with each other. It may be considered in the light of a mixed pastoral and chivalric story, which served as a model for the other poets of Portugal, and, in particular for Montemayor. Here, therefore, we find the source of the *Diana*, and of the prolific

race of Spanish romances, as well as of the *Astrea*, and its no less numerous offspring, in the literary annals of France.

Next follows Christoval Falçam, a Knight of the Cross, an Admiral, and Governor of Madeira. He was contemporary with Ribeyro, and, like him, composed eclogues, equally full of romantic mysticism and the dreams and sorrows of love. The genius of Portuguese poetry is certainly of a more mournful cast than any thing we find in that of Castile. There is in it a melancholy flowing from the heart, and breathing the accents of truth, with little apparent study or research, which the Castilians have rarely evinced. Versed in public affairs, and a military man, Falçam was acquainted with the passions, not only as they exist in poetry, but in the world. There are still remaining some lines written by him in prison, where he was actually confined for five years, for having married against the wishes of his parents. An eclogue, likewise, of more than nine hundred lines may be found at the end of his romance of *Menina e Moça;* a work which contains nearly the whole of the Portuguese poetry that appeared before the reign of John III.

In the same work we also meet with several *gloses*, or *voltas*, upon a variety of devices and canzonets, which are often very laboriously studied, while they occasionally discover something of antique simplicity and grace.*

The brilliant reign of the great Emmanuel was succeeded by that of John III., which continued from the year 1521 to 1557; but this prince failed in securing for his subjects the same prosperity which they had enjoyed under his father. He involved himself in imprudent wars in Asia, and invaded the civil and religious rights of his European subjects. In

* The following is, perhaps, one of the most simple and pleasing of these pieces:

Nam posso dormir as noites,
Amor, nam as posso dormir.

Desque meus olhos olharom
Em vos seu mal e seu bem,
Se algum tempo repousarom,
Ja nenhum repouso tem.
Dias vam e noutes vem
Sem vos ver nam vos ouvir;
Como as poderei dormir?

Meu pensamento ocupado
Na causa de seu pesar,
Acorda sempre o cuidado
Para nunca descuidar.
As noites do repousar
Dias sam ao meu sentir,
Noutes de meu nam dormir.

Todo o bem he ja passado
E passado em mal presente,
O sentido desvelado
O coracaó descontente
O juizo que esto sente
Como se deve sentir,
Pouco leixara dormir.

Como nam vi o que vejo
Cos olhos do coraçam,
Nam me deito sem desejo
Nem me erguo sem paixam.
Os dias sem vos ver, vam,
As noites sem vos ouvir
Eu as nam posso dormir

1540, he introduced into his states the Spanish Inquisition in order to enslave the minds and dictate to the consciences of his people. He bestowed all the power at his court upon the Jesuits ; and he confided to their care the education of his grandson, Don Sebastian, whose fanaticism subsequently led to the destruction of the country.* But, whilst his weakness and folly were thus, during a long reign, preparing the downfal of the monarchy, his taste for letters, and the patronage he afforded to them, raised the literature of Portugal to a high degree of excellence.

Among the first of the classic poets who distinguished themselves at his court, was Saa de Miranda, already known to us in the character of a Castilian writer. We have seen that his eclogues in that tongue, are among the first in point of time, and are the most respectable in point of merit. All the Portuguese poets equally cultivated the two languages. Regarding their own as best adapted to soft and impassioned sentiment, they had recourse to the Castilian when they wished to embody more elevated and heroic thoughts ; and sometimes, when they treated amusing and burlesque themes, as if the mere employment of a foreign dialect gave a ludicrous air to the ideas. Several of the finest poems of Saa de Miranda, nearly the whole of those of Montemayor, and a few pieces of verse at least from the pens of all the other Portuguese poets, are in the language of Castile, while there is scarcely an instance of any Spanish poet expressing his poetical feelings in the Portuguese tongue.

The birth of Saa de Miranda took place at Coimbra, about the year 1495. Of noble parentage, he was early intended for the legal profession, and he became professor of law in the university of his native place. These pursuits, however, were too little in unison with his tastes and talents, to be continued beyond the life-time of his father, out of a regard for whose feelings he had hitherto been led to persevere. When he was no more, his son renounced the professor's chair, and, visiting Spain and Italy, soon formed an intimate acquaintance with the language and poetry of those countries. On his return, he obtained a situation at the court of Lisbon, where he was generally regarded as one of the most pleasing

* A long letter from this king to Joaó de Castro, on the method of introducing Christianity into the Indies, is cited by L. F. de Andrada, in the life of the governor of the Indies, as a monument of the king's piety: book i. pp. 74—86. It displays only the excess of his intolerance, his despotism, and the narrowness of his mind.

characters, although not unfrequently suffering under the dominion of a deep and settled melancholy. So liable, indeed, was he to its sudden influence, that often, while engaged in the animated scenes of life, surrounding objects seemed at once as it were to disappear from his view ; his voice faltered ; the tears started into his eyes ; and it was only when he was forcibly roused from this state of wretchedness, that he was conscious of having given way to his emotions. Philosophical studies were blended with his love of poetry, and he appears to have conceived as ardent an affection for Grecian as for Roman literature. To music he is said to have been passionately devoted, and to have been a fine performer on the violin. In consequence of a quarrel fastened upon him by one of the favourite courtiers, he was constrained to retire to his country seat of Tapada, near Ponte de Lima, between the Douro and Minho. There he devoted the remainder of his days to the pleasures of a country life, and to the studies which he so much loved. He was extremely happy in his matrimonial choice, to the object of which, though neither very young nor very beautiful, he is said to have been tenderly attached. He lived admired and beloved by all his contemporaries, and died, much regretted, in the year 1558.

About the period when Saa de Miranda attained his highest celebrity, Italian taste rose into such high repute with the Castilians, as nearly to produce a revolution in the national literature. But its introduction into Portugal some time before, had been attended with less sensible effects ; and her favourite poet, following the dictates of his feelings, and writing from the heart to the heart, never deigned to become an imitator. Even in Miranda's sonnets, a species of composition on which other poets have rarely conferred a distinctive character, we discover no traces of a servile pen. The following sonnet presents a favourable specimen of the style of this poet.

SONNET.

I know not, lady, by what nameless charm
Those looks, that voice, that smile, have each the power
Of kindling loftier thoughts, and feelings more
Resolved and high. Even in your silence, warm
Soft accents seem my sorrows to disarm ;
And when with tears your absence I deplore,
Where'er I turn, your influence, as before,
Pursues me, in your voice, your eye, your form.

Whence are those mild and mournful sounds I hear,
Through every land, and on the pathless sea?
Is it some spirit of air or fire, from thee,
Subject to laws I move by and revere;
Which, lighted by thy glance, can ne'er decay—
But what I know not, why attempt to say?*

If we are pleased with the depth and delicacy of feeling displayed in this sonnet, we shall perhaps be no less gratified with the striking picture of a sunset in the following, where Nature appears in her truest and happiest colours, and the reflections rising out of the scene harmonize beautifully with its external character. Whatever degree of praise may have been bestowed by modern critics upon a boldness of imagination, which, in other times, would have been censured as extravagance, fine description and reflection have their own peculiar merits; and these, under the inspiration of a true poet, are always sure to command the emotions of his readers, and to attract them by the force of truth.

SONNET.

As now the sun glows broader in the West,
Birds cease to sing, and cooler breezes blow,
And from yon rocky heights hoarse waters flow,
Whose music wild chases the thoughts of rest;
With mournful fancies and deep cares oppress'd,
I gaze upon this fleeting worldly show,
Whose vain and empty pomps like shadows go,
Or swift as light sails o'er the ocean's breast.
Day after day, hope after hope, expires!
Here once I wander'd, 'mid these shades and flowers,
Along these winding banks and green-wood bowers,
Fill'd with the wild-bird's song, that never tires.
Now all seems mute—all fled! But these shall live,
And bloom again: alone unchanged, I grieve.

But it was in the pastoral world that Saa de Miranda seemed to breathe and live; a world of his own. His thoughts and his affections continually recurred to it; and his other productions every where bear the stamp of his idyls and his romance. His most delightful eclogues, it is true, as

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* Nam sei que em vos mas vejo, nao sey que
Mais ouço et sinto ao vir vosso, et fallar;
Naó sey que entendo mais, té no callar,
Nem, quando vos nam vejo, alma que vee.
Que lhe aparece em qual parte que esté,
Olhe o Ceo, olhe a terra, ou olhe o mar,
E triste aquelle vosso susurrar,
Em que tanto mais vai, que direy queè?
Em verdade naó sey que he isto que anda
Entre nós, ou se he ar, como parece,
Où fogo d'outra sorte, et d'outra ley,
Em que ando, de que vivo, et nunca abranda
Por ventura que á vista resplandece.
Ora o que eu sey taó mal como direy?

we have before seen, were written in Spanish, leaving only two in his native language; and these are not unfrequently obscured by a mixture of popular phrases and allusions to the customs of the country.*

Miranda was the first who introduced poetical epistles to the notice of the Portuguese. In these he united a sort of pastoral language, more peculiarly his own, to an imitation of his favourite author, Horace; together forming an union of romantic and didactic verse, whose attractions consist in the truth and feeling it displays, but which is, on the other hand, somewhat verbose and superficial. Unfortunately, Miranda was too much subjected to monastic authority to develope his thoughts clearly and boldly to the world. He did not venture to prefix the Latin title of *Epistolæ* to this portion of his productions, lest it might seem to imply a classical imitation, to which he by no means aspired; merely denominating them *Cartas*, or Letters, in allusion to their modern style. In these we easily recognize the courtier and the man of the world, no less than the poet and lover of rural scenes. The following stanza of the first Epistle, addressed to the king, would furnish a very good maxim:

The man of single soul, in all	Homem de hum só parecer,
Consistent, one in faith, in face,	D'hum só rostro, huá só fé,
Who cannot stoop, though he may fall,	D'antes quebrar que torcer,
Will fearless go wherever Fate may call,	Elle tudo pode ser,
Except to court, to pension, and to place.	Mas de corte homem naó he.

In the fifth Epistle we likewise meet with a singular passage, respecting the progress of a luxurious and dissipated taste in

* These consist of the fourth addressed to Don Manuel of Portugal, and the eighth to Nun Alvarez Pereira. In the latter, Miranda has turned into verse the satiric fable of Pierre Cardinal on the rain which produced madness. The original Provençal is cited in the fifth chapter; vol. i. p. 197. We now rarely meet with the old fictions of the Troubadours in modern verse, which renders this the more remarkable. Its application, however, is different.

Bieito, Str. 31.

Come de toda a vianda,
Nam andes nesses antejos
Nam sejas tam vindo a banda,
Temte a volta cos desejos.
Anda por onde o carro anda;
Vez como os mundos saó feitos;
Somos muitos, tu só es:
Poucos saó os satisfeitos,
Hum esquerdo entre os direitos
Parece que anda aò revez.

32

Dia de Mayo choreo;
A quantos agoa alcançou
A tantos endoudeceo;
Ouve hum sò que se salvou,
Assi entam lhe pareceo.
Dera, vista as sanceadas
Essas, que tinha mais perto,
Vio armar as trovoadas,
Alongou mais as passadas,
Foyse acolhendo ao cuberto.

33

Ao outro dia, hum lhe dava
Paparotes no nariz,
Vinha outro que o escornava,
Ei tambem era o juiz
Que de riso se finava.
Bradava elle, homens olhay!
Hiam lhe eo dedo ao olho;
Disse entam, pois assi vay
Nam creo logo em meu pay.
Se me desta agoa nam n olho.

Portugal, imbibed during its commerce with the East. It will be found to run as follows :

So rude were our forefathers in the lore
Of letters, that they scarce knew how to read;
Though valiant all and virtuous: not the more
I praise their ignorance; but I would plead
For the grave manners by our sires of yore
Observed, which now their sons no longer heed.
Whence springs the change? From letters? No; from gay
And frivolous customs of the modern day.

I fear for thee, my country; and I sigh
To see thee ape the slavish climes of Ind;
To see thee lose in feeble sloth the high
Proud name thou ownest; like that conqueror blind
And madly weak, who triumph'd but to die;
He whom Rome's proudest generals could not bind,
Nor Trebia, Thrasimene, nor Cannæ tame,
To Capua's vices yielded up his fame.

Dizem dos nossos passados,
Que os mais naó sabiam ler,
Eram bons, eram ousados;
Eu nam gabo o nam saber,
Como algús as graças dados.
Gabo muito os seus costumes:
Doeme se oje nam sam tais.
Mas das letras, ou perfumes,
De quais veo o dano mais?
Destes mimos Indianos
Ey gram medo a Portugal,
Que venhaó a fazerlhe os danos
Que Capua fez a Anibal
Vencedor de tantos annos.
A tempestade espantosa
De Trebia, de Trasimeno,
De Canas, Capua viçosa
Venceo em tempo pequeno.

The prediction of Miranda was but too soon fulfilled. After the conquest of the Indies, luxury and corruption spread their baneful influence over Portugal. The accumulation of riches, frequently obtained by the infliction of the most atrocious cruelties, was more regarded than the preservation of integrity and honour ; while the excesses to which indolence and profusion gave rise, were considered as the just heritage of nobility, and the reward of heroic toils.

Miranda was, likewise, the author of hymns addressed to the Virgin, of many popular songs and ballads, and of an elegy of a very mournful and devotional character, in which he deplores the death of his son, killed in Africa, probably in the great battle of the 18th April, 1553 ; and not, as it has been supposed, in that of Alcaçar, which did not take place until twenty years after the death of Saa de Miranda himself. But the confidence which it breathes, that his boy, falling in combat against infidels, had achieved for himself glory in heaven, although it served to allay his paternal griefs, was but little calculated to heighten the poetic embellishment of the subject.

In imitation of the classic Italian writers whom he admired, Miranda was desirous of conferring a classical theatre upon his own country, similar to that of the Romans, or to that which was patronized by Leo X. in Italy. He successively emulated the dramas of Ariosto and of Machiavel, of Plautus and of Terence ; and he produced, among others, two comedies which may be referred to the class of *erudite comedies* in the literature of Italy, quite opposite in character to a species

of *comedies of art*, at that time played on the boards of Portugal. One of these dramas by Miranda is entitled, *Os Estrangeiros: The Strangers;* the other, *Os Villalpandios*, the name of two Spanish soldiers introduced upon the scene. The action is placed in Italy, but the poet would have succeeded better in imitating the manners of his native country, with which he was conversant, than in representing those of a different people. These comedies are not to be found in the edition of Miranda's works, now in my possession ; and I am indebted to Bouterwek for the knowledge of two extracts from them, one of which is an evident imitation of the *Adelphi* of Terence. The dialogue, written in prose, is very spirited. In his representations of common life, Miranda sought to give dignity to his subject, as he had before refined and elevated the language of the shepherds in his eclogues.

Contemporary with Miranda, and approaching nearest to him in the taste and genius of his compositions, was Montemayor. Though a Portuguese by birth, he seems to have refused to hold a station in the literary history of his country. The only specimens of his Portuguese poetry which remain, are two little songs to be found in the seventh book of his *Diana*, and almost too trifling to deserve our notice. The succeeding age, however, produced a poet, who dedicated his talents to his country ; who laboured to reconcile the genius of his native language with classical poetry ; and who merited from his countrymen the title of the Horace of Portugal.

Antonio Ferreira was born at Lisbon in the year 1528, and being destined by his friends, who were connected with the highest authorities of the robe, to move in public life, was sent with this view to acquire a knowledge of the law at Coimbra. About this period, it was usual for the students and other literary characters of the university, to exhibit their poetic skill in the production of Latin verses. But Ferreira, inspired by those patriotic sentiments which he already began to entertain, adopted and strictly adhered to the plan of writing only in his native tongue. He did not hesitate, however, to avail himself of the qualities he so much admired in the poets of Italy, and in particular in his favourite model, Horace. He bestowed the pains of classical correction, both on his ideas and on his language ; and confining himself almost exclusively to the Italian metres, he never devoted

his time to the composition of *redondilhas*, or of any other species of verse in the old national manner. The greater part of the sonnets that appear in his works, were written before he left the university. After having filled a professor's chair at Coimbra, he visited the court, where he occupied a distinguished situation. Here he was soon regarded as the oracle of the critics, and as a model of good taste to all young poets. A brilliant career appeared to be opening to his view, when he was suddenly carried off by the plague which raged in the year 1569.

In the opinion of Ferreira, the nicest degree of correction, both of thought and language, was requisite to the poetical beauty of every finished performance. It was one of his objects to banish every species of orientalism from the literature of his country; and he sought to avoid in his writings the appearance of singularity as much as of mere common-place. He aimed rather at noble than at novel ideas; and the qualities which most distinguished him were those of correctness, picturesque power, and variety of expression, together with what may be termed the poetry of language. By an union of these, he attempted to prove that the popular simplicity and sweetness of the Portuguese language were not inconsistent with the dignity of didactic verse, or with the flow of rhythm necessary to the highest poetical style. But in his endeavours to improve the national literature, he departed too far from the national taste; which may, perhaps, have occasioned his productions to be better relished by strangers than by his own countrymen. They are, at the same time, the easiest to be understood of any in the language; while they approach the nearest, among the Portuguese, to those of the Roman tongue. If we are unable to detect many defects in the poetry of Ferreira, we are, on the other hand, at a loss to discover any of those higher efforts of genius, which strike the imagination or fire the soul. When a poet fails in bringing the vivid creations of genius before our eyes; when he no longer stirs the heart with the tenderness or the violence of the passions; and more than all, when the leaden hand of fanaticism weighs down the vigour of his thoughts; however he may attempt to interest us by a display of feeling and reflection, and however much we may applaud the force, ease, and elegance, of his descriptions, we are never borne away by the strength of his illusions, and never seem to lose our-

selves with him for a moment. The power which such a poet exercises over us, is still further lost in a translation. The sonnets of Ferreira remind us of Petrarch, and his odes, of Horace ; but in neither of these departments does the imitator rival the excellence of his models. Of his elegies, the greater part are filled with expressions of regret, which do not appear to have proceeded from the heart of the writer, being chiefly written on the death of some illustrious personage, whom the poet was bound to celebrate. Others are rather of a luxurious than a pathetic cast of sentiment. Such is one of the happiest of these pieces, written on the return of the month of May, and giving a very pleasing description, in *terza rima*, of the glowing freshness of Spring, and the reviving reign of the Mother of the Loves. The eclogues of Ferreira possess little merit beyond what ease and sweetness of diction may be supposed to confer. In truth, his genius was not of a pastoral turn. His Epistles, forming by far the most voluminous portion of his works, are, likewise, in the opinion of Boutterwek, the most excellent.* They were written at a time when the author, who resided at the court, had arrived at the maturity of his powers, adding to his acquisitions in ancient literature and philosophy, an intimate acquaintance with the existing world.

I shall not, however, have recourse to the authority of Boutterwek in estimating the dramatic works of Ferreira, although so greatly indebted, on many occasions, to his researches into Portuguese literature. To me they appear to be of a far higher order than his lyric poems ; but their author must, after all, be referred to the school of modern imitators of the ancients ; a school which all the German critics have so loudly denounced. Ferreira produced a tragedy on the national subject of Inez de Castro, a story which so many Portuguese poets have since celebrated. He had then no other model than the ancients ; the Spanish theatre

* As some example of the miscellaneous pieces of Ferreira, we adduce a sonnet which appears to have been addressed to his mistress, Marilia :

Quando entoar começo, com voz branda,
Vosso nome d'amor doce e soave, [ave,
A terra, o mar, vento, agoa, flor, folha,
Ao brando som s'alegra, move e abranda.
Nem nuvem cobre o ceo, nem na gente anda
Trabalhoso cuidado, ou peso grave.
Nova cór toma o sol, ou se erga, ou lave
No claro Tejo, e nova luz nos manda
Tudo se ri, se alegra e reverdece.
Todo mundo parece que renova,
Nem ha triste planeta ou dura sorte.
A minh' alma só chora, e se entristece.
Maravilha d'amor cruel e nova!
O que a todos traz vida, a mim traz morte.

had as yet no existence, and that of Italy had only just risen into notice. The death of Trissino occurred only nine years before that of Ferreira; so that his *Sophonisba* could not very long have preceded the *Inez de Castro* of the Portuguese poet. Besides, the few tragedies which had till then appeared in Italy, exhibited only on occasions of great public solemnity, formed very imperfect models for an author just entering upon his career. Ferreira thus wrote his tragedy without any dramatic instruction, and without pretending to divine the popular taste of an audience not yet in being. But by carefully adhering to the great dramatic models of Greece he succeeded, as it appears to me, in raising himself far above any of the contemporary writers of Italy.

The story of Inez de Castro is very generally known. She was the object of his son Don Pedro's passion, and was assassinated by order of King Alfonso IV. to prevent an unequal union. Ferreira, desirous of blending dignity with clemency in the character of Alfonso, attempts to palliate the cruelty of the act on the plea of religious and political expediency, artfully impressing upon the minds of the audience the same feeling of popular resentment which is supposed to have actuated all parties against the unfortunate Inez. She had long been the idol of the young prince, while his late consort was still in being. She had even been induced to stand at the baptismal font with the infant of that wife in her arms, and her subsequent union with the father was considered as little less than incestuous. The court and the people equally disliked the idea of giving a stepmother to the legitimate heir of the throne. The chorus in the play, and even the friend of the prince himself, everywhere proclaim this universal feeling; and from the opening to the close, we behold two unfortunate beings struggling with the madness of passion against the overwhelming tide of national displeasure. Thus Alfonso, driven on by his ministers, and anxious to ensure the public safety by the death of Inez, is by no means calculated to inspire us either with horror or disgust; his weakness is mingled with a certain degree of dignity and kindness; and when, yielding to the advice of his council, he deplores the wretchedness of a royal lot, we are strongly reminded by Ferreira of the lofty language of Alfieri:

> He only is a king, who, like a king
> Free from base fears, and empty hopes and wishes,

(Howbeit his name be never bruited forth)
Passes his days. O blissful days, how gladly
Whole years of weary life, thus worn with toils,
Would I exchange for you ! I fear mankind :
Some men there are with whom I must dissemble ;
Others, whom I would strike, I dare not reach at.
What ! be a king and dare not ? Ay ! the monarch
Is awed by his own people ; doom'd to suffer,
And smile and simulate. So, I feel I am
No king, but a poor captive.

In the beginning of the third act, Inez relates to her nurse a terrific dream, which gives her a presentiment of some approaching evil. This is described in very elevated language, full of poetic beauty and conceived in the most touching strain of sorrow. It breathes a glow of maternal tenderness, which the more lofty style of tragedy might not deem quite admissible, but which goes to the very heart of the reader. Of such a kind, are the following lines of this beautiful scene :

Inez. Oh bright and glorious sun ! how pleasant art thou
To eyes that close in fear, lest never more
They meet thy beams upon the morrow ! Night !
O fearful night ! how heavy hast thou been,
How full of phantoms of strange grief and terror !
Methought, so hateful were my dreams, the object
Of my soul's love for ever disappear'd
From these fond eyes. Methought I left for ever.
And you, my babes, in whose sweet countenances
I see the eyes and features of your father,
Here you remain'd, abandon'd by your mother.
Oh fatal dream, how hast thou mov'd my soul !
Even yet I tremble at the direful vision,
And lowly thus beseech the pitying Heavens
To turn such portents from me.

Inez is yet ignorant of the dangers to which she is exposed. These are announced to her by the chorus in the succeeding scene :

Chorus. Too piteous tidings,
Tidings of death and woe, alas ! we bring ;
Too cruel to be heard, unhappy Inez.
Thou hast not merited the dreadful fate
Which surely waits thee now. Nurse. What say you ?—Speak !
Chorus. Tears choke my words.
Inez. Why ? wherefore should you weep ?
Chorus. To gaze upon that face—those eyes— Inez. Alas !
Wretch that I am ! what woes, what greater woes
Await me now ? Oh, speak. Chorus. It is thy death !
Inez. Ye gracious powers ! my lord, my husband's dead.

This exclamation of impassioned grief from a being who can imagine no calamity equal to that which threatens the object nearest to her soul, may be regarded as an instance of the real sublime. She is soon, however, undeceived; the victim is herself. She now trembles at the idea of meeting her fate; and she mourns over the sweet and delightful scenes she is about to leave for ever. But her generosity seems half to vanquish her fears; and the interest which we now feel for her becomes more painfully intense, as we see that her character partakes still more of that of the woman than of the heroine:

> Fly, fly, dear nurse!
> Far from the vengeance that pursues me; here,
> Here will I wait alone, with innocence
> Mine only shield nor other arms I crave.
> Come, Death! but take me an unspotted victim.
> In you, sweet pledges of our mutual truth,
> In you I still shall live; though now they tear you
> From my fond heart, and Heaven alone can help me.
> Yet haste to succour, haste, ye pitying virgins!
> All noble-hearted men who aid the innocent!
> Weep, weep no more, my boys! 'Tis I should grieve
> For you; but yet, while you can call me mother,
> Love me, cling to me, wretchedest of mothers;
> Be near me every friend; surround and shield me
> From dreaded death that even now approaches.

The different choruses which divide the acts seem imbued with the very spirit of poetry. In one we have a majestic ode lamenting the excesses to which the age of youth is so liable, and the violence of the passions. The recitation affords the spectators, as it were, leisure to breathe, between the agonizing scenes in which they behold the victim struggling in the storm of contending passions and involved in a shroud of grief, of terror, and of dying love, till she disappears wholly from their eyes. It has the effect of enabling us to contemplate human destiny from a loftier elevation, and it teaches us to triumph over the vicissitudes of life by the aid of philosophy and by the exertion of the mental energies. On the opening of the fourth act, Inez appears before the king attended by his two confidential advisers, Coelho and Pacheco; and the scene that follows is a noble combination of pathos, eloquence, and fine chivalric manners. After she has appealed to the justice, the compassion, and generosity of the monarch in behalf of

her offspring at her side, whom she presents to him, the king replies to her in these words :

It is thy sins that kill thee, think on them.

On which she answers :

Alas ! whate'er my sins,
None dare accuse my loyalty to thee,
Most gracious prince ! My sins towards God are many :
Yet doth not Heaven hear the repentant voice
That sues for pity ? God is just, but merciful,
And pardons oft where he might punish ; oft
Long suffering, reprieves the wretch, who lives ;
For Heaven is watchful still to pardon sinners,
And such th' example once you gave your subjects ;
Nor change your generous nature now to me !

Coelho informs her that she is already condemned, and that it is time she should prepare her soul, in order that she may avoid a still more tremendous doom. At these words, turning towards her executioners, she appeals to their knightly honour, and to their ancestral chivalry. It is here that her confidence in the prevailing laws of honour, contrasted with the dark counsels of political convenience, produces the finest effect :

Have I no friend ? where are my friends ? who else
Should now appease the anger of the king ?
Implore him for me ; help to win his pity !
And ye, true knights, who succour the oppress'd,
Let not the innocent thus unjustly suffer :
If you can see me die, the world will say,
'Twas you who bade me suffer.

One might imagine that such language would have blunted the weapons of her destroyers ; but the reply of Coelho intent upon her death and about to strike the fatal blow, is calm and dignified :

I do beseech you, Inez, by these tears
You shed in vain, to snatch the few short moments
That still are yours, to render up your soul
In peace and prayer to God ! 'Tis the king's will,
And it is just. We did attend him hither
For this, to save his kingdom, not to punish
The innocent ; it is a sacrifice
Which, would to Heaven ! might be averted from us.
But as it may not be, forgive the king :
He is not cruel ; and if we appear so
In having given him counsel, go where thou
May'st cry for vengeance just, upon thy foes
At the eternal throne. We have condemn'd thee
Unjustly, as it seems ; yet we shall follow

Thy steps ere long, and at the judgment-seat
Render account before the Judge supreme
Of that which thou complain'st of—of this deed.

Notwithstanding the great beauty and pathos of the dialogue, there is perhaps too little variety of action in this play. After granting the pardon of Inez, the king permits his followers to pursue and assassinate her behind the scenes, at the end of the fourth act. The prince, Don Pedro, never once appears during the whole performance, except to acquaint his confidant with his passion in the first act, and to lament his misfortune in the last; but without holding a single dialogue with the object of his affections, or ever attempting to avert her fate. It would be unjust, however, not to consider the extreme disadvantage under which the author laboured, in producing a tragedy without having any acquaintance with a theatre, or with the feelings of the public.

The classical school, instituted by Saa de Miranda, and in particular by Antonio Ferreira, in Portugal, obtained a considerable number of followers. Pedro de Andrade Caminha, one of the most celebrated of these, was a zealous friend and imitator of Ferreira. His writings possess the same degree of chaste elegance and purity of style; but they are more deficient in poetic spirit than their original. His eclogues are cold and languid in the extreme. His epistles have more merit; they have much of the animation requisite in didactic compositions, joined to an agreeable variety of style. They are not, however, so full of matter and reflection as those of Ferreira, who was himself, indeed, deficient in originality and power. Throughout twenty tedious elegies, there is not found a single one in which the author leads us to sympathise with the imaginary sorrows of his muse. More than eighty epitaphs, and above two hundred and fifty epigrams, will complete the catalogue of Andrade's works. The author's correct taste and perspicuity of style, have conferred on these effusions all the merit of which they were susceptible; but in these, as in the rest of his works, we trace the labours of the critic and the man of taste, endeavouring to supply the want of genius and inspiration. We may applaud his exertions, but we reap neither pleasure nor profit from their perusal.

Diego Bernardes was the friend of Andrade Caminha, and another disciple of Ferreira. He was some time employed as secretary to the embassy from the court of Lisbon to Philip II.

of Spain. He afterwards followed King Sebastian to the African war, and was made prisoner by the Moors, in the disastrous battle of Alcacer, in which that monarch fell. On recovering his liberty, he returned and resided in his own country, where he died in 1596. He labours under the imputation of a flagrant plagiarism, in having wished to appropriate to himself some of the lesser productions of Camoens. His works, collected under the title of *O Lyma*, the name of a river celebrated by him, and on whose banks the scene of his pastorals is laid, contain no less than twenty long eclogues, and thirty-three epistles. We may frequently trace in the charms of the language, and in the elegance and native sweetness of the verse, a degree of resemblance to the poems of Camoens; but the spirit of the compositions is by no means the same. We are no where affected by powerful touches of truth and nature; the poet always appears in a studied character, and not as the interpreter of the irresistible dictates of the heart. He attempts, by force of conceit, and a play of words, to acquire a degree of brilliancy foreign to his subject; and the monotony of pastoral life is but poorly relieved by sallies of wit and fancy inconsistent with genuine taste. The first eclogue is a lament for the death of a shepherd, Adonis, who appears, however, to have no sort of relation to the fabulous lover of old. The following specimen of it may not be unacceptable:

SERRANO. O, bright Adonis! brightest of our train!
For thee our mountain pastures greenest sprung,
Transparent fountains water'd every plain,
And lavish nature pour'd, as once when young,
Spontaneous fruits, that ask'd no fostering care;
With thee our flocks from dangers wander'd free
Along the hills, nor did the fierce wolf dare
To snatch by stealth thy timorous charge from thee!

SYLVIO. Come pour with me your never-ceasing tears;
Come, every nation, join our sad lament,
For woes that fill our souls with pains and fears;
Woes, at which savage natures might relent.

SERRANO. Let every living thing that walks the earth,
Or wings the heavens, or sails the oozy deep,
Unite their sighs to ours. Adieu to mirth,
Pleasures, and joys, adieu, for we must weep.

SYLVIO. Oh, ill-starr'd day! oh day that brought our woe,
Sacred to grief! that saw those bright eyes close,
And Death's cold hand, from the unsullied snow
Of thy fair check, pluck forth the blooming rose.

SERRANO. Faint and more faint, the tender colours died,
Like the sweet lily of the summer day,
Found by the plough-share in its fragrant pride,
And torn, unsparing, from its stem away.

We might suppose from the conceited turns of the original, that we were here presented with the brilliant flights of Marini. The colours are, in part, so vivid, as almost to conceal the design itself from our view; the imagery is far more striking than correct; and the expressions of regret are so fantastic as to relieve the reader from any apprehension of the author feeling the wretchedness which he so ingeniously describes. We are now only just entering on the history of Portuguese poetry; yet we already seem, in Bernardes, to have attained its opposite limits. The mistaken admiration which the poets of this nation indulged for pastoral compositions, induced them to lavish the whole of their poetical resources, far sooner than the poets of any other nation, and carried them prematurely to the termination of their career.

Many other writers might yet be mentioned, who likewise shed a lustre on the same period. Amongst these are Jorge Ferreira de Vasconcellos, the author of several comedies, and of a romance founded on the Round Table; Estevan Rodriguez de Castro, a lyric poet and a physician; Fernando Rodriguez Lobo de Soropita, who edited the poems of Camoens, which he also very happily imitated; and Miguel de Cabedo de Vasconcellos, particularly celebrated for the beauty of his Latin verses. But there is one man who stands alone; who reflects unequalled lustre on the literary character of his times; and who deserves to occupy our attention as long as all the other poets belonging to the Portuguese nation. We scarcely need to add, that it is to the genius of Camoens that we hasten to dedicate the labours of the ensuing chapters.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LUIS DE CAMOENS: LUSIADAS.

WE next proceed to consider the merits of the illustrious man who has long been considered the chief and almost the only boast of his country. Camoens, indeed, is the sole poet of Portugal, whose celebrity has extended beyond the Peninsula, and whose name appears in the list of those who have

conferred honour upon Europe. Such is the force of genius in a single individual, that it may be said to constitute the renown of a whole people. It stands in solitary greatness before the eyes of posterity; and a crowd of lesser objects disappear in its superior light.

Luis de Camoens was descended from a noble, though by no means a wealthy, family. He was the son of Simon Vas de Camoens. One of his ancestors, of the name of Vasco Perez, who had acquired some reputation as a Galician poet, quitted the service of the court of Castile, in 1370, and attached himself to that of Portugal. Simon Vas de Camoens was commander of a ship of war, which was wrecked on the coasts of India, where he perished. His wife, Anna de Sa-Macedo, was likewise of noble birth. The exact date of the birth of their son Luis has never been ascertained. In the life prefixed to the splendid edition of his great poem, by M. de Sousa, it is supposed, agreeably to the previous conjecture of Manoel de Faria, to have taken place in the year 1525. It is certain that he pursued his studies at Coimbra, where he obtained an intimate acquaintance with the history and mythology then in repute. While still at the university he produced several sonnets and other verses, which have been preserved; but whatever degree of talent he there displayed, he failed to conciliate the friendship of Ferreira, and of other distinguished characters, then completing their studies at Coimbra. Engaged in bestowing on Portuguese poetry its utmost degree of classical perfection, they affected to look down on the ardent imagination of young Camoens with an eye of pity and contempt. After having completed his studies, he went to Lisbon, where he conceived a passion for Catharina de Atayde, a lady of the court; and so violent was the affection with which she inspired him, that for some time he is said to have renounced all his literary and worldly pursuits. We are unacquainted with the views which he at that time entertained, as well as with his means of subsistence; but it is certain that his attachment gave rise to some unpleasant circumstances, in consequence of which he received an order to leave Lisbon. He was banished to Santarem, where he produced several of those poems which, while they served as fuel to his passion, increased the dangers of his situation. His ill success and disappointed affection at last led him to the resolution of embracing a military life, and he volun-

teered his services into the Portuguese fleet, then employed against the African powers. It was not without a feeling of pride that he thus united the character of a hero and a poet; continuing, in the intervals of the most arduous services, to court the attentions of the muse. In an engagement before Ceuta, in which he greatly distinguished himself, he had the misfortune to lose his right eye. He then returned to Lisbon in the expectation that his services might acquire for him the recompense which had been refused to him as a poet; but no one evinced the least disposition to serve him. All his efforts to distinguish himself in laudable enterprises and pursuits were successively thwarted, and his small resources daily became less. While his soul was the seat of lofty thoughts and patriotism, he felt that he was neglected and contemned by the country he loved. Yielding to a feeling of indignation, like that of Scipio, he exclaimed with him, *Ingrata patria nec ossa quidem habebis!* and came to the resolution of leaving it once more. With this view, in the year 1553, he embarked for the East Indies. The squadron with which he set sail consisted of four vessels. Three of these foundered at sea, and that only in which Camoens sailed reached the port of Goa in safety. But our poet did not, as he had flattered himself, obtain employment even here; and he found himself compelled once more to offer his services as a volunteer in a company of auxiliaries sent by the viceroy of India to the King of Cochin. Nearly all his companions in arms fell victims, during this campaign, to the fatal insalubrity of the climate. Camoens, however, survived its effects, and returned to Goa after having contributed to the triumph of his country's ally. Still destitute of employment and resources, he next joined an expedition against the Corsairs of the Red Sea. Passing the winter in the isle of Ormuz, he had there full leisure to indulge his poetical pursuits, and to complete a portion of his poems. Every object around him seemed to assume a poetic dress; and the love of his country revived with fresh force, while he trod those eastern scenes, rendered famous by the exploits of his countrymen. But the abuses of the government excited his strongest feelings of indignation, and instead of attempting to conciliate an administration which had yet shown him no favour, he wrote a bitter satire on its conduct. The *Disparates na India*, or *Follies in India*, was a severe mortification, on its appear-

ance, to the feelings of the viceroy. He immediately banished the unfortunate poet to the Isle of Macao, situated on the coast of China ; and while there, Camoens made an excursion into the Moluccas. But here, as he himself relates, while in one hand he bore his books, and in the other his sword :

> N'huma maõ livros, n'outra ferro et aço,
> N'huma maõ sempre a espada, n'outra a pena

in neither career did he meet with the success which he deserved. His necessities at last compelled him to accept the situation of commissary for the effects of the deceased, *provedor mòr dos defuntos*, at Macao. He remained there five years, and employed his time in completing that great epic work which was to hand down his name to posterity. There is still to be seen on the most elevated point of the isthmus which unites the town of Macao to the Chinese continent, a sort of natural gallery formed out of the rocks, apparently almost suspended in the air, and commanding a magnificent prospect over both seas, and the lofty chain of mountains which rise above their shores. Here he is said to have invoked the genius of the epic muse, and tradition has conferred on this retreat the name of the grotto of Camoens. Soon afterwards, Constantino de Braganza, the new viceroy, gave him permission to return to Goa ; but he was shipwrecked on his passage at the mouth of the river Gambia. He saved himself by clinging to a plank, and of all his little property, succeeded only in saving his poem of the Lusiad, deluged with the waves as he bore it in his hand to shore. A short time after his return to Goa, he was accused of malversation in the office he had exercised at Macao ; and though he successfully repelled these unjust suspicions, he was, nevertheless, suffered to linger in prison. The claims of his creditors detained him still in confinement, and it was only by the generous intervention of a few sympathizing lovers of the muses, that he was enabled to discharge his debts, to recover his liberty, and take his passage to his own country. In the year 1569 he arrived at Lisbon, after an absence of sixteen years, and without having realized any fortune in a part of the world, where so many of his countrymen had amassed immense treasures.

At the moment when Camoens set his foot on his native shore, a dreadful plague was prosecuting its ravages in the

kingdom of Portugal. In the midst of universal sorrow and alarm, no attention was bestowed on poetry, and no one evinced the least curiosity respecting the poet and his Lusiad, the sole remaining property and hope of the unfortunate Camoens. King Sebastian was yet a minor, and completely under the authority of the priests, who betrayed him not many years afterwards into the fatal expedition to the coast of Africa. He consented, however, to permit Camoens to dedicate his poem to him, although the only return he made was a wretched pension of fifteen milreas.* Camoens was subjected to the most distressing embarrassments. Not unfrequently he was in actual want of bread, for which he was in part indebted to a black servant who had accompanied him from the Indies, and who was in the habit of soliciting charity at night in the open streets, to obtain a precarious subsistence for his master; a poet who was destined to confer celebrity on his country. Yet more aggravated evils were in store for the wretched Camoens. Sebastian had enrolled the whole chivalry of Portugal in his fatal expedition against Morocco. He there perished in the disastrous battle of Alcacer-Quivir, or Alcaçar la Grande, in 1578; and with him expired the royal house of Portugal; as the only remaining branch, an aged cardinal, on whom the crown devolved, died after a reign of two years; having had the mortification of seeing all Europe, while he was yet alive, contending for the succession of his kingdom. The glory of the Portuguese nation was suddenly eclipsed: her independence did not long survive; and the future seemed pregnant only with calamity and disgrace. It was now that Camoens, who had so nobly supported his own misfortunes, was bowed down by the calamities of his country. He was seized with a violent fever in consequence of his many aggravated sufferings. He observed in one of his letters, a short time before his death: "Who could have believed that on so small a theatre as this wretched couch, Fortune would delight in exhibiting so many calamities? And as if these were not sufficient, I seem to take part with them against myself; for to pretend to resist such overwhelming misery, seems to me a kind of vain impertinence."† The last days of his life

* [Not quite five pounds a year. It is doubtful whether this sum was not merely his regular half-pay.—*Tr.*]

† Quem ouvio dizer que em taó pequeno teatro, como o de hum pobre leito, quisesse a fortuna representar taó grandes desventuras? E eu, como se ellas naó bastassem.

were passed in the company of some monks ; and it is ascertained that he died in a public hospital, in the year 1579. There was no monument erected to his memory until sixteen years after his decease. The earliest edition of the Lusiad appeared in the year 1572.*

The poem on which the general reputation of Camoens depends, usually known under the name of the *Lusiad*, is entitled by the Portuguese, *Os Lusiados*, or the Lusitanians. It appears to have been the object of the author to produce a work altogether national. It was the exploits of his fellow-countrymen that he undertook to celebrate. But though the great object of the poem is the recital of the Portuguese conquests in the Indies, the author has very happily succeeded in embracing all the illustrious actions performed by his compatriots in other quarters of the world, together with whatever of splendid and heroic achievement, historical narration or popular fables could supply, It is by mistake that Vasco de Gama has been represented as the hero of Camoens, and that those portions of the work not immediately connected with that commander's expedition, are regarded as episodes to the main action. There is, in truth, no other leading subject than his country, nor are there any episodes except such parts as are not immediately connected with her glory. The very opening of the Lusiad clearly expresses this patriotic object:

Arms and the heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,
Through seas where sail was never spread before,
Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast,
And waves her woods above the wat'ry waste,
With prowess more than human forc'd their way
To the fair kingdoms of the rising day:
What wars they wag'd, what seas, what dangers past,
What glorious empire crown'd their toils at last,
Vent'rous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,
And all my country's wars the song adorn;
What kings, what heroes of my native land
Thunder'd on Asia's and on Afric's strand:

As armas e os Baroes assinalados
Que da occidental praja Lusitana
Por mares nunca d'antes navegados,
Passáram ainda alem da Taprobana.
Que em perigos e guerras esforçados
Mais do que promettia a forca humana,
Entre gente remota edificáram
Novo reino que tanto sublimáram.

E tambem as memorias gloriosas
D'aquelles reis que foram dilatando
A fé, o imperio, e as terras viciosas

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me ponho ainda da sua parte. Porque procurar resistir a tantos males, pareceria especie de desavergonhamento.

* The negligence and indifference shewn towards Camoens have been recently atoned for by the patriotic zeal of D. Jose Maria de Souza Botelho It was his wish to raise the noblest and most splendid monument to the first of the Portuguese poets; and to this he devoted a great share of his fortune and of his time. He produced his splendid edition of the Lusiad, at Paris, 1817, in folio, after having revised the text with the most scrupulous care, and embellished it with all that the arts of typography, design, and engraving could lavish on a book, intended to be presented as an ornament to the most celebrated libraries of Europe, Asia, and America. He would not even permit a single copy to be sold, in order that not the remotest suspicion of emolument might attach to so disinterested and patriotic an undertaking.

Illustrious shades who levell'd in the dust
The idol-temples and the shrines of lust;
And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,
To holy faith unnumber'd altars rear'd:
Illustrious names, with deathless laurels crown'd,
While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!*

De Africa e de Asia andaram, devastando:
E aquellas que por obras valerosas
Se vaó da lei da morte libertando,
Cantando espalharei por toda parte,
Se a tanto me ajudar o engenho, e arte.

At the period in which Camoens wrote, we must remember that there had in fact appeared no epic poem in any of the modern tongues. Trissino had, indeed, attempted the subject of the liberation of Italy from the Goths, but had not succeeded. Several of the Castilians had, likewise, dignified with the title of epics their histories of modern events, related in rhyme, but possessing nothing of the spirit of poetry. Ariosto, and a crowd of romance writers, had thrown enchantment round the fictions of chivalry, which were painted in the happiest and most glowing colours ; but neither Ariosto, nor any of those whom he so far surpassed in that kind of composition, ever aspired to the character of epic writers. Tasso, it is well known, did not publish his *Jerusalem Delivered* until the year after the death of Camoens. The Lusiad, moreover, was composed almost entirely in India, so that its author could only have been acquainted with such works as had already appeared before the year 1553, in which he left Portugal. He appears, nevertheless, to have studied his Italian contemporaries, and to have appreciated in common with them the excellences of the models of antiquity. We may trace, between the poetical works of Camoens and those of the Italian school, resemblances much more remarkable and striking than any we meet with between the Spanish poets and the Italians. For his verse he made choice of the heroic iambic, in rhymed octave stanzas, the metre of Ariosto, in preference to the *verso sciolto* of Trissino, or unrhymed iambic. He approaches nearer, likewise, to Ariosto than to Trissino, or to any of the Spanish writers, when he considers the epic poem as a creation of the imagination, and not as a history in verse. But he contended, like Tasso, whom he preceded, that this poetical creation ought to form a consistent whole and to preserve perfect harmony in its unity; that the ruling principle and object of the poet, like the actuating motives of his heroes, ought to be always present to the imagination of the reader ; and that richness and variety of detail can never supply the want of majesty in the general scope of the work. But Camoens has

* [The passages quoted from the Lusiad are extracted from Mr. Mickle's translation.—*Tr.*]

invested his subject with a degree of passionate tenderness, visionary passion and love of pleasure, which the more stoical ancients seem always to have considered as beneath the dignity of the epic muse. With all the enthusiasm of Tasso, and all the luxurious fancy of Ariosto, he enjoyed an advantage over the latter, in combining the finest affections of the heart and soul with the glowing pictures of the imagination. The circumstance which essentially distinguishes him from the Italians, and which forms the everlasting monument of his own and his country's glory, is the national love and pride breathing through the whole performance. It was written at a time when the fame of his country had risen to its highest pitch, when the world appeared to have assumed a different aspect from the influence of the Portuguese, and when the most important objects had been attained by the smallest states. For half a century before Camoens wrote, Europe, beginning to emerge out of the narrow limits until then assigned her, had already learned the extent of the universe, and felt how small were her population, her wealth, and her dominions, when put in comparison with the extensive empires of Asia. But she had likewise learned to appreciate the superiority of the powers of thought and will over mere imposing pomp and numbers, and she was first indebted to the Portuguese for the discovery. Camoens, little foreseeing the approach of the fatal period, which was to deprive his country of its independence, and to hasten his steps towards the tomb, wrote in the triumphant tone of national enthusiasm, and succeeded in impressing on his readers, however remotely interested in the honour of Portugal, the same national and ennobling feelings. In the dedicatory portion of his poem to king Sebastian he has the following lines :

> Yet now attentive hear the muse's lay
> While thy green years to manhood speed away:
> The youthful terrors of thy brow suspend,
> And, oh ! propitious, to the song attend,
> The numerous song, by patriot-passion fir'd,
> And by the glories of thy race inspir'd :
> To be the herald of my country's fame,
> My first ambition and my dearest aim :
> Nor conquests fabulous, nor actions vain,
> The muse's pastime, here adorn the strain :
> Orlando's fury, and Rugero's rage,
> And all the heroes of the Aonian page,
> The dreams of bards surpass'd the world shall view
> And own their boldest fictions may be true ;

Surpass'd, and dimm'd by the superior blaze
Of Gama's mighty deeds, which here bright Truth displays.*

Great public virtues invariably exercise over the mind a power which no individual passion can command, communicating a sort of electric feeling from heart to heart. The patriotic spirit of Camoens, devoting a whole life to raise a monument worthy of his country, seems never to have indulged a thought which was not true to the glory of an ungrateful nation. We are every where deeply sensible of this. Our noblest and best affections accompany him in his generous enterprise, and Portugal becomes interesting to us as having been the beloved country of so great a man. It is, nevertheless, doubtful, whether the subject selected by Camoens is of the most happy description for an epic poem. The discovery of the passage to the Indies; the reciprocal communication between those countries where civilization first appeared, and those whence it now proceeds; the empire of Europe extended over the rest of the world; are all events of universal importance, and which have produced lasting effects upon the destinies of mankind. But the consequences resulting from such a discovery, are of greater importance than the event itself; and the interest attending a perilous enterprise by sea, depending almost wholly upon particular and domestic incidents, is rendered, perhaps, more impressive by the simple language of truth, than by any poetic colouring. Besides, if Camoens had been desirous of treating only of the voyage of Gama and the discovery of the East, he would have confined his attention, in a greater degree, to descriptions of the striking and magnificent scenery with which the southern and eastern hemispheres abound, and whose features exhibit such distinct peculiarities from that around the banks of the Tagus. But it was his ambition to comprehend all the glory of his country in the narrow limits which he had traced out; to celebrate the history of its kings and of its wars; and to include the lives of the distinguished heroes, whose chivalrous adventures had become the theme of its old romances. In the same manner, we are made acquainted with all the succeeding events and discoveries which were to complete the system of the world, but faintly perceived by Gama; and all the ulterior conquests of those immense regions, of which Gama only touched the extreme shores. These different portions of the

* Canto i. str. 10.

work, embracing the past, the present, and the future, were all intimately blended with the national glory, and were intended to complete the poet's design of dedicating a noble monument to the genius of his country. At the same time they necessarily threw into the shade the nominal hero of the poem, and while they weakened the impression which a more enlarged account of Lybia and of India might have produced, they involved the reader in a labyrinth of events, none of which were calculated to make a very lasting impression on his mind. Tasso, in his Jerusalem, seemed to gather spirit and enchantment from the nature of his theme, and his poetry possessed all the romantic charm attached to the sacred wars which he sung; while Camoens, on the other hand, conferred on his subject a degree of interest which it did not originally possess. It called for an exertion of the highest powers, and for the most seductive influence of poetry, to induce the reader to enter into the details of a history, of little interest to any but the author; and it was only by a continual sacrifice of the poet, that he was enabled to celebrate the memory of his heroes. But he accomplished the difficult task of reconciling an historical view of Portugal with poetical fiction; and he has every where thrown light upon it, with a masterly degree of art. His success, though very surprising, is hardly to be justified, if we consider the great poetical risk, and the extreme imprudence of the attempt. In the epic, perhaps, more than in any other class of composition, the poet has less power of commanding the attention, and has greater difficulties to overcome in communicating interest, pathos, and terror. He ought, therefore, to devote all his resources to its support, instead of expending the smallest portion on an ungrateful theme. Camoens presents us with long and tedious chronological details, which are yet so happily interwoven with his subject, that they recall only the noblest recollections; and he leads us to regret that the author should not have bestowed those powers on a theme which might have been intrinsically endowed with all that interest which his superior genius alone enabled him to give to the subject of his choice.

Camoens was fully aware that, in thus treating an historical subject, he must assume a loftier tone than was adopted by Ariosto in celebrating his imaginary heroes, and he uniformly preserves a noble dignity both of style and imagery. He never, like Ariosto, seems to throw ridicule on his reader and

his heroes. Proposing Virgil rather than the chivalric romances for his model, he marches with rapid and majestic steps to his object, and confers on his poem that classical character sanctioned by the greatest geniuses of antiquity, and emulated by all their successors, who invariably considered it as an essential portion of their art. Thus, from the first canto, we find every thing modelled according to that regular system, which has been perhaps too closely adhered to in all epic productions. The first three stanzas consist of an exposition of the subject; the fourth is an invocation to the nymphs of the Tagus; and at the sixth, the poet addresses himself to King Sebastian, recommending the poem to his auspices. But although this must be allowed to be the established usage in every epic, we could have wished a little more variety on a subject which certainly depends less upon any of the essentials of the poetic art, than upon the authority of early examples.

It is much upon the same principle that the marvellous has been considered as an indispensable requisite in all epic productions, leaving to the poet only the choice of the different mythologies; as if the ancients themselves had ever borrowed such machinery from foreign fables, or from other resources than their own. As little did they invent the subject and events of which their poems were composed. With them the marvellous formed a part of the popular fictions and recollections, and the actions of their heroes were drawn from the same source. Confining themselves to the developement of these, they gave them new life by the creative energies of the poetic mind. But they would never have succeeded in making such mythology the animating principle of their works, if it had not already obtained popular credit, both among authors and readers.

Camoens regarded the mythological system of the ancients as essential to their poetic art. A collegiate education, and an assiduous perusal of the classics, had given these fictions an influence approaching to something like that of faith. Love, whenever introduced into verse, necessarily assumed the form attributed to the son of Venus; valour was personified in the arms of Mars; and wisdom, by Minerva. This species of deification, now so trite and insupportable to us in epic poems, still meets with a degree of favour from the lyric muse. We find the odes of Lebrun as full of invocations

to Minerva, to Mars, and to Apollo, as we might have expected in the sixteenth century, when a pedantic education presented the imagination only with the mythological systems of antiquity. But what is quite peculiar to the work of Camoens is, that while it exhibits a borrowed mythology, it contains another adopted by his heroes, by his nation, and by the poet himself, with an equal degree of faith. The conquest of India was not supposed to be achieved by Vasco de Gama, without the aid of celestial interposition ; and the Almighty Father, the Virgin, and the hosts of Saints and Powers, were all equally interested in the accomplishment of the great work ; not in the spirit of a ruling providence foreseeing and disposing of all events to come, but like frail and erring mortals, whose passions lead them to interfere with the state of human affairs. This species of miraculous interference was indeed a portion of the poet's creed. It mingled very naturally with his argument ; so much so, that being unable to exclude it, he found himself embarrassed with two contradictory machineries which it required some pains to reconcile, and of which one was essential to his poetry, and the other to his faith. Such a mixture of celestial elements has in it something extremely revolting ; but national education and prejudice sufficiently account for this apparent inconsistency in so great a man, and this consideration should prevent us from forming a wrong judgment on the remainder of the work. We have already had occasion to notice several Spanish poets guilty of the same error ; and we observe these two contending mythologies struggling for precedency in the *Numantia* of Cervantes, and in the *Diana* of Montemayor.

The Lusiad is divided into ten cantos, containing only eleven hundred and two stanzas, and it is therefore not to be compared in point of length to the Jerusalem Delivered, or indeed to most epic poems. It is, likewise, less generally known,* and entitled therefore to a more particular consideration; especially as it contains all the most interesting information which can be afforded respecting Portugal. The extracts we proceed

* The Lusiad is now more generally known than when I first published this work. Both careful editions and translations of this national poem have multiplied. That of M. Briccolani, just published in Italian, is better adapted than any other to convey a correct impression of the work to readers unacquainted with the Portuguese. While the translator scrupulously adheres to the sense, to the allegory, and to the original form, even so far as to render verse for verse in the same metre, he has preserved the inspiration of brilliant poetry. See "I Lusiadi del Camoens recati in ottava rima da A. Briccolani." Parigi, F. D dot, 1826.

to give, will at once throw light upon the argument of the poem, and upon the history of the people to whose glory it was consecrated :

> Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode
> The Lusitanian fleet triumphant rode;
> Onward they traced the wide and lonesome main,
> Where changeful Proteus leads his scaly train;
> The dancing vanes before the zephyrs flow'd,
> And their bold keels the trackless ocean plow'd;
> Unplow'd before the green-tinged billows rose,
> And eurl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.
> When Jove, the god who with a thought controls
> The raging seas, and balances the poles,
> From heaven beheld, and will'd, in sovereign state,
> To fix the Eastern World's depending fate:
> Swift at his nod th' Olympian herald flies,
> And calls th' immortal senate of the skies;
> Where, from the sovereign throne of earth and heaven,
> Th' immutable decrees of fate are given.
> Instant the regents of the spheres of light,
> And those who rule the paler orbs of night,
> With those, the gods whose delegated sway
> The burning South and frozen North obey;
> And they whose empires see the day-star risc,
> And evening Phœbus leave the western skies;
> All instant pour'd along the milky road,
> Heaven's crystal pavements glittering as they strode:
> And now, obedient to the dread command,
> Before their awful Lord in order stand.*

When the assembly had met, Jupiter informs them that, according to an ancient order of the Destinies, the Portuguese were to surpass every thing that had been recorded as most glorious in the annals of the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, or the Romans. He dwells on their recent victories over the Moors, and over the more formidable Castilians, and on the glory acquired of old by Viriatus, and then by Sertorius, in checking the career of the Romans. He next points them out as traversing in their vessels the untried seas of Africa, to discover new countries, and establish kingdoms in the regions of the rising sun. It is his will that after navigating through the winter they should meet with a hospitable reception on the coast of Africa, in order to recruit their forces for renewed exploits. Bacchus then speaks : he seems apprehensive that the Portuguese may eclipse the glory already acquired by himself in his conquest of India and he

* Canto i. str. 18.

frankly declares against them. Venus, on the other hand, so much honoured and cherished by the Portuguese, imagines she has again found her ancient Romans; their language appears to her to be the same, with a few slight variations; and she promises to aid their enterprise. The whole synod of Olympus is then divided between the two divinities, and the tumult of their deliberations is described in one of the happiest and most brilliant images.* Mars, equally favourable to the Portuguese, at last prevails upon the Thunderer to support them and to send Mercury to direct them in their course; and the deities then severally depart to their accustomed seats.

After thus introducing us to the councils of the gods, Camoens recalls our attention to the heroic personages of his poem. They were navigating the straits which separate the isle of Madagascar from the Ethiopian shore, and after doubling Cape Prasso, they discovered new islands and a new sea. Vasco de Gama, the brave commander of the Portuguese, who appears for the first time only in the forty-fourth stanza, was preparing to proceed onwards, when a number of small canoes advanced from one of the islands, and surrounded him on all sides, demanding, in Arabic, some account of the nature of the voyage. Here, for the first time, the Portuguese, after sailing many hundred leagues, met with a language which they understood, and discovered traces of civilization in the arts and commerce of the people around them. They now cast anchor at one of these islands, named Mozambique, a sort of emporium for the trade of the kingdoms of Quiloa, Mombaça, and Sofala. The Moors who had interrogated Gama were themselves foreign merchants trading in the country. When they heard of the invincible heroism of Gama, traversing unknown seas to discover India by an untried route, and at the same time learned that he commanded a Christian and Portuguese fleet, they attempted to dissuade him from his enterprise. Bacchus, appearing under the figure of an old man before the Cheik of Mozambique, exasperates him against the Portuguese, and induces him to prepare an ambuscade near some fresh springs, whither they are just repairing to supply themselves with water. With

* Qual austro fero ou Boreas, na espessura
De sylvestre arvoredo abastecida,
Rompendo os ramos vaó da mata escura,
Com impeto e braveza desmedida,
Brama toda a montanha, o som murmura,
Rompemse as folhas. ferve a serra erguida,
Tal andava o tumulto levantado
Entre os Deoses no Olympo consagrado.
Canto i. *str.* 38

this design, Gama is proceeding very peaceably towards the fountain, with three boats, when he is surprised by the appearance of a party of Moors prepared to repulse him from the spot. On their proceeding to insult the Christians, a contest ensues. The Musulmans spring from their ambuscade to join their countrymen, but by the superiority of fire arms they are soon thrown into confusion, and take to flight. They are even on the point of abandoning their town; and the Cheik considers himself fortunate in being permitted to renew the peace; but he does not the less flatter himself with hopes of revenge. He had already promised to supply Gama with a pilot to conduct him to India, and he makes choice of one to whom he gives secret instructions to betray the Portuguese into certain destruction. The pilot accordingly informs them he will guide them to a powerful kingdom inhabited by Christians. The Portuguese entertain no doubt of its being that of Prester John, of whom, as being their natural ally, they had been every where in search, while the real object of the pilot is to take them to Quiloa, whose sovereign was sufficiently powerful to crush them at a blow. Venus, however, counteracts the intended treachery, and directs the vessel towards Mombaça, where the pilot likewise informed Gama that he would meet with Christians. It is hardly likely that by this assertion the Moors intended to deceive the Portuguese: they answered that in the country whither they were desirous of conducting them, there were a great number of infidels, who went under the generic name of *Giaour*, indifferently applied among the Arabs, to Guebres, idolaters, and Christians. It was impossible that in a language, which both parties very imperfectly understood, the ignorant interpreters should be able to explain the peculiar distinctions of sects known only to the learned, by whom they were all equally despised.

The second canto opens with the arrival of the Christians at Mombaça, where the king had been already apprised of their voyage, and where Bacchus was in readiness to plot their destruction by new artifices. Gama despatches two of his soldiers with presents for the king, giving them at the same time instructions to observe the manners of the place, and to ascertain what degree of confidence might be placed in the professions of the Moors. Bacchus, in order to induce them to suppose that Christians inhabit Mombaça, affects to receive them with hospitality, and himself presides over the

feast in an edifice ornamented like a temple. The Virgin Mary and the Holy Ghost are represented on the altar ; the statues of the Apostles embellish the portico of the temple ; while Bacchus himself, assuming the character of a priest, worships the true God of the Christians. In order to comprehend this singular fiction, we ought to bear in mind, that in the eyes of the Catholic doctors, the gods of the Pagans are no other than real fiends, invested with actual power and existence, and that in opposing the Divinity, they are only maintaining the rebellion of old. Bacchus here plays the same part assigned to Beelzebub and Ashtaroth in the work of Tasso. It may also be observed that the marvellous incident thus introduced by Camoens, was on historical record amongst the Portuguese. These hardy navigators were, in fact, received at Mombaça, in a house where they observed the rites of Christian worship ; and it is known they were in use among the Nestorians of Abyssinia. These sectaries were, however, heretics ; a circumstance sufficient in the eyes of theologians to justify the denunciations of the church against their religion, as an illusion of the Evil One. But it must be allowed that the mythology of Camoens is almost always unintelligible, and that the interest is by no means hitherto sufficiently excited. The opening of the poem was imposing, but the narrative soon begins to languish. The circumstances of the voyage are recounted with historical correctness ; yet Camoens presents us with little more than we meet with in the fourth book of the first Decade of Barros, in which is given a history of the Portuguese conquests in India. We might almost imagine that he drew his materials from this source, rather than from his own adventures and researches in those unknown regions. His ornaments appear to have been wholly borrowed from Grecian fable ; nor has he sufficiently availed himself of the advantages afforded him by the climate, manners, and imagination of these oriental realms. But let us only proceed, and we shall find beauties scattered so profusely over the whole poem, and of such a superior order, as not only to redeem his defects, but to compensate us for all our labour.

Encouraged by the report of his messenger, and the pressing invitation of the King of Mombaça, Gama resolves to enter the port on the ensuing day. He weighs anchor, and with swelling sails arrives at the place destined for his de-

struction ; when Venus, hastening to his rescue, addresses herself to the nymphs of the sea, beseeching them by their common origin from the bosom of the waves, and by the love they bear her, to fly to the assistance of her favoured people, and avert the impending doom. The Nereids throng affectionately round the goddess ; and a Triton, delighted with his burden, wafts her along the sea, bounding before his companions. The rest of the ocean deities then hasten to impede the passage of the ships. The fair Dione presents her white and delicate bosom before the admiral's prow, and alters its course in spite of the winds that swell the sails, and the manœuvres of the crew.* The whole squadron is lost in wonder at the miracle ; the Moors imagine that their treachery is discovered, and precipitate themselves into the sea ; the pilot himself escapes by swimming ; while Vasco de Gama, conjecturing their perfidy by their fears, steers away from the port, and places himself in an attitude of defence.

In the mean time, Venus hastens to Olympus to solicit Jupiter's aid in favour of the Portuguese; and her graceful appearance and progress through the heavens, with her supplications at the throne of the Thunderer, are described with an ease, tenderness, and even voluptuousness, not surpassed by the old poets, whose worship of Venus formed a part of their religion.—Jupiter receives her with kindness, and consoles her by assuring her of the future glory of the Portuguese, the great triumphs which they would achieve in the Indian Seas, the foundation of the empire at Goa, the double conquest of Ormuz, and the ruin of Calicut. He then commands Mercury to conduct Vasco de Gama into the kingdom of Melinda, whose inhabitants, although Moors, will receive him with open arms, and provide him with every thing of which he may be in want.

The King of Melinda, struck with wonder at their hardy enterprise, and impressed with the highest opinion of the superior power of the Portuguese, is desirous of entering into an alliance with the strangers. He supplies them with provisions and other accommodations, of which they stood in need, and even consents to embark in order to hold a conference with the admiral, who will not be prevailed upon to land. He then expresses a curiosity to hear the adventures of the Europeans, of which the poet

* Canto ii. str. 22. † Canto ii. str. 33 to 38.

avails himself to give a long recital from the mouth of his hero, not only of his past adventures, but of the general history of his country. This narrative alone occupies nearly one-third of the poem, and though very important, according to the plan laid down by Camoens, is certainly introduced in a much less natural manner than either that of Ulysses, delivered to the Phæacians, or that of Æneas to Dido, both of which he had before him as his models. The Moorish king, to whom it is addressed, having no previous acquaintance with Europe, its laws, its wars, or its religion, must have been at a loss to comprehend the greatest part of a narrative, which, if understood, could only have had the effect of prepossessing him against his guest, an hereditary enemy of the Mahometan religion and of the Moorish race. Considered by itself, however, the whole discourse may be pronounced almost a perfect model of the narrative style.

The hero begins his relation with a description of Europe; that portion of the world whence the conquerors and the instructors of the universe are destined to arise. The passage is noble and poetical; pourtraying the characteristic features of the various people who occupy these regions of the world. We are told of the inhabitants of the Scandinavian snows, who boast the glory of having first vanquished the Romans; of the Germans; of the Poles, and the Russians, who succeeded the Scythians; of the Thracians subjected to the Ottoman yoke; and of the inhabitants of the famed land of valour, genius, and manners; the land that gave birth to the most eloquent hearts and the brightest and most imaginative spirits, who carried arms and letters to a pitch of glory never witnessed in any country but Greece. After the Greeks follow the Italians, formerly so greatly renowned in arms, but whose glory now consists in an implicit submission to the authority of the vicar of Christ. The Gauls, whose fame is coeval with the triumphs of Cæsar, are next noticed; and, at last, the poet arrives at the hills of the Pyrenees, and thus continues:

> And now, as head of all the lordly train
> Of Europe's realms, appears illustrious Spain.
> Alas, what various fortunes has she known!
> Yet ever did her sons her wrongs atone:
> Short was the triumph of her haughty foes,
> And still with fairer bloom her honours rose.
> Where, lock'd with land, the struggling currents boil,
> Famed for the god-like Theban's latest toil,

Against one coast the Punic strand extends,
And round her breast the midland ocean bends;
Around her shores two various oceans swell,
And various nations in her bosom dwell;
Such deeds of valour dignify their names,
Each the imperial right of honour claims.
Proud Aragon, who twice her standard rear'd
In conquer'd Naples; and for art revered,
Galicia's prudent sons; the fierce Navar;
And he, far dreaded in the Moorish war,
The bold Asturian: nor Sevilia's race,
Nor thine, Grenada, claim the second place,
Here too the heroes who command the plain
By Betis water'd; here, the pride of Spain,
The brave Castilian pauses o'er his sword,
His country's dread deliverer and lord.
Proud o'er the rest, with splendid wealth array'd,
As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,
Fair Lusitania smiles, the western bound,
Whose verdant breast the rolling waves surround,
Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,
The last pale gleaming of departing day:
This, this, O mighty king, the sacred earth,
This the loved parent-soil that gave me birth.
And oh, would bounteous Heaven my prayer regard,
And fair success my perilous toils reward,
May that dear land my latest breath receive,
And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.

Gama then goes on to describe the formation of the kingdom of Portugal, a recital, we imagine, more interesting to ourselves than to the King of Melinda. The author presents us with the history of his country arrayed in a poetical garb; and brings before our view every thing calculated to inspire us with the loftiest virtues, or the most touching griefs Still, however, we must expect to meet with more real instruction than romantic interest in the course of our progress through the Lusiad. It was the object of Camoens to exhibit in his epic every incident with which history furnished him, most glorious to the character of his country; and he endeavoured to recommend his subject by the charm of verse, as he was aware that his theme could bestow little attraction on his poem. He succeeded in handing down the national records to the notice of posterity, but he could not divest them of the peculiar character attached to them as national records only. The account given by Gama will supply us with the following short abridgment of the history of Portugal.

At the time when King Alfonso VI. by the conquest of Toledo, had drawn together from all parts an army of adventurers ready to consecrate their swords to the cross, and had extended his dominion as far as the shores of the western ocean, he resolved to reward these valiant knights by presenting them with the government of the conquered provinces. For this purpose he made choice of Henry, second son of the King of Hungary, according to Camoens, for their chief, although most genealogists agree that he was the son of Robert le Vieux, grandson to Hugh Capet, and founder of the first house of Burgundy. Alfonso VI. created the same Henry Count of Portugal ; presented him with a portion of the territories of the country; and gave him in marriage his own daughter Teresa. Henry, though left to his own resources, soon extended his dominion over fresh provinces, which he wrested from the enemies of the faith.

On his decease, full of years and glory, Henry expected to leave the crown to his son Alfonso. But Teresa, having contracted a second marriage, asserted her claims to the kingdom, on the ground that her father had conferred it on her as a portion, and she excluded her son from all share in the succession. Alfonso, however, refused to submit to these terms, and the Portuguese, impatient of the least dependence upon Castile, ardently embraced his cause. The armies met in the plains of Guimaraens, where, for the first time, in the year 1128, Portuguese blood was shed in a civil war. Victory declared in favour of Alfonso I.; his mother and his step-father fell into his hands ; and the whole of their fortresses opened their gates to him. In a paroxysm of anger, he ordered his mother to be thrown into irons, and thus drew down upon himself the vengeance of Heaven, no less than that of the Castilians ; who, approaching in great force, laid siege to Guimaraens. Unable to oppose them, Alfonso was compelled to offer complete submission ; and pledged for its performance the word of Egaz Moniz, a Portuguese nobleman, his former tutor, and the same individual who is celebrated as the earliest poet of Portugal. But the immediate danger being once removed, Alfonso felt his reluctance to submit to foreign authority, and to pay a foreign tribute, again revive. Egaz Moniz was as unwilling to remain pledged for the word of a perjured prince, as to contribute, in order to save his own life, to the ruin of his country.

When Egas to redeem his faith's disgrace
Devotes himself, his spouse, and infant race:
In gowns of white, as sentenced felons clad,
When to the stake the sons of guilt are led,
With feet unshod they slowly mov'd along,
And from their necks the knotted halters hung.
And now, O king, the kneeling Egas cries,
Behold my perjured honour's sacrifice:
If such mean victims can atone thine ire,
Here let my wife, my babes, myself expire.
If generous bosoms such revenge can take,
Here let them perish for the father's sake:
The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are these,
Nor let a common death thy wrath appease;
For us let all the rage of torture burn,
But to my prince, thy son, in friendship turn.
He spoke, and bow'd his prostrate body low,
As one who waits the lifted sabre's blow,
When o'er the block his languid arms are spread,
And death, foretasted, whelms the heart with dread.
So great a leader thus in humbled state,
So firm his loyalty, and zeal so great,
The brave Alonzo's kindled ire subdued,
And lost in silent joy the monarch stood;
Then gave the hand, and sheath'd the hostile sword,
And to such honour honour'd peace restored.*

After the civil wars of Alfonso I. Vasco de Gama proceeds to recount the exploits of that prince against the Moors, and, in particular, the victory of Ourique, gained on the twenty-sixth of July, 1139, which first consolidated the foundations of the kingdom of Portugal. Five Moorish kings were vanquished in one battle by Alfonso; and this prince resolving to place himself at least upon an equality with those he had overcome, assumed the title of King instead of that of Count, adopting for the arms of his new kingdom, five escutcheons ranged in the form of a cross, on which were represented the thirty pieces, the price for which Jesus was betrayed. The strongest places in Portugal, still occupied by the Moors, were reduced to submission after this victory. The city of Lisbon, founded, if we are to believe the Portuguese, by Ulysses, was taken in 1147, with the aid of the knights of England and Germany, forming part of the second crusade; and in the same manner Sylves fell, in the following reign, by the help of the Christian armies of Richard and of Philip Augustus, proceeding on the third crusade. Alfonso pursued

* Canto iii. str. 38.

his career of success, defeated the Moors in repeated engagements, and possessed himself of their fortresses. He, at last, advanced as far as Badajoz, which he likewise added to his other conquests. But the divine vengeance, though late, overtook the conqueror of Portugal; and the maledictions of his mother, whom he had retained captive, were fulfilled. He had reached his eightieth year at the taking of Badajoz, but his strength seemed still nearly equal to his gigantic size, while neither treaties, nor ties of blood, formed any bar to his ambition. Badajoz ought to have been delivered up, by stipulation, to Ferdinand, King of Leon, his son-in-law and ally; but Alfonso resolved rather to stand a siege, and even attempted to cut his way, sword in hand, through the army of Ferdinand. He was, however, thrown from his horse; his leg was fractured, and he was taken prisoner. Mistrusting his future fortunes, he then resigned the administration of his kingdom into the hands of his son Don Sancho. But he no sooner learned that the latter was besieged in the town of Santarem by thirteen Moorish kings, and the Emin el Mumenim, than, summoning his veteran troops, the old hero of Portugal hastened to the deliverance of his son, and gained a battle in which the Emperor of Morocco was slain. Nor was it until he had attained his ninety-first year, that the founder of the Portuguese monarchy yielded at last to the combined force of sickness and age, in 1185.

Gama next proceeds to relate the victories of Alfonso's son Don Sancho; the capture of Sylves from the Moors, and of Tui from the King of Leon. These are followed by the conquest of Alcazar dô Sal, by Alfonso II., and by the weakness and cowardice of Don Sancho II., who, sunk in sloth and pleasure, was deposed, in order to make way for his brother Alfonso III. the conqueror of the kingdom of Algarves. To him succeeded Dionysius, the legislator of Portugal and the founder of the University of Coimbra, a monarch whose declining years were embittered by the restless ambition of his son Alfonso IV.; who afterwards acquired the surname of *The Brave*, by his exploits during a warfare of twelve years with the Castilians. When, however, the dominions of the Christian princes were threatened by a fresh invasion of the Almoades Moors, conducted by the Emperor of Morocco, Alfonso brought an army of auxiliaries to the assistance of the King of Castile, to whom

he had married his daughter, and bore a share in the brilliant victory of Tarifa, obtained on the thirtieth of October, 1340. Towards the close of this reign the fatal incident occurred upon which is founded the episode of the unfortunate Inez de Castro, who, after her death, was proclaimed Queen of Portugal on the accession of her lover to the throne; an episode the most affecting and beautiful of any in the poem; and one which affords a fine relief, by its highly dramatic interest, to the historical details in which Camoens so much indulged.

'Twas thou, O love, whose dreaded shafts control
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;
Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloy'd,
'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroy'd.
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow:
The breast that feels thy purest flames divine,
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.
Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O nymph, the while,*
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,
In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers
Languish'd away the slow and lonely hours.
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,
The conscious stream received thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,
Each echo sigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his distant love:
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms:
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though fairest princely dames invok'd his love,
No princely dame his constant faith could move:
For thee alone his constant passion burn'd,
For thee the proffer'd royal maids he scorn'd.
Ah, hope of bliss too high—the princely dames
Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames;
He, with an old man's wintry eye, surveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The people's murmurs of his son's delay
To bless the nation with his nuptial day.
(Alas, the nuptial day was past unknown,
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to own.)
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful sire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.

* Canto iii. st. 120, 121.

Oh, thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroes' gore
Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
Unarm'd, by softness and by love possess'd!

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands,
Before the frowning king fair Inez stands;
Her tears of artless innocence, her air
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Moved the stern monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal;
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possess'd,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confess'd:
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,
Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beauteous eyes in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
To heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound;
Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus:*—O monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tigers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of heaven,
The human form divine, shalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply!
O, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould, superfluous were my prayer;
Thou could'st not then a helpless damsel slay
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who first his love confess'd,
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.
In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me?
Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care!
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valour glows:
That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,†
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;
Ah, let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime:

* Canto iii. str. 125 † Canto iii. str. 128.

Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deserts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lions' roaring, and the tigers' yell,
There with mine infant race consign'd to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by me implored from human kind:
There, in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,
For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow:
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear,
Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,
Amidst my fears a woeful, hopeless joy.

In tears she utter'd: as the frozen snow
Toueh'd by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,
So just began to melt his stubborn soul
As mild-ray'd pity o'er the tyrant stole.
But destiny forbade: with eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom;
Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom
O'er stern Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,
Their swords unsheath'd around her brandish'd shine.
Oh, foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
By men of arms an helpless lady slain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,*
Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious sire;
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
He rush'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor;
While mildly she her raving mother eyed,
Resign'd her bosom to the sword, and died.
Thus Inez, while her eyes to heaven appeal,
Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel:
That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd
The loveliest face where all the graces reign'd,
Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflamed,
That her pale corse was Lisboa's queen proclaim'd;
That snowy neck was stain'd with spouting gore,
Another sword her lovely bosom tore.
The flowers that glisten'd with her tears bedew'd,
Now shrunk and languish'd with her blood imbrued.
As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay,
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,

* Canto iii. str 131 to 135.

Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
So from her cheeks the roses died away,
And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay:
With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,
Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

O Sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old
A sudden night unwonted horror cast
O'er that dire banquet, where the sire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied!—Yet you, ye vales!
Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales!
When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;
Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, sigh'd around.
Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs still.
To give immortal pity to her woe
They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow,
And still through violet beds the fountain pours
Its plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.
Nor long her blood for vengeance cried in vain:
Her gallant lord begins his awful reign.
In vain her murderers for refuge fly,
Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.
The injur'd lover's and the monarch's ire,
And stern-brow'd justice in their doom conspire:
In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in fire.

Don Pedro, after the loss of his mistress, giving way to his ferocious feelings, signalized his reign only by acts of cruelty; while his successor, Ferdinand, on the contrary, was of a mild, weak, and even effeminate character. Eleonora, whom he had espoused, after tearing her from the arms of her former husband, dishonoured his reign by her dissipated and abandoned conduct. He left behind him only one daughter, named Beatrice, whom the Portuguese would not consent to acknowledge. Don John, a natural brother of Ferdinand, was in consequence elevated to the throne. The Castilians, upon this, invaded Portugal with a numerous army, in order to establish the claim to the throne of one of their princes, who had espoused Beatrice. Many of the Portuguese were undecided in regard to the party they should adopt; but Don Nuño Alvarez Pereira, by his eloquence in the national council, prevailed upon the nobles of the land to rally round

their king. The speech attributed to him by Camoens, preserves throughout all that chivalric fire and dignity, together with that bold and masculine tone, which characterized the eloquence of the middle age.* In the same spirit as he had spoken, Nuño Alvarez fought for the independence of his country. In the battle of Aljubarotta, the most sanguinary which had ever taken place between the Portuguese and the Castilians, he found himself opposed to his brothers, who had embraced the party of Castile; and with a handful of men he stood the charge of a numerous body of the enemy. This engagement is described with all the splendour which the poet's art could confer, as the hero was no less a favourite of Camoens than of the whole nation of Portugal. Whilst the king, Don John, remained master of the field of battle at Aljubarotta, Nuño Alvarez followed up his victory, and penetrating as far as Seville, he compelled it to surrender, and dictated the terms of peace to the haughty people of Castile.

After this signal victory over the Castilians, Don John was the first Christian prince who passed into Africa to extend his conquests among the Moors. He seems to have transmitted the same spirit of chivalry to his children. During the reign of his son Edward, the renewed hostilities with the infidels were rendered memorable by the captivity of Don Fernando, the heroic *Inflexible Prince* celebrated by Calderon as the Regulus of Portugal. Next follows Alfonso V. distinguished for his victories over the Moors, but vanquished, in his turn, by the Castilians, whom he had attacked in conjunction with Ferdinand of Aragon. He was succeeded by John II., the thirteenth king of Portugal, who was the first to attempt the discovery of a path to those regions which first meet the beams of the sun. He sent out adventurers on a journey of discovery, by way of Italy, Egypt, and the Red Sea; but the unfortunate travellers, after arriving at the mouth of the Indus, fell victims to the climate, and never regained their native country. Emmanuel, succeeding to the throne of John II., likewise prosecuted his discoveries. We are informed by the poet, that the rivers Ganges and Indus appeared in a vision to the monarch, inviting him to undertake those conquests, which from the beginning of ages had been reserved for the Portuguese. Emmanuel made choice,

* Canto iv. str. 14 to 29.

for this purpose, of Vasco de Gama, who, in the fifth book, commences the recital of his own voyage and discoveries.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SEQUEL OF THE LUSIAD.

ARRIVED, as we now are, at a period when every sea is traversed in every direction, and for every purpose; and when the phenomena of nature, observed throughout the different regions of the earth, are no longer a source of mystery and alarm, we look back upon the voyage of Vasco de Gama to the Indies, one of the boldest and most perilous enterprises achieved by the courage of man, with far less admiration than it formerly excited. The age preceding that of the great Emmanuel, though devoted almost wholly to maritime discoveries, had not yet prepared the minds of men for an undertaking of such magnitude and extent. For a long period Cape Non, situated at the extremity of the empire of Morocco, had been considered as the limits of European navigation; and all the honours awarded by the Infant Don Henry, with the additional hopes of plunder, on a coast purposely abandoned to the cupidity of adventurers, were necessary to induce the Portuguese to approach the borders of the great desert. Cape Bojador soon presented a new barrier, and excited new fears. Twelve years of fruitless attempts passed away before they summoned resolution to double this Cape, and to proceed farther in the same track. Having explored scarcely sixty leagues of the coast, there yet remained more than two thousand to be traversed before they could attain the Cape of Good Hope. Each step that marked their progress along the line of coast, towards the discovery of Senegal, of Guinea, and of Congo, presented them with new phenomena, with fresh apprehensions, and not unfrequently with fresh perils. Successive navigators, however, gradually advanced along the African shores, whose extent far surpassed every thing known in European navigation, without discovering any traces of civilization or commerce, or entering into any alliances which might enable them, at such a distance from their country, to supply their exhausted magazines, to recruit their strength, and to repair the various disasters of the sea and climate.

But at length, in 1486, the vessel of Bartolomeo Diaz was carried by a violent storm beyond the Cape of Good Hope, which he passed without observation. He then remarked that the coast, instead of preserving its direction invariably towards the south, appeared at length to take a northern course; but with exhausted provisions and companions dispirited and fatigued, he was compelled to abandon to some more fortunate successor the results of a discovery, from which he was aware what great advantages might arise. Such was the degree of information already acquired by the Portuguese relating to the navigation of these seas, when King Emmanuel made choice of Gama to attempt a passage to the Indies by the same route. There still remained a tract of two thousand leagues to be discovered before arriving at the coast of Malabar; an extent of territory as great as that which it had required the whole of the preceding century to explore. The Portuguese were likewise uncertain, whether the distance might not be twice the extent here stated; a consideration to which we must add their inexperience of the winds and seasons most favourable for the navigation. Nor were they without their fears, that, on reaching a country which presented so many difficulties, they might have to encounter new and powerful enemies, equal to themselves in point of civilization and the arts of war, ready to overpower them on their arrival. The whole fleet destined for such an enterprise consisted only of three small vessels of war and a transport, of which the united crews did not exceed more than one hundred and forty-eight hands fit for service. They were commanded by Vasco de Gama, by Paul de Gama, his brother, and by Nicholas Coelho; and set sail from the port of Belem, or Bethleem, about a league distant from Lisbon, on the eighth of July, 1497. The description of the sailing of this little fleet is given in the following terms by Vasco de Gama, in his narration to the King of Melinda:

Where foaming on the shore the tide appears,
A sacred fane its hoary arches rears:
Dim o'er the sea the evening shades descend,
And at the holy shrine devout we bend:
There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze,
Our prayers and earnest vows to heaven we raise.
" Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave
" Still to the sailor's eyes displays his grave;
" Through howling tempests, and through gulfs untried,
" O! mighty God! be thou our watchful guide."

While kneeling thus before the sacred shrine
In holy faith's most solemn rite we join,
Our peace with heaven the bread of peace confirms,
And meek contrition every bosom warms:
Sudden the lights extinguish'd, all around
Dread silence reigns, and midnight gloom profound.
A sacred horror pants on every breath,
And each firm breast devotes itself to death,
An offer'd sacrifice, sworn to obey
My nod, and follow where I lead the way.
Now prostrate round the hallow'd shrine we lie,
Till rosy morn bespreads the eastern sky;
Then, breathing fix'd resolves, my daring mates
March to the ships, while pour'd from Lisbon's gates,
Thousands on thousands crowding, press along,
A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng.
A thousand white-robed priests our steps attend,
And prayers and holy vows to heaven ascend.
A scene so solemn, and the tender woe
Of parting friends, constrain'd my tears to flow.
To weigh our anchors from our native shore—
To dare new oceans never dared before—
Perhaps to see my native coast no more—
Forgive, O king, if as a man I feel,
I bear no bosom of obdurate steel—
(The godlike hero here suppressed the sigh,
And wiped the tear-drop from his manly eye;
Then thus resuming—) All the peopled shore
An awful, silent look of anguish wore;
Affection, friendship, all the kindred ties
Of spouse and parent languish'd in their eyes:
As men they never should again behold,
Self-offer'd victims to destruction sold,
On us they fixed the eager look of woe,
While tears o'er every cheek began to flow;
When thus aloud, Alas! my son, my son!*
A hoary sire exclaims; oh, whither run,
My heart's sole joy, my trembling age's stay,
To yield thy limbs the dread sea-monster's prey?
To seek thy burial in the raging wave,
And leave me cheerless sinking to the grave?
Was it for this I watch'd thy tender years,
And bore each fever of a father's fears?
Alas! my boy!—his voice is heard no more.
The female shriek resounds along the shore:
With hair dishevell'd, through the yielding crowd
A lovely bride springs on, and screams aloud:
Oh! where, my husband, where to seas unknown,
Where wouldst thou fly me, and my love disown?
And wilt thou, cruel, to the deep consign
That valued life, the joy, the soul of mine:

* Canto iv. str. 92, 93.

And must our loves, and all the kindred train
Of rapt endearments, all expire in vain?
All the dear transports of the warm embrace;
When mutual love inspired each raptured face;
Must all, alas! be scatter'd in the wind,
Nor thou bestow one lingering look behind?

Such the lorn parents' and the spouses' woes,
Such o'er the strand the voice of wailing rose;
From breast to breast the soft contagion crept,
Moved by the woeful sound the children wept;
The mountain echoes catch the big-swoln sighs,
And through the dales prolong the matron's cries;
The yellow sands with tears are silver'd o'er,
Our fate the mountains and the beach deplore.
Yet firm we march, nor turn one glance aside
On hoary parent or on lovely bride.
Though glory fired our hearts, too well we knew
What soft affection and what love could do.
The last embrace the bravest worst can bear:
The bitter yearnings of the parting tear
Sullen we shun, unable to sustain
The melting passion of such tender pain.

Now on the lofty decks prepared we stand,
When towering o'er the crowd that veil'd the strand,
A reverend figure fix'd each wondering eye,
And beckoning thrice he waved his hand on high,
And thrice his hoary curls he sternly shook,
While grief and anger mingled in his look;
Then to its height his faltering voice he rear'd,
And through the fleet these awful words were heard:

O frantic thirst of honour and of fame,
The crowd's blind tribute, a fallacious name;
What stings, what plagues, what secret scourges curst,
Torment those bosoms where thy pride is nurst!
What dangers threaten, and what deaths destroy
The hapless youth, whom thy vain gleams decoy!
By thee, dire tyrant of the noble mind,
What dreadful woes are pour'd on human kind;
Kingdoms and empires in confusion hurl'd,
What streams of gore have drench'd the hapless world.
Thou dazzling meteor, vain as fleeting air,
What new dread horror dost thou now prepare!
High sounds thy voice of India's pearly shore,
Of endless triumphs and of countless store:
Of other worlds so tower'd thy swelling boast,
Thy golden dreams, when Paradise was lost,
When thy big promise steep'd the world in gore,
And simple innocence was known no more.
And say, has fame so dear, so dazzling charms?*
Must brutal fierceness and the trade of arms,

* Canto iv. str. 99, 100, 101.

Conquest, and laurels dipp'd in blood, be prized,
While life is scorn'd, and all its joys despised?
And say, does zeal for holy faith inspire
To spread its mandates, thy avow'd desire?
Behold the Hagarene in armour stands,
Treads on thy borders, and the foe demands:
A thousand cities own his lordly sway,
A thousand various shores his nod obey.
Through all these regions, all these cities, scorn'd
Is thy religion and thine altars spurn'd.
A foe renown'd in arms the brave require;
That high-plumed foe, renown'd for martial fire
Before thy gates his shining spear displays,
Whilst thou wouldst fondly dare the wat'ry maze,
Enfeebled leave thy native land behind,
On shores unknown a foe unknown to find.
Oh! madness of ambition! thus to dare
Dangers so fruitless, so remote a war!
That fame's vain flattery may thy name adorn,
And thy proud titles on her flag be borne:
Thee, lord of Persia, thee, of India lord,
O'er Ethiopia vast, and Araby adored!

Whilst the old man was thus speaking, the vessels had already set sail:

From Leo now, the lordly star of day,
Intensely blazing, shot his fiercest ray;
When slowly gliding from our wishful eyes,
The Lusian mountains mingled with the skies;
Tago's loved stream. and Cintra's mountains cold
Dim fading now, we now no more behold;
And still with yearning hearts our eyes explore,
Till one dim speck of land appears no more.
Our native soil now far behind, we ply
The lonely dreary waste of seas and boundless sky.*

Vasco de Gama next proceeds to relate his voyage along the western coast of Africa. He describes Madeira, the first island peopled by the Portuguese, the burning shores of the Zanhagan desert, the passage of the Tropic, and the cold waters of the dark Senegal. They touch for refreshments at San Jago, where they renew their provisions, pass the rocky precipices of Sierra Leone, the island on which they bestowed the name of St. Thomas, and the kingdom of Congo, watered by the great river Zahir, and already converted to the Christian faith; till at length, having crossed the line, they behold a new pole rising above the horizon, but less richly studded with the constellations of heaven. Gama enumerates the

* Canto v. str. 3.

phenomena which they witnessed in these hitherto untraversed seas, and presents us with a very striking and poetical description of the water-spout seen at sea. To whatever shores, however, they direct their course, they in vain seek to obtain information from countries whose savage inhabitants attempt to surprise and cut them off by treachery. At length, after an anxious voyage of five months, they arrive in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, where, enveloped in gathering clouds which foreboded storms, a terrific vision is supposed to meet their eyes :

*I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air.
Appall'd we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lour'd:
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires. Far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confess'd
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:

O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening wat'ry way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane
Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,
Have pass'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view;
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.

With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
The next proud fleet that through my drear domain,
With daring search shall hoise the streaming vane,
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds toss'd,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast:

* Canto v. str. 39, &c.

Then He who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive.* Unless my heart's full raptures fail
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

With trophies plumed behold a hero come;
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb!
Though smiling fortune bless'd his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laurell'd brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,
While he, proud victor, thunder'd in the rear,
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here.
Quiloa's sons and thine, Mombaze, shall see
Their conqueror bend his laurell'd head to me;
While proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.†

The howling blast, ye slumbering storms, prepare!
A youthful lover and his beauteous fair‡
Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land;
His evil angel leads him to my strand.
Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,
The shatter'd wrecks shall blacken all my shore.
Themselves escaped, despoil'd by savage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear.
Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,
Shall now no more a hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parent's eye,
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.
Through dreary wilds where never pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,
The hapless lover and his bride shall stray,
By night unshelter'd, and forlorn by day.
In vain the lover o'er the trackless plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain.
Her tender limbs, and breast of mountain snow,
Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,
Parch'd by the sun, and shrivell'd by the cold
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man! behold.
Thus wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpast,
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.

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* Bartolomeo Diaz, who discovered the Cape of Good Hope before the time of Gama, and who perished there with three vessels in the expedition of Alvarez Cabral, in the year 1500.

† Francesco d'Almeida, first viceroy of the Indies, who was killed by the Caffres of the Cape in the year 1509.

‡ Manuel de Souza and his wife. Canto v. str. 46 to 48.

Some few, the sad companions of their fate,
Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell,
How blasted by my frown your heroes fell.

He paused, in act still farther to disclose
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:
When springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
And midst his rage the threatening shade confounds:
What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air?
By heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare!
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breast deep hollow groans arose;
Sternly askance he stood: with wounded pride
And anguish torn: In me, behold, he cried,
While dark-red sparkles from his eyeballs roll'd,
In me the spirit of the Cape behold,
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
With wide-stretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound unmoved I stand:
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar
Ere dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas to catch the trading gale.
You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign.

He spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanish'd from the view;
The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolong'd the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
High to the angel host, whose guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And heaven's dread King implore. As o'er our head
The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow, fled;
So may his curses by the winds of heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven!

With sacred horror thrill'd, Melinda's lord*
Held up the eager hand, and caught the word:
Oh wondrous faith of ancient days, he cries,
Conceal'd in mystic lore, and dark disguise!
Taught by their sires, our hoary fathers tell,
On these rude shores a giant spectre fell,
What time from heaven the rebel band were thrown;
And oft the wandering swain has heard his moan.
While o'er the wave the clouded moon appears
To hide her weeping face, his voice he rears

* [The story of Adamastor's metamorphosis, which Mickle here assigns to the King of Melinda, is related in the original by the spectre himself.—*Tr.*]

O'er the wild storm. Deep in the days of yore
A holy pilgrim trod the nightly shore;
Stern groans he heard; by ghostly spells controll'd
His fate, mysterious, thus the spectre told:

By forceful Titan's warm embrace compress'd,
The rock-ribb'd mother Earth his love confess'd.
The hundred-handed giant at a birth
And me she bore: nor slept my hopes on earth;
My heart avow'd my sire's ethereal flame:
Great Adamastor then my dreaded name.
In my bold brother's glorious toils engaged,
Tremendous war against the gods I waged:
Yet not to reach the throne of heaven I try
With mountain piled on mountain to the sky:
To me the conquest of the seas befel,
In his green realm the second Jove to quell.
Nor did ambition all my passions hold,
'Twas love that prompted an attempt so bold.
Ah me, one summer in the cool of day
I saw the Nereids on the sandy bay
With lovely Thetis from the wave advance
In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance.
In all her charms reveal'd the goddess trode;
With fiercest fires my struggling bosom glow'd;
Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,
And hopeless languish with the raging smart.
For her, each goddess of the heavens I scorn'd,
For her alone my fervent ardour burn'd.
In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed;
From my grim form with horror mute she fled.
Madd'ning with love, by force I ween to gain
The silver goddess of the blue domain:
To the hoar mother of the Nereid band
I tell my purpose, and her aid command:
By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move,
And win the spouse of Peleus to my love.
The silver goddess with a smile replies:
What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize?
Yet from the horrors of a war to save,
And guard in peace our empire of the wave,
Whate'er with honour he may hope to gain,
That let him hope his wish shall soon attain.
The promised grace infused a bolder fire,
And shook my mighty limbs with fierce desire.
But ah, what error spreads its dreamful night,
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's sight!
The war resign'd, my steps by Doris led,
While gentle eve her shadowy mantle spread,
Before my steps the snowy Thetis shone
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.
Swift as the wind with open arms I sprung,
And round her waist with joy delirious clung:

In all the transports of the warm embrace,
A hundred kisses on her angel face,
On all its various charms my rage bestows,
And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows.
When, oh, what anguish while my shame I tell!
What fix'd despair, what rage my bosom swell!
Here was no goddess, here no heavenly charms·
A rugged mountain fill'd my eager arms,
Whose rocky top o'erhung with matted brier,
Received the kisses of my amorous fire.
Waked from my dream cold horror freezed my blood;
Fix'd as a rock before the rock I stood :*
O fairest goddess of the ocean train,
Behold the triumph of thy proud disdain!
Yet why, I cried, with all I wish'd decoy,
And when exulting in the dream of joy,
A horrid mountain to mine arms convey?—
Madd'ning I spoke, and furious sprung away.
Far to the south I sought the world unknown,
Where I unheard, unscorn'd, might wail alone,
My foul dishonour and my tears to hide,
And shun the triumph of the goddess' pride.
My brothers now by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,
Beneath huge mountains piled on mountains groan;
And I who taught each echo to deplore,
And tell my sorrows to the desert shore,
I felt the hand of Jove my crimes pursue;
My stiffening flesh to earthy ridges grew,
And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd,
To horrid piles and ribs of rock transform'd,
Yon dark-brow'd cape of monstrous size became,
Where round me still, in triumph o'er my shame,
The silvery Thetis bids her surges roar,
And waft my groans along the dreary shore.†

I have thus given, in full, two of the finest episodes contained in the whole poem of the Lusiad; those of Inez de Castro and of Adamastor. No extracts are sufficient to convey a true feeling of the creative power, and the combination of sublimity and pathos, which characterize a great poet; while a version, unfortunately, is still less calculated to attain such an object. The music of the language, the force and

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* Oh que naó sei de noja como o conte:
Que crendo ter nos braços quem amava,
Abraçado me achei co hum duro monte
De aspero mato e de espessura brava,
Estando co hum penedo fronte a fronte
Que eu pelo rosto angelico apertava,
Naó fiquei homem naó, mas mudo e quedo,
E junto de hum penedo outro penedo.
Canto v. *str.* 56.

† Convertese me a carne em terra dura,
Em penedos os ossos se fizeram;
Estès membros que vos, e esta figura,
Por estas longas agoas se estendêram:
Em fim, minha grandissima estatura
Neste remoto cabo convertêram
Os Deoses, e por mais dobradas mágoas,
Me anda Thetis cercando destas agoas.
Canto v. *str.* 59

purity of expression, and a thousand beauties of the verse, admit of no imitation ; and a slight acquaintance with the native tongue of Camoens will afford the reader more true pleasure in perusing the original, than he could derive from the most perfect translation.

Gama continues the account of his voyage along the eastern side of Africa ; his passage beyond the island where Diaz first checked his course ; and his arrival, at length, at the spot which they distinguished by the name of the port of *Good Promise*, on account of the Arabic language being there first understood, the appearance of vessels with sails there in use, and the information they obtained relating to the Indies. These traces of civilization served to revive their hopes at a time they most stood in need of consolation ; as a scorbutic disease had broken out, and was making fatal progress among the crew. The expedition then passes by the ports of Mozambique and Mombaça, and ultimately arrives at Melinda.

Gama's long recital being concluded, the poet resumes the thread of his story, on the opening of the sixth book, in his own person. The Portuguese admiral enters into an alliance, strengthened by the sacred rites of hospitality, with the King of Melinda. He assures him that the vessels of Portugal shall always, in future, cast anchor on his shores, and he receives from the monarch, in return, a faithful pilot to conduct him over the great gulf which separates Africa from the Indies. But Bacchus, foiled in his hopes of arresting the progress of the Portuguese with the assistance of the celestial deities, has recourse to those of the ocean, and visits the palace of Neptune, where the divinities of the sea are assembled. Camoens here takes occasion to describe in very picturesque and striking colours this portion of the old mythology, in a manner not unworthy of the classics of antiquity, as far as an imitation can possibly rival its model. The gods of the sea, excited by Bacchus, consent to let loose the winds and waves upon the daring navigators who thus venture to explore the secrets of the deep.

Before the council of marine deities had adopted this fatal resolution, the Portuguese adventurers, steering their course in full security, had stationed their watches for the night. The second had already commenced its office ; and the men were striving to chase slumber from their eyes by recounting

to each other amusing stories ; when Leonardo, himself a lover, begged his companions to relate their love-adventures:

> Ill timed, alas, the brave Veloso cries,
> The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes.
> The dear enchantments of the fair I know,
> The fearful transport and the rapturous woe :
> But with our state ill suits the grief or joy ;
> Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ :
> With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire
> The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire.*

He is then requested to narrate some proud feat of war, and he recites the history of the Knights of Portugal called the Twelve of England. During the reign of John I. in Portugal, and of Richard II. in England, towards the close of the fourteenth century, several English knights, conceiving themselves insulted by some ladies of the court, ventured to make free with their reputations, and offered to prove by knightly feat of arms, that those by whom they had been offended were no longer entitled to the rank of honourable dames. None were found in England bold enough to accept their challenge, as they were considered to be the most redoubtable champions of their time. But the Duke of Lancaster, who had fought for the Portuguese in the wars of Castile, and had married his own daughter to King John, advised the ladies, whose honour had been thus aspersed, to look for champions in the kingdom of Portugal, and he recommended to them twelve noble cavaliers from among those whom he best knew. He caused each of the twelve ladies to select by lot the true knight destined for the defence of her honour ; after which, the ladies wrote conjointly to King John, and each separately to the cavalier whom she had chosen ; while the Duke, on his side, addressed letters to all. This invitation to battle, from these unknown beauties, was considered in the light of a favour by the noble Portuguese ; who, after obtaining the sanction of their monarch, equipped themselves with arms and steeds, and took ship at Oporto, on their way to England. One only, of the name of Magriço, wished to go by land as far

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* This stanza is more vigorously rendered by Lord Strangford :

" Perish that thought!" the bold Veloso cries;
" Who talks of Love in danger's dire extremes?
" Shall we, while giant perils round us rise,
" Shall we attend to those enerving themes?
" No—rather some tremendous tale devise
" Of war's alarms, for such our state beseems—
" So shall we scorn our present ills, and learn
" To cope those coming toils my prophet eyes discern."

Stanza xli. p. 111.

as the frontiers of La Mancha, but entreated his companions, that in the event of his not joining them on the appointed day, they would boldly maintain his honour with their own, in the same manner as if he had himself been present.

After having passed through Spain and France, this knight was in fact detained by contrary winds at a port in Flanders, and his eleven compeers entered into the lists without him to engage the twelve English knights. Each of them bore the colours of the lady whose champion he professed to be, and the King presided at the combat. At this moment Magriço rode forward, embraced his companions, and ranged himself by their side. Accustomed to such engagements, and doubtless as weary as his readers of the frequent poetical encounters of the sword and the lance, the author spares us the recital of the particulars of this scene, contenting himself with proclaiming the victory in favour of the twelve knights of Portugal. After enjoying the brilliant festivals given by the Duke of Lancaster and the ladies in honour of their prowess, the champions repair to their own country. On their route, they are supposed to meet with many glorious adventures, which are about to be celebrated in song, when the pilot calls loudly on the ship's crew to stand on their guard, as he observes a violent storm ready to burst upon their heads, from a dark cloud overhanging the horizon. He orders them in vain to take in the main-sail; it is shivered into pieces before he can be obeyed, and the vessel thrown upon her beam-ends, is already filling with water. That of Paul Gama has her main-mast carried away, and Coelho's ship is in little less danger, although the pilot succeeded in furling her sails before they yielded to the storm. Here, for the first time, we are presented with the picture of a tempest at sea, by a poet, who, having traversed half the circumference of the world, had acquired a real knowledge of the terrific action of the winds and waves, in their stormiest moods. We everywhere trace the hardy navigator, in the truth as well as in the vividness of the images. In this extreme danger, Gama addresses his prayers to the God of the Christians; but in order to preserve the mythology adopted throughout the whole poem, it is not to the Deity that the hero, at last, owes his deliverance. Venus, whose glowing star already rose above the horizon, summons her nymphs to attend her, and to adorn themselves with garlands of the

freshest flowers, the better to seduce the boisterous winds. These powers, beguiled by the flattering charm, and by the blandishments of love, soon become calm. The ship-boy at the mast-head raises a joyful cry of land, re-echoed by the whole crew, while the pilot of Melinda informs the Portuguese that they are now approaching the kingdom of Calicut, the object of their voyage.

Nations are very frequently observed to be elated by their magnitude ; as if the increased number of their citizens did not detract from the portion of renown due to each individual, in the collective exploits of the people ; as if individual importance were not merged in the overwhelming influence of aggregate bodies ; and as if individual existence were of any account among the millions to which it belongs. But the honour which a citizen attaches to the smallness of his native state, is of a far more genuine description, inasmuch as it implies the accomplishment of great designs, with very inadequate means. It is only the inhabitants of circumscribed dominions, who may justly venture to boast of possessing a distinguished share in the fame and achievements of their country. Each man feels that his personal influence has been exerted in deciding the fate of his country ; and it is in giving expression to this fine sentiment, that Camoens opens the seventh book of his Lusiad :

*Hail, glorious chief ! where never chief before
Forced his bold way, all hail on India's shore !
And hail, ye Lusian heroes ! far and wide
What groves of palm, to haughty Rome denied,
For you by Ganges' lengthening banks unfold !
What laurel forests on the shores of gold
For you their honours ever verdant rear,
Proud with their leaves to twine the Lusian spear !
Ah heaven ! what fury Europe's sons controls !
What self-consuming discord fires their souls !
'Gainst her own breast her sword Germania turns ;
Through all her states fraternal rancour burns ;
Some, blindly wandering, holy faith disclaim,
And fierce through all wild rages civil flame.
High sound the titles of the English crown,
King of Jerusalem, his old renown !
Alas, delighted with an airy name,
The thin dim shadow of departed fame,
England's stern monarch, sunk in soft repose,
Luxurious riots mid his northern snows :
Or if the starting burst of rage succeed,
His brethren are his foes, and Christians bleed ·

* Canto vii. str. 2, 3, 4.

While Hagar's brutal race his titles stain,
In weeping Salem unmolested reign,
And with their rites impure her holy shrines profane.

Camoens then describes the English, the French, and the Italians, in a similar way, reproaching them for their profane wars and luxury, while they ought to have been engaged in opposing the enemies of the faith :

Yet sleep, ye powers of Europe, careless sleep !
To you in vain your eastern brethren weep ;
Yet not in vain their woe-wrung tears shall suc ;
Though small the Lusian realms, her legions few,
The guardian oft by heaven ordain'd before,
The Lusian race shall guard Messiah's lore.
When heaven decreed to crush the Moorish foe,
Heaven gave the Lusian spear to strike the blow.
When heaven's own laws o'er Afric's shores were heard,
The sacred shrines the Lusian heroes rear'd :
Nor shall their zeal in Asia's bounds expire,
Asia subdued shall fume with hallow'd fire :
When the red sun the Lusian shore forsakes,
And on the lap of deepest west awakes,
O'er the wild plains, beneath unincensed skies
The sun shall view the Lusian altars rise.
And could new worlds by human step be trod,
Those worlds should tremble at the Lusian nod.

Camoens proceeds to describe, with more geographical correctness, perhaps, than poetic colouring, the western peninsula of India, the shores of Malabar, and Calicut, the capital of the Zamorim, where Gama had landed. The Portuguese there met with a Moor of Barbary, named Monçaide, who recognizing the Spanish dress, spoke to them in the Castilian tongue, and gave them a hospitable reception. He seemed to remember only his former proximity to them, forgetting the numerous injuries which his persecuted race had sustained at their hands. After receiving Gama's messenger in his house, he went himself on board the Portuguese vessel, and gave his guests a particular account of every thing he had learned relating to India. The Zamorim next invites Gama to repair to an audience ; who sets out in a palanquin, accompanied by his soldiers on foot. Monçaide acts as an interpreter ; requesting in the name of the King of Portugal, the friendship of the Emperor of Calicut, and proposing to grant him the commerce of Europe in exchange for that of India. The emperor, before he returns an answer, wishes to have the opinion of his council ; inquires of Monçaide some particulars respecting Portugal, and orders the ships arrived in his port

to be visited by his officers. The arrival of the Catual, or minister of the Zamorim, on board the ships, and his examination of the historical portraits which meet his eye, afford occasion for another digression, in which Camoens discusses the antiquities of Portugal. But he first addresses himself to the nymphs of the Tagus, lamenting the many disappointments which he had suffered in the service of the Muses :

*Where would I speed, as madd'ning in a dream,
Without your aid, ye Nymphs of Tago's stream !
Or yours, ye Dryads of Mondego's bowers !
Without your aid how vain my wearied powers !
Long yet and various lies my arduous way
Through louring tempests and a boundless sea.
Oh then, propitious hear your son implore,
And guide my vessel to the happy shore.
Ah ! see how long what per'lous days, what woes
On many a foreign coast around me rose,
As dragg'd by fortune's chariot wheels along
I sooth'd my sorrows with the warlike song ;
Wide ocean's horrors lengthening now around,
And now my footsteps trod the hostile ground ;
Yet mid each danger of tumultuous war
Your Lusian heroes ever claim'd my care :
As Canace† of old, ere self-destroy'd,
One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.
Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,
The guest dependent at the lordling's board :
Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
For ever lost ; myself escaped alone,
On the wild shore all friendless, hopeless, thrown ;
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore,
By miracle prolong'd : yet not the more
To end my sorrows : woes succeeding woes
Belied my earnest hopes of sweet repose :
In place of bays around my brows to shed
Their sacred honours, o'er my destined head
Foul calumny proclaim'd the fraudful tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary jail.
Such was the meed, alas ! on me bestow'd,
Bestow'd by those for whom my numbers glow'd,
By those who to my toils their laurel honours owed.

Ye gentle nymphs of Tago's rosy bowers,
Ah, see what letter'd patron-lords are yours!
Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales ;
To them in vain the injur'd muse bewails :

* Canto vii. str. 78.
† The daughter of Æolus, whose illegitimate children were condemned to death Ovid attributes to her one of his *Heroids*.

No fostering care their barbarous hands bestow,
Though to the muse their fairest fame they owe.
Ah, cold may prove the future priest of fame
Taught by my fate: yet will I not disclaim
Your smiles, ye Muses of Mondego's shade,
Be still my dearest joy your happy aid!
And hear my vow: Nor king, nor loftiest peer
Shall e'er from me the song of flattery hear;
Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,
Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains;
His king's worst foe: nor he whose raging ire,
And raging wants, to shape his course, conspire;
True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,
Their changeful Proteus, insolent and loud:
Nor he whose honest mien secures applause,
Grave though he seem, and father of the laws,
Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies
Each other's merit, and withholds the prize:
Who spurns the muse, nor feels the raptured strain,
Useless by him esteem'd, and idly vain:
For him, for these, no wreath my hand shall twine;
On other brows th' immortal rays shall shine:
He who the path of honour ever trod,
True to his king, his country, and his God,
On his blest head my hands shall fix the crown
Wove of the deathless laurels of renown.

The eighth book, which follows this very affecting appeal, will scarcely, we fear, suit our purpose, in the form of extracts. The heroes of Portugal, from the time of Lusus, one of the companions of Bacchus, who conferred his name on Lusitania, and of Ulysses the founder of Lisbon, down to the Infants Don Pedro and Don Henrique, the conquerors of Ceuta, are all represented in the portraits of Gama, and are likewise characterized by appropriate verses, interesting only to such readers as may possess an intimate acquaintance with the early history and fictions of the country.

In the mean while the Zamorim has recourse to the oracles of his false gods, who, according to the strange mythology sanctioned by Camoens, as well as by all the Spanish poets, do not fail to reveal to him the real truth; for we every where find miraculous powers very inconsistently attributed by them to these false and lying idols. Through these oracles the Emperor of Calicut is made acquainted with the future dominion of the Portuguese over the Indies, and the consequent downfal of his own empire. All the Mahometans throughout his dominions, actuated by either religious or commercial motives, conspire against the Portuguese; and endeavour to

irritate the Zamorim, and to corrupt his ministers. In the next audience with Vasco de Gama, the emperor questions the truth of their embassy from the Portuguese king, and cannot be brought to believe that a monarch so remotely situated should really interest himself in the affairs of India. He declares his suspicions that Gama is only the captain of a band of corsairs, and requires him to reveal the real truth. The hero repels such an accusation with becoming dignity; avowing at the same time that ardent zeal for discovery which had led so many of the Portuguese monarchs to track their way, step by step, along the great coast of Africa; and he then requires the king's permission to re-embark in order to carry back to his country the tidings of an open passage to the Indies. The tone in which Gama speaks convinces the emperor of his sincerity. He consents to his departure; but his ministers, and particularly the Catual, seduced by the presents of the Moors, will not allow the commander to return to his fleet. He is strictly watched, and it is not without difficulty that, by delivering up to the Indians the whole of his merchandize, as surety for his person, he obtains permission once more to re-embark. Nearly all these details have the recommendation of historical truth, as we scarcely find a circumstance anywhere recounted which may not be referred to the fourth book of the first decade of John de Barros. The strange mixture, however, arising from the interference of Venus, who inspires Gama with his eloquent discourse, and the jealousy of Bacchus, who excites a Mahometan priest against the Christians by appearing to him in a dream, gives an air of ridicule and improbability to a fiction so perfectly at variance with all the modern feelings and passions with which it is associated. We have already observed that Camoens composed a portion of his epic poem at Macao. An exile at the farthest extremity of Asia, he dwelt with poetic enthusiasm only upon the recollections of Europe. The mythology of the Greeks, the object of his studies while at Coimbra, served to revive the delightful impressions of his childhood and his youth. Had he deferred the composition of his work until his return to Europe, his imagination would, perhaps, have luxuriated as fondly amidst the enchanting clime and scenery which he had quitted for ever. He would then have conferred upon his poem a more oriental character, and greater local charms and colouring; he would

have opposed the wild fictions of India to the miracles of Christianity, and his genius would have been enriched by his voyages, from which his poetry now appears to have derived but little advantage.

The two factors who had been sent with the Portuguese merchandize to Calicut, remained there a considerable period, without being able to dispose of any; for the Moors wished to defer their departure, until time should have been given for the fleet of Mecca, returning every year to India, to arrive, which they expected would be sufficiently powerful to overwhelm the Christians. But the Moor Monçaide, to whom this project had been confided by his countrymen, moved by compassion for the Portuguese, who had been his guests, informed them of the approaching danger. He then renounced his religion, and embarked on board one of the vessels, in order to follow them into Portugal. Gama gave orders to the two factors whom he had sent on land, to reship their cargo and join him as secretly as possible. But the Indians did not allow them time, and Gama, in order to obtain their freedom, seized several merchants of Calicut, engaged in selling precious stones on board the fleet, whom he at length consented to exchange for his two companions.* He then weighed anchor, without delay, to regain the shores of Europe, whither he was desirous of conveying the intelligence of his discoveries.

* The queen of love, by heaven's eternal grace,
The guardian goddess of the Lusian race;
The queen of love, elate with joy, surveys
Her heroes, happy, plough the watery maze:
Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,
And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought;
These toils, these woes her yearning cares employ,
To bathe and balsam in the streams of joy.
Amid the bosom of the watery waste,
Near where the bowers of Paradise were placed,
An isle, array'd in all the pride of flowers,
Of fruits, of fountains, and of fragrant bowers,
She means to offer to their homeward prows,
The place of glad repast and sweet repose;
And there before their raptured view to raise
The heaven-topp'd column of their deathless praise.†

* [In the version of Mickle, this portion of the original is omitted, and the liberation of the factors is effected by a victory obtained by Gama over the Indians. Mickle inserts, for this purpose, about three hundred lines of his own.—*Tr.*]

† Canto ix. str. 18.

It is in this manner that Camoens introduces a very singular, but easy and agreeable episode, recounting the love adventures of his heroes in one of the islands of the ocean.* The real Deity of Camoens, who had selected Venus to protect the warriors, seems to have approved of the conduct of the goddess in amusing them in her own way. Venus departs in search of her son, throughout all his realms, to implore his aid; and the truly classical description given of her progress is one of the most seductive of its kind. She arrives, at length, at the place where Love's artillery and arms are forged; a busy scene of little winged boys and nymphs working under his orders:

Nor these alone, each rank, debased and rude,
Mean objects, worthless of their love, pursued:
Their passions thus rebellious to his lore,
The god decrees to punish and restore.
The little loves, light hovering in the air,
Twang their silk bow-strings, and their arms prepare:
Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart,
With power resistless to enflame the heart.
Their arrow heads they tip with soft desires,
And all the warmth of love's celestial fires;
Some sprinkle o'er the shafts the tears of woe,
Some store the quiver, some steel-spring the bow;
Each chanting as he works the tuneful strain
Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain:
Charm'd was the lay to conquer and refine,
Divine the melody, the song divine.†

Venus intercedes with her son in favour of the Portuguese, and explains to him her design in the following terms:

Then bend thy bow and wound the Nereid train,
The lovely daughters of the azure main;
And lead them, while they pant with amorous fire,
Right to the isle which all my smiles inspire:
Soon shall my care that beauteous isle supply,
Where Zephyr breathing love, on Flora's lap shall sigh.
There let the nymphs the gallant heroes meet,
And strew the pink and rose beneath their feet:
In crystal halls the feast divine prolong,
With wine nectareous and immortal song:
Let every nymph the snow-white bed prepare,
And, fairer far, resign her bosom there;

* It is not improbable that the annual ceremony of the Ascension at Venice, during which the Doge, in the name of the Republic, weds the sea, furnished Camoens with this allegory. Thetis is espoused by the Portuguese commander in the ocean isle, at the moment when the dominion of the seas is transferred from the Republic of Venice to the King of Portugal.

† Canto ix. str. 30

There to the greedy riotous embrace
Resign each hidden charm with dearest grace.
Thus from my native waves a hero line
Shall rise, and o'er the east illustrious shine;
Thus shall the rebel world thy prowess know,
And what the boundless joys our friendly powers bestow.*

Such is the project of Venus; and it is executed by Love himself. With them is associated Fame, who, every where bruiting forth the glory of the Portuguese, has inspired the sea-nymphs with a passion for her heroes before they have yet beheld them. The island to which they repair, floats, like Delos of old, upon the bosom of the waves, but becomes fixed on the instant the vessel appears in sight. Nothing can surpass the beauty of embowering trees, the clustering fruits and blossoms, the flower-enamelled green, the song of birds bursting from every bough, and the pure transparent waters in which the love-nymphs bathe their limbs, indulging in voluptuous anticipations of the expected arrival of the heroes. With seductive coquetry they seem to fly at the sight of them for the sole pleasure of being overtaken. The whole of this magic scene, not inferior to the easiest and happiest touches of Ovid, even in his most glowing mood, suddenly vanishes towards the close of the same canto, to the infinite surprise of the reader, who learns as suddenly that these apparent realities, are merely allegorical. The poet developes his mythological meaning in the following words:

The nymphs of ocean, and the ocean's queen,
The isle angelic, every raptured scene,
The charms of honour and its meed confess,
These are the raptures, these the wedded bliss;
The glorious triumph and the laurel crown,
The ever-blossom'd palms of fair renown,
By time unwither'd and untaught to cloy;
These are the transports of the Isle of Joy.

He then adds that all the gods of antiquity were merely mortals like ourselves, on whom Fame conferred such illustrious names, as the recompense of their brilliant actions. But in the opening of the tenth canto Camoens resumes the same allegory. The fair nymphs conduct their lovers to their radiant palaces, where delicious wines sparkle in every cup:

To music's sweetest chords in loftiest vein,
An angel Siren joins the vocal strain;

* Canto ix. str. 41.

The silver roofs resound the living song,
The harp and organ's lofty mood prolong
The hallowed warblings; listening silence rides
The sky, and o'er the bridled winds presides;
In softest murmurs flows the glassy deep,
And each lull'd in his shade, the bestials sleep.

Before Camoens describes to us the song of this prophetic siren, he for the last time addresses himself to the muse; and there is a tone of sorrow in the lines, which touches us the more deeply when we reflect upon the unhappy situation to which this great poet was at last reduced:

And thou, my muse, O fairest of the train,
Calliope, inspire my closing strain.
No more the summer of my life remains,
My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins;
Down the bleak stream of years by woes on woes
Wing'd on, I hasten to the tomb's repose,
The port whose deep dark bottom shall detain
My anchor never to be weigh'd again,
Never on other sea of life to steer
The human course——Yet thou, O goddess, hear,
Yet let me live, though round my silver'd head
Misfortune's bitterest rage unpitying shed
Her coldest storms; yet let me live to crown
The song that boasts my Nation's proud renown.*

The Siren begins by singing the praises of the great men destined to achieve the conquest of the regions discovered by Gama, and to ennoble the Portuguese name in the Indies. In his third and forth cantos, Camoens had given a complete account of the political history of Portugal, and of that of its royal house; in the sixth and seventh, he had presented us with everything which fiction and tradition had attached to the lives and characters of his heroes. A prophetic genius is here supposed to predict the future, from the period of Gama's expedition, down to Camoens's own times; thus completing an historical view of his country, which renders the Lusiad one of the noblest monuments ever offered to the national glory of any people. A succession of future heroes now pass before the eyes of Gama. First is seen the great Pacheco, the Achilles of Portugal, the defender of Cochin, and the conqueror of the Zamorim, whose armies were destined to be seven times defeated by him. But these exploits, accomplished with only a few hundred comrades, will prove insufficient to protect him against his country's ingratitude

* Canto x. str. 8.

Neglected by his king, and forgotten by his fellow citizens, he is doomed to terminate his wretched days in a hospital. Next appears the celebrated Alfonso d'Albuquerque, the victor of Ormuz, whose devastating arms extended over the whole Persian Gulf, to the island of Goa, and to Malacca. He is, however, reproached with his severity towards his soldiers. Soarez, Menezes, Mascarenhas, Hector de Silveiras, and others who obtained great names by their exploits in the Indies, all pass in succession, with their characteristic traits and their respective titles to fame. Unhappily for the honour of Portugal, these exhibit little more than a catalogue of slaughter, spoliations, and bloodshed. The most heartless ferocity characterized all the wars of the Europeans carried on in the two Indies during the sixteenth century. Both the Portuguese and the Spaniards possessed almost incalculable advantages in point of strength, arms, and discipline, over the different people of the countries which they had discovered. One hundred European soldiers were, in fact, a strong army when opposed to many thousand Indians; but in order to deprive the latter of any reliance on the superiority of their numbers, and to impress upon them the danger of resistance, millions of unresisting victims were put to the sword. It was not until after streams of blood had flowed, that so small a body of troops began to be considered as formidable. It was then that the instinctive ferocity inherent in the vulgar, which animates the soldier drawn from the very dregs of society, and which, increasing by the opposition of a weaker enemy, exults with savage pleasure in its destructive powers, was carried to its highest pitch by the most cruel spirit of fanaticism. All the inhabitants of those rich and civilized realms, whose mild and humane character never permitted them even the shedding of blood; who preferred renouncing the use of flesh to inflicting the least pain upon any thing endued with life; and who professed the most ancient religion in the world, full of mystic and spiritual beauty, were found deserving of nothing, in the eyes of the Portuguese, but death, because they had never heard the doctrines of Christianity. It was invariably held a good work to shed their blood; and though worldly policy sometimes induced the Portuguese commanders to enter into treaties with them for a time, the commands of heaven were far more severe, and permitted no sort of indulgence to be

shewn to this most impious sect. Every one that did not receive immediate baptism was delivered up to the stake or the sword. The Turks, who had already established themselves, either with commercial or warlike views, in the Indies, so far from being permitted to unite with the Christians, from their knowledge and worship of the same true God, were only the more detested by the Portuguese; an hereditary line of hatred was drawn between them; and no treaties, no alliance could lead them to unite. The accounts, indeed, written by foreigners, with the opinions delivered in a succeeding age upon this subject, ought to be received with a great degree of distrust; and in order to form a correct idea of the destructive character of the Indian wars, it will be necessary to consult the national historians themselves. Every page of the memoirs of Alfonso d'Albuquerque may be said to be stained with blood.* In his *Asia*, De Barros gives an account of the most atrocious cruelties with the most perfect indifference; and Vasco de Gama himself, in his second voyage, set the example to others. The history of the different Portuguese expeditions, written by Osorius, and that of Lope de Castagneda, are no less revolting in their details. Even the tenth canto of the Lusiad, in which it is the author's object to celebrate only the glory of the Portuguese, is throughout imbued with the same character. The destroyers suddenly surprise their victims in one of their remotest retreats: no provocation had ever been offered to them, and no treaty had ever set bounds to their cruel rage. After having persuaded the Moors or the Pagans to deliver up their arms, and to strip themselves of their treasures with their own hands, they committed them to the flames, either in the ships or in the temples, without the least distinction of

* I feel some compunction in thus bringing forward the name of Albuquerque only for the purpose of accusation. The crime, however, is not his: it wholly rests with the age, the religion, and that ferocious spirit which, I cannot observe without shuddering, some men are now attempting to revive. But the elevation of his mind remains his own, and we recognize the dignity of his character in the letter which he addressed to the king at his death. The founder of the Portuguese empire in India was recalled; his personal enemy was substituted in his place; and the wretches whom he had punished for their crimes, were advanced to the government of other places. Instead, however, of complaining or justifying himself, he thus writes:

"Senhor, esta he a derradeira que com soluços de morte screvo a Vossa Alteza, de quantos com espirito de vida lhe tenho escrito, pela ter livre da confusaó desta derradeira hora, e muito contento na occupaçaó de seu serviço. Neste reino deixei hum filho por nome Braz d'Abuquerque ao qual peço a Vossa Alteza que faça grande, como lhe meus serviços merecem. Quanto as cousas da India, ella fallara por si e por mi."—Joaó de Barros, *Decad.* ii. lib. viii.

age or sex. The cries of children were mingled with the groans of aged chiefs;* and when torrents of blood and the agonies of the victims seemed to excite feelings of compassion in the minds of the soldiery, the more ferocious priests rushed forward to renew, with fanatical zeal, their relenting fury. Tribunals of the Inquisition were established at Goa and at Diu, and innumerable victims perished in the most frightful torments. I cannot admit that it is inconsistent with my subject thus to denounce these great political crimes, and to bring them, in all their naked horror, once more to view. The same critics who, in our own times, have attracted attention to the subject of Spanish and Portuguese literature, representing it as the combined result, the finished production of the rich spirit of chivalric manners and romance, have at the same time applauded the religious principle which animated the Christians; the disinterested zeal which led them to these wars, whose sole object was the glory of God; and their impassioned poetical life, which never embraced views of gain. But it is not according to poetical rules that we are permitted to judge of the actions of men. The language of passion may, perhaps, be more energetic, more eloquent, and better suited to poetry; although the passions are not on that account more sanctioned by moral truth. The actions of impassioned beings may be supposed to be of too high an order to admit of sordid calculations, and yet this apparent disinterestedness may fail to induce a stricter observation of the divine laws. The chief characteristic of the passions being that of always going beyond their object, he who is labouring under their influence appears to act with a disinterested view, if we do not keep in mind that, during this mental malady, the interest first proposed is always that of satisfying ourselves. The firebrand of religious war is, in fact, never kindled on mere calculations of selfishness; but it is both kindled and kept alive by one of the most selfish passions of our nature, by the hatred of every thing that is not as it were a part of ourselves, and of every thing which does not resemble us. Perhaps, in the opinion of individuals, that man will be held excused, who, while he commits an

* Among many other instances is that of Vasco de Gama burning an Egyptian vessel, with two hundred and fifty soldiers on board, and fifty-one women and children, after they had surrendered themselves to him, and without the least provocation from the Egyptians, with whom he had never been at war.—Joaó de Barros, *Decad.* i. l. vi. cap. 3.

atrocious crime, imagines that he is performing a religious act; but as soon as we begin to reason and to generalize our ideas, the persecutions of fanaticism appear in their genuine colours, and are recognized as the result of a blind and wicked passion, which directly leads to the dissolution of all divine laws and of all social compacts.

As soon as the Siren has concluded her prophetic song on the splendid actions of the Portuguese, Thetis, leading Vasco de Gama by the hand, conducts him to the pinnacle of a mountain, where she shews him a celestial globe of transparent materials, on which she describes to him the whole structure of the heavens, according to the system of Ptolemy. In the centre of the globe, she points out to him the earth, and the different regions he has already traversed, with those that yet remain to be discovered when he shall be no more. Here, likewise, are described the whole of the geographical discoveries made within little more than half a century, already, at that time, astonishing by their vast extent. To these are added the bold enterprises and discoveries of all the Portuguese navigators, up to the time of Magalhaens, who, on being offended by king Emmanuel, abandoned his service to enter into that of Castile, and conducted his Spanish comrades through the Strait which yet bears his name, to the acquisition of the Moluccas, till then in the sole possession of the Portuguese. After having exhibited these astonishing events to the eyes of Gama, Thetis addresses him in a speech, with which, and with the poet's apostrophe to king Sebastian, we shall close our extracts and our remarks on this celebrated poem.

How calm the waves, how mild the balmy gale!
The haleyons call, ye Lusians, spread the sail!
Old Ocean now appeased shall rage no more,
Haste, point the bowsprit to your native shore:
Soon shall the transports of the natal soil
O'erwhelm in bounding joy the thoughts of every toil.

The goddess spake; and Vasco waved his hand,
And soon the joyful heroes crowd the strand.
The lofty ships with deepen'd burthens prove
The various bounties of the Isle of Love.
Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,
In wedded bands, while time glides on, conjoin'd;
Fair as immortal fame in smiles array'd,
In bridal smiles, attends each lovely maid.
O'er India's sea, wing'd on by balmy gales
That whisper'd peace, soft swell'd the steady sails:

Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,
When to his eyrie cliff he sails the skies,
Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,
So smooth, so soft, the prows of Gama glide;
And now their native fields, for ever dear,
In all their wild transporting charms appear;
And Tago's bosom, while his banks repeat
The sounding peals of joy, receives the fleet.
With orient titles and immortal fame
The hero band adorn their monarch's name,
Sceptres and crowns beneath his feet they lay,
And the wide East is doom'd to Lusian sway.

*Enough, my muse, thy wearied wing no more
Must to the seat of Jove triumphant soar.
Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires
Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires.
Yet thou, Sebastian, thou, my king, attend;
Behold what glories on thy throne descend!
Shall haughty Gaul or sterner Albion boast
That all the Lusian fame in thee is lost!
Oh, be it thine these glories to renew,
And John's bold path and Pedro's course pursue:
Snatch from the tyrant noble's hand the sword,
And be the rights of human-kind restored.
The statesman prelate to his vows confine,
Alone auspicious at the holy shrine;
The priest, in whose meek heart heaven pours its fires,
Alone to heaven, not earth's vain pomp, aspires.
Nor let the muse, great king, on Tago's shore,
In dying notes the barbarous age deplore.
The king or hero to the Muse unjust
Sinks as the nameless slave, extinct in dust.
But such the deeds thy radiant morn portends,
Awed by thy frown ev'n now old Atlas bends
His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields
Expect thy sounding steeds and rattling shields.
And shall these deeds unsung, unknown, expire?
Oh, would thy smiles relume my fainting ire!
I then inspired, the wondering world should see
Great Ammon's warlike son revived in thee;
Revived, unenvied of the Muse's flame
That o'er the world resounds Pelides' name.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF CAMOENS: GIL VICENTE; RODRIGUEZ LOBO; CORTEREAL; PORTUGUESE HISTORIANS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

WE have now completed our long examination of the great master-piece of Portuguese poetry. The Lusiad is a

* Canto x. str. 145, 159.

work of a conception so wholly new, and at the same time so lofty and national in its character, that it appeared important to give some account not only of its most celebrated episodes, but also of its general plan and of the objects which the author had in view. We dwelt with pleasure on the union of so many claims to renown advanced by the poet in favour of a nation so little known; and we beheld as it were the completion of Spanish poetry, in the epic, which alone remained to be added to the literature of the two nations. Scarcely any other Portuguese poetry is known beyond the limits of the kingdom, and even the professed students of foreign literature are often unacquainted with the names of the numerous other poets of Portugal. Their works are, indeed, so rare, that I have with difficulty been enabled to obtain a small number by repeated journeys and researches into all the public and private libraries. The Portuguese themselves, for the most part, are little better acquainted with their own poetic treasures. I have known men who, on their return from Lisbon, were desirous of purchasing a few volumes as a kind of remembrance of their residence in that singular country, but who invariably received the same answer from the booksellers, whose knowledge of the Portuguese poets was confined to Camoens alone.

The species of composition in which the Spaniards most excelled, and with which they are most abundantly supplied, is almost entirely wanting to Portugal. Her dramatic literature presents a barren field. There is only one solitary poet, of any name, who has written in the spirit of his nation. This is Gil Vicente, of whom we shall have occasion to say more hereafter. Their other pieces consist of comedies and classical tragedies, composed rather on the model of the ancients, than with a view to the dramatic wants of the nation. These are rather essays of power by a few distinguished characters, in a career wholly new, than finished productions, calculated to form the elements of a school and to be relished by the public. Their theatrical success was short, and the stage of Lisbon exhibits little else besides Italian operas and Spanish comedies represented in their original form and language.

This, however, will be found to be the only branch of poetic composition which this ingenious nation has not cultivated with success. The same chivalric and romantic spirit which inspired the Spaniards, was felt, perhaps, in a superior degree by the Portuguese, inasmuch as they were called to

the performance of great exploits with far inferior means. Engaged in continual combats with enemies, from whom they recovered their country foot by foot ; without communication with the rest of Europe, with the single exception of a rival nation in possession of all their frontiers ; inclosed between sea and mountain, and compelled to risk upon the ocean that adventurous spirit too closely circumscribed within their own narrow boundaries ; habituated to the tempest and to the imposing image of the infinite which boundless seas present to the imagination, the Portuguese, likewise, were familiar with the most delightful and magnificent objects in their own country. Here they found every thing which could develope the powers of imagination, and imbue the very soul with poetry ; a land of myrtles and of orange bowers, delicious valleys, and mountains whose wild ranges comprehended all the variety of forms and temperature in the world. If their language did not possess all the dignity and sonorous harmony of the Spanish ; if it was rather too abundant in vowels and nasal syllables, it was yet equally smooth and sweet as the Italian, and had even something more affecting in its tone, and more suited to exhibit the passion of love. Its richness and suppleness supplied it with the most brilliant ornaments and with the boldest figures, while the variety and freedom of its structure enabled it, far beyond that of the French, to produce a very striking effect by a happy combination and position of the words. Poetry was considered in Portugal, more than in any other country, as the relaxation of warriors, rather than as a source of exclusive glory. The glowing passions of the South were poured forth with perfect ease in strains which seemed to spring fresh from the soul, and to which the harmony of the language and the variety of terminations gave an unrivalled facility of execution. The poet felt satisfied in having given expression to the feeling that oppressed him ; and his hearers scarcely bestowed any attention on it. They seemed to discover in his effusions only the developement of their own ideas ; and the highest degree of talent procured little celebrity. Camoens lived in obscurity, and died in wretchedness ; though from his earliest years, before his departure for the Indies, he had given decisive proofs of his astonishing powers of poetry. The publication of the Lusiad, of which two editions were given in 1572, equally failed to draw the attention of his countrymen, and

the encouragement of his prince; and during the last seven years of his life he supported his existence by alms, not granted to the celebrity of the poet who had conferred honour upon his nation, but to the importunity of a friendless servant wandering through the streets, without a recommendation or a name. We have noticed the complaints in which he frequently indulged in his poem, of the neglect evinced by his countrymen towards the literature of his country, and the national glory, which he supposed to be blended with it. The minority of the king Sebastian, only ten years of age at the period of the publication of the Lusiad, may likewise serve to account for the slight attention bestowed by the government upon the great poet of Portugal. The subsequent misfortunes of the monarchy commencing during the life of Camoens, the death of Don Sebastian in Africa, in 1578, and the subjection of Portugal to Spain in the year 1580, destroyed all the beneficial effects which so noble an example might have produced on the national spirit of the people.

In the poems of Camoens alone we discover examples of almost every different kind of verse. The first portion of his works consists of sonnets, and in the most correct editions of this great bard they amount to no less than three hundred. But in the edition of 1633, which I have now before me, they do not exceed one hundred and five. Camoens never made any collection of his own productions; and it was only by degrees that his noblest and best pieces were united in a regular work. In many of these sonnets he dwells upon his passion for a lady, whose name he no where mentions; nor do they contain any circumstances which might serve to throw light upon his private life. They are, for the most part, full of studied ideas, antitheses, and conceits, in which they bear too great a resemblance to those of the Italian muse. A few, however, are inspired with a bolder and richer feeling, bearing the impression of the author's wild and agitated career. They are evidently the efforts of a man who had nourished great designs; who had traversed both hemispheres in pursuit of honour and of fortune; who, during his whole life, failed to acquire them; who yet struggled firmly against his calamities; and who approached the termination of his career, cruelly disappointed in all his hopes. In the three editions of Camoens, of which I have availed myself, I have found neither historical preface, notes, nor any kind of chro-

nological information, insomuch that the obscurity of events united to the obscurity which must occasionally perplex the reader of a foreign language, enable me to form only a doubtful judgment on the subject. Yet the impression which the perusal of Camoens has made upon my mind is by no means, on that account, of a less melancholy character. In a few of these sonnets there is a wild tone of sorrow, which seems to strike my ear like wailings heard through the gloom of midnight darkness. We know not whence they spring, or by what calamity they are called forth; but it is the voice of grief, and it awakens an answering throb within my breast.

SONNET C.

Few years I number; years of anxious care,
Sad hours and seasons of unceasing woe;
My fifth short lustre saw my youth laid low;
So soon was overcast life's morning fair:
Far lands and seas I roam'd, some hope to share
Of solace, for the cares that stamp'd my brow:
But they, whom fortune fails, in vain bestow
Stern toils, and imminent hazards vainly dare.
Beside Alanquer, first my painful breath
I drew, 'midst pleasant fields of fruits and flowers;
But fate hath driven me on, and dooms that here
These wretched limbs be render'd up to death,
A prey to monsters of the sea, where lowers
The Abyssinian steep, far from my country dear.*

This sonnet appears to have been written in the year 1553, while the fleet of Ferdinand Alvarez Cabral, in which Camoens had sailed in the month of March of the same year, was coasting the shores of Africa, where it was surprised by a tempest, in which three of the vessels perished. We ought to add, that the biographers of Camoens are agreed that these lines were intended merely for an epitaph on one of his companions, in whose name the poet is supposed to speak. The following sonnet, written doubtless at a later period, is, we think, little inferior to the preceding in its passionate flow of tenderness, drawn from the deepest sources of the breast:

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* This beautiful translation is by Lord Strangford:

Slowly and heavily the time has run
Which I have journey'd on this earthly stage;
For, scarcely entering on my prime of age,
Grief mark'd me for her own; ere yonder sun
Had the fifth lustrum of my days begun:
And since, compulsive Fate and Fortune's rage
Have led my steps a long, long pilgrimage
In search of lost repose, but finding none!
For that fell star which o'er my cradle hung
Forc'd me from dear Alamquer's rustic charms,
To combat perils strange and dire alarms,
Midst that rough main, whose angry waters roar
Rude Abyssinia's cavern'd cliffs among,
—Far from green Portugal's parental shore!
Sonnet iv. p. 83

SONNET CI.

Ah! vain desires, weak wishes, hopes that fade!
Why with your shadowy forms still mock my view
The hours return not; nor could Time renew,
Though he should now return, my youth decay'd:
But lengthen'd years roll on in deepening shade,
And warn you hence. The pleasures we pursue
Vary, with every fleeting day, their hue;
And our frail wishes alter soon as made.
The forms I loved, all once most dear, are fled,
Or changed, or no more the same semblance wear,
To me, whose thoughts are changed, whose joys are dead:
For evil times and fortunes, what small share
Of bliss was mine, with daily cares consume,
Nor leave a hope to gild the hours to come!

Let me here add a third sonnet, which bears equal evidence of the sufferings which fortune heaped upon the head of this truly great man:

SONNET XCII.

What is there left in this vain world to crave,
To love, to see, more than I yet have seen?
Still wearying cares, disgusts and coldness, spleen,
Hate and despair, and death, whose banners wave
Alike o'er all! Yet, ere I reach the grave,
'Tis mine to learn, no woes nor anguish keen
Hasten the hour of rest; woes that have been;
And worse to come, if worse, 'tis mine to brave.
I hold the future frowns of fate in scorn;
Against them all hath death a stern relief
Afforded, since my best loved friend was torn
From this sad breast. In life I find but grief;
By death, with deepest woe, my heart was riven;
For this alone I drew the breath of heaven!

These are followed in the order of Camoens's works, by the *Cançaõs*, or canzoni, composed chiefly on the model of those of Petrarch. The first of these canzoni consist of love-songs, in one of which he revives the recollections of his youthful days spent at Coimbra, and upon the delightful borders of the Mondego. The ninth of them was written in sight of Cape Guardafú, the utmost boundary of Africa, opposite to the Arabian coast. The poet describes the mournful aspect of the wild and precipitous mountains overhanging the stormy deep; and there is something so peculiarly striking in contemplating a character gifted with such lofty genius, exiled thus far from Europe, from the land of letters and the arts, that, independent of its own merits, a poem written amidst such scenes cannot fail to be unusually

interesting. It appears as if the unfortunate passion which first led Camoens to encounter his many perilous adventures, continued afterwards to embitter them :

Ah ! might I dream that in some softer hour,
Those sweet bright eyes, on which I madly gazed,
O'er all my toils pour'd one reviving shower
Of pitying tears, for memories ne'er erased,
Though bent on mine no more their gentle rays,
'Twould soothe my worn heart with a magic power ;
Or might my sad voice, in these broken lays,
But reach her, in whose sight alone I liv'd,
And bid her muse on times for ever gone,
Days of long passionate errors past,
And cherish'd ills, and hopes that could not last,
But pangs that did, and borne for her alone ;
Then would she, late, repent her that I grieved,
And with her gentle sighs repair
Those griefs, and say, I should no more despair.

So let me dream, for in that thought alone
Is rest and solace for my suffering breast
Through life's last hours. Such, lady, is your power
So far away, with thoughts in fiction dress'd,
To cheat my woes ; for woes and fears are flown
When your bright image thus bursts on the hour
Of anguish, like the rainbow through the shower,—
Promise of brighter days I deem'd were ever gone.
Only your smiles, and voice, and look,
Then fill my soul ; fresh memories throng
That bid me scorn my fate, and I belong
To love and you : no more the dark clouds lower ;
No more you seem to shun my glad return ;
And fiercer pangs within my breast
Resume their sway no more : the sweet illusions rest.

Here pause, my Muse ! and ask the amorous wind
That lately clasp'd her, and the birds around,
Where last they saw her ; on what flowery ground
She walk'd ; with whom conversed, what day, what hour ?
Now with new hope I nerve my wearied mind ;
No more I mourn ; with soul refresh'd I rise
To wrestle yet with fortune, toil, and pain ;
So I may love, and serve, and once again
Bask in the beauty of her sunny eyes ;
And Time such bliss might bring, but Love denies,
And waking in my breast fierce passion's glow
Opens afresh each half-heal'd wound of woe.

But the tenth of these canzoni is by far the most beautiful and affecting of the whole. It is, indeed, an eloquent outpouring of poetic feeling ; a gush of living grief on the misfortunes of his life, pursuing him from the cradle to the tomb

Impelled by undefined wishes, and by distant hopes, incessantly agitated by ardent passions, engaged in restless pursuits, and destitute of the means by which to attain his object, his existence was the sport of disappointment and pain. In his earliest years, when slumber failed to visit his infant eyes, it is said that some old love-ditties alone were found effectual in pacifying his childish griefs. Love seemed to continue the ruling star of his youthful destiny, and its influence was only made known through years of bitterness and tears. Love impelled him to embrace a military life, where he lost an eye while serving against the Moors ; and the same passion led him to volunteer his services in the Indian fleet.

'Tis done! by human hopes and human aid
Abandon'd, and unpitied left to mourn,
I weep o'er all my wrongs; o'er friends fast sworn,
Whose friendship but betray'd,
But whose firm hatred not so soon decay'd.
The land that witness'd my return,
The land I loved above all lands on earth,
Twice cast me like a weed away;
And the world left me to the storm a prey:
While the sweet air I first drank at my birth,
My native airs, once round me wont to blow,
No more were doom'd to fan the exile's feverish brow.

O strange unhappy sport of mortal things!
To live, yet live in vain,
Bereft of all that Nature's bounty brings,
That life to sweeten or sustain;
Doom'd still to draw my painful breath,
Though borne so often to the gates of death.
For, ah, not mine, like the glad mariner
To his long wish'd-for home restor'd at last,
Telling his chances to his babes, and her
Whose hope had ceased, to paint misfortunes past:
Through the dread deep my bark, still onwards borne,
As the fierce waves drive o'er it tempest-torn,
Speeds midst strange horrors to its fatal bourne.

Yet shall not storms or flattering calms delude
My voyage more; no mortal port is mine:
So may the sovereign ruler of the flood
Quell the loud surge, and with a voice divine
Hush the fierce tempest of my soul to rest—
The last dear hope of the distress'd,
And the lost voyager's last unerring sign.
But man, weak man! will ever fondly cast
A forward glance on beckoning forms of bliss;
And when he deems the beautious vision his,
Grasps but the painful memory of the past.
In tears my bread is steep'd; the cup I drain
Is fill'd with tears, that never cease to flow,
Save when with dreams of pleasure short and vain
I chase the conscious pangs of present woe.

A piedade humana me faltava,
A gente amiga, ja contraria via,
No primeiro perigo, e no segundo
Terra em que pór os pés me fallecia,
Ar para respirar se me negava,
E faltavame em fim o tempo e o mundo.
Que segredo taó arduo e taó profundo
Nacer para vivir, e para á vida
Faltarme quanto o mundo tem para
E non poter perdella, [ella.
Estando tantas vezes ja perdida!..
. . . . . .
Naó conto tantos males, como aquelle
Que despois da tormenta procellosa,
Os casos della conta em porto ledo
Qu'ind'agora a fortuna fluctuosa
A tamanhas miserias me compelle,
Que de bar hum sò passo tenho medo.
Jà de mal que me venha naó m'arredo,
Nem bem que me falleça ja pretendo, [mana,
Que para mi nao val astucia humDe forca soberana:
Da providencia emfim divina pendo.
Isto que cuido e vejo, às vezes tomo,
Para consolaçaó de tantos dannos;
Mas a fraqueza humana, quando lança
Os olhos na que corre, e naó alcança
Senaó memoria dos passados annos.
As agoas que entaó bebo, e o paó que como,
Lagrimas tristes saó, qu'eu nunca domo,
Senaó com fabricar na fantasia
Fantasticas pinturas d'alegria.

After the canzoni, a sort of lyric song in the romantic form, follow the odes of Camoens, to the number of ten or twelve, which may be considered as lyric songs in a classical dress

The strophes are shorter, being only of five, six, or seven verses; but very sweet, and full of inspiration. Some of these are of a mythological, and others of an impassioned character. The eighth is addressed to one of the viceroys of India, to remind him of the ancient alliance between chivalry and letters, and to solicit his aid in behalf of one of his friends, the naturalist Orta, who produced a work on the plants of the Indies. Camoens was himself but too frequently exposed to the cravings of necessity, though he never requested assistance on his own account: and we no where, throughout all his writings, meet with any traces of a venal or adulatory muse. In asking sympathy for his sufferings, he did not forget that his benefactor was only his equal.

Camoens also wrote some sextine pieces, of which I am acquainted only with one. We might be led to suppose that he wished to shew how well he could preserve an air of freedom under the extreme constraint imposed by such a form of verse, which his good taste soon led him to abandon. To these we have to add twenty-one elegies. I am only in possession of three of them, which are written in *terza rima*, and in a style rather approaching that of the epistle than the elegy. They have preserved for us more of the particulars of the private life of the poet, and seem to give us a nearer view of his virtues and misfortunes. His satirical pieces will be found to consist only of a few octave stanzas addressed to Antonio de Noronha, on the abuses of the world; and some verses written in June, 1555, under the title of *Disparates na India*, on the misconduct of the government. His early biographers, however, attribute to him a satirical disposition; a charge which M. de Sousa repels, as if it were the imputation of a crime. The latter of these little poems, together with a satire published about the same time, partly in prose and partly in verse, and falsely attributed to Camoens, the object of which was to ridicule the citizens of Goa, afforded Barrito a pretext for banishing him to the Moluccas, from whence he proceeded to Macao. I have perused with attention the stanzas entitled *Disparates na India;* but it must be admitted that their meaning is extremely obscure; and there is, perhaps, nothing in any language more difficult to be understood, than the ridicule attaching to subjects of a satirical nature. Both the persons and their actions are here unknown to us; belonging to a country whose manners and customs

are so widely different from our own, as to afford no clue to a discovery. The sentence, however, of the viceroy appears uncommonly severe. The abuses satirized by Camoens were altogether of a general nature ; no person was designated by name, nor was any degree of blame endeavoured to be fixed upon any individual. We find only general reflections upon the venality, extortion, and wickedness of mankind, and upon the dissipation and follies of women; and the same remarks might be made on every country without giving just cause of offence to a single individual.

It was on the return of Camoens from Macao, after his exile, that the vessel in which he sailed struck upon the coast of Cambodia, near the mouth of the river Mecon, where he escaped only by swimming, in one hand bearing his poem amidst the fury of the waves. During his solitude on the shores of Cambodia, he gave vent to his regrets for his country ; and the attachment which he continued to feel is strongly expressed in a paraphrase of the 137th Psalm : *By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down.* This is rendered in the Portuguese in the form of redondilhas, which enjoy a high reputation :

Beside the streams of Babylon,
The worn and weary exile wept ;
He thought on Sion's grandeur gone,
And all the lofty state she kept
When 'neath her high-arch'd golden domes he slept.

Near him a fountain springing fresh,
With tears for Babylon seem'd to flow ;
In hers he mourn'd his own distress,
While Sion like past scenes of woe
Came o'er his soul, bidding fresh sorrows flow.

There, too, the memory of delights
Mingled with tears return'd again ;
Sweet social days, and pleasant nights,
Warm as ere yet they turn'd to pain,
And all their music fled, and all their love was vain !

The version of Camoens, however, appears very inferior, on the whole, to the lofty poetry of the Hebrew hymn. It is much too long . thirty-seven strophes, of ten lines each, are ill suited to the expression of one simple sentiment ; and many general ideas are required to fill up the intervals between those strophes in which the tears shed by the rivers of Babylon are best described. I select some lines of a very pleasing character, on the influence of music : ....

All sing; the joyous traveller,
Along his morning way,
Through painful paths and forests, sings
A merry roundelay.

And when at night beneath the star
His lonely way he wends,
To banish fear and care, he sings
Aloud till darkness ends.

More lowly the poor prisoner
Attunes his voice, to try
To drown the sounds of bars and chains,
In hymns of liberty.

And when the mellow seasons call
The reaper to the field,
With happy songs his toil he cheers;
To song the wretched yield.

Canta o caminhante ledo
No caminho trabalhoso,
Por entre o espesso arvoredo;
É de noite o temeroso
Cantando refrea o medo.
Canta o preso docemente,
Os duros grilhões tocando;
Canta o segador contente,
E o trabalhador contando
O trabalho menos sente.

Both the Portuguese and the Spaniards sometimes exhibited in their poetry the pedantic spirit of the schools; and whilst the paraphrase was the favourite task imposed upon them by the masters of their colleges, they contrived at the same time to produce their *voltas*, their *motes*, and *motes glosados;* a sort of commentary in verse, either upon devices or couplets. Each verse of the text is intended to form the subject of a strophe in the gloss or comment, and to be reproduced without any alteration. Of these Camoens has given us a considerable number. They are, however, too often guilty of a twofold affectation in their pedantic turn, and in their attempted wit. Our poet has, besides, left a considerable number of national pieces, in the ancient trochaic measure, in which he seems to aim at shewing, by the ease with which he could apply the ancient Castilian prosody, that it was as familiar to him as the modern Italian verse.*

Camoens made choice of the latter metre for the composition of his eclogues, of which he composed a considerable number, though only eight have fallen into my hands. Perhaps none of his poems exhibit more ease and smoothness of versification. His shepherds are always those of the river Tagus, and not of Arcady; and they often express sentiments of a patriotic description, as far at least as truth of feeling can be admitted in a composition altogether of a conventional kind. The first of these consists of a lament on the decease of Don John, son of King John III. and the father of Don Sebastian; as well as on that of Antonio de Noronha, who was killed in Africa. Two shepherds, Umbrano and Frondelio, are introduced, lamenting the changes in the face of

* They are given in his works with no other title than that of *Redondilhas* or *Endechas*. The Spanish word *redondilla* is the *redondilha* of the Portuguese, the *h* being always added after the *l* or the *n*, in order to give the language a softer tone.

nature every where taking place around them, from which they are led to predict still more fatal revolutions, and even the return of the Moors among the pleasant fields whence the valour of their ancestors had driven them. Umbrano speaks:

From this I trust our shepherds sage and bold,
Chiefs of our flock, will guard the Lusian fold;
That ancient flame which fired our heroes' blood,
When foremost in the world their banners stood:
Each shepherd's hand would grasp a warrior's sword,
And glut our plains with the fierce Islam horde.
Fear not, Frondelio, that our necks shall bend
To the worst yoke that foreign foe can send.

Umbrano, in the mean while, requests Frondelio to sing the funeral song recited by him on the day of Tionio's death, the assumed name of Noronha; and in this pastoral strain are disguised the high exploits of the African war under rustic images. He has scarcely concluded, when they hear a voice of celestial sweetness, mingled at times with sighs and moans. It is that of Joanna of Austria, the widow of Don John, introduced by Camoens under the name of Aonia,* who is weeping for the death of her lord; and her lament, forming a part of a Portuguese eclogue, is expressed in Castilian verse:

Sole life and love of my unwidow'd breast,
Ere yet thy spirit sought yon realms above;
Light of my days, while Heaven shone on us; best,
Noblest of hearts! this heart's first, latest love!

I would not weep now thy blest shade is gone
To seek its native home, whence first it sprung!
Yet, if some earthly memories there of one
Long loved avail, these tears to thee belong.

These eyes that dwelt too fondly on thee here,
Now offer up their bitter sacrifice;
Receive it there; since on the same sad bier
I might not lie, and seek with thee the skies.

Though for the starry lustre of thy deeds
Heaven snatch'd thee to a bliss not mine to share;
Yet may my memory live with thine: those weeds
On earth you wore, my highest boast and care

To cherish in my thoughts through after years,
Unchang'd as when those mortal spoils were bright
With the full soul; and pour unceasing tears
While life endures, o'er Love's long faded light

For thee Heaven's azure fields are open'd wide.
Blest spirit ranging other scenes! where spring

* Aonia is the Anagram for Joana.

Flowers for thy feet, of other fragrant pride
Than these on earth; where other minstrels sing:
There shalt thou see that virgin Queen supreme,
Who reigns on earth, in the dear might of Him
Who bade the great sun shed his glowing stream
Round every sphere, down to this earth-spot dim:
Where, should such wondrous works not quite efface
A mortal's memory, weeping vainly long
By thy cold urn, O come with saint-like grace;
See all my love, in faith and fondness strong.
And if to tears and sorrows such as these,
'Tis given to pierce yon saintly bright abode,
I yet shall join thee; for the kind decrees
Of Heaven grant death, to mourners seeking God.

And last of all, Camoens, who seems to have essayed his talents in almost every species of poetical composition, in order to complete the national literature, produced likewise several dramatic pieces. Three of these, in all appearance written at an early period of life, before his departure to the East Indies, are still in existence. One of them, entitled the *Amphitryons*, a piece in imitation of Plautus, is executed with considerable wit and spirit. The *Seleucus* is rather a farce of the mock-heroic stamp, the subject of which turns upon the sovereign yielding his own consort to his son. *Filodemo* is a little drama of a mixed pastoral and romantic character. But none of these can be pronounced worthy of the genius and reputation of their author; nor is it just to attract longer attention to the imperfect attempts of a poet who produced master-pieces of another kind.

In his dramatic attempts, Camoens followed the example of his contemporary Gil Vicente, who, during the time the former was employed upon his comedies, was in possession of the Portuguese theatre without a rival, and who has had no successor. In point of time, Gil Vicente must be considered anterior to Camoens; and still more so in regard to the critical rules which he followed. But I have thought it unnecessary to make any distinction in the age of these poets, who were both employed in introducing a taste for the rules of Italian metre. The only dramatic poet of his nation, having had neither instructors nor imitators, Gil Vicente may be allowed to stand alone, removed from his rank, without causing any confusion.

We are not acquainted with the exact period of the birth of Gil Vicente, who is considered the Plautus of the Portu-

guese; but it must have occurred previous to the last ten years of the fifteenth century. In accordance with the views of his family, he at first devoted himself to the law, which he soon abandoned, in order to give his whole attention to the theatre. He appears likewise to have attached himself to the court, for which he laboured with great assiduity, in providing occasional pieces suitable to civil and religious solemnities. His earliest dramas were represented at the court of the great Emmanuel; but he enjoyed a still higher degree of reputation in the reign of John III., who even insisted upon performing a part in one of his best comedies. In all probability Vicente was also an actor; and he is known to have educated for the theatre his own daughter Paula, who was one of the ladies of honour to the Princess Maria, and who obtained equal celebrity as an actress, a poetess, and a musician. But though Gil Vicente preceded the great dramatic poets both of Spain and England, as well as those of France, and acquired an universal reputation, his honours, nevertheless, were not lasting. Erasmus, learning most likely from the Portuguese Jews, who had fled to Rotterdam, the high esteem in which the restorer of the modern theatre was held, applied himself to the language of Portugal for the sole purpose of reading the comedies of a man so enthusiastically admired. We have little further information respecting the private life of the Portuguese Plautus. He died at Evora, in 1557; and about five years after his death, his son, Luis Vicente, presented the world with a complete collection of his works in one volume folio.

Gil Vicente may be considered in some measure as the founder of the Spanish theatre, and the earliest model upon which Lope de Vega and Calderon proceeded to form a yet more perfect drama. He preceded both these authors almost a whole century, as there is still extant a religious piece, written by him in 1504 to celebrate the birth-day of Prince John, afterwards King John III. It is composed in the Spanish tongue, and the Castilians have preserved nothing of so early a date. We may observe in the earlier effort of Gil Vicente almost all the defects and peculiarities, which are so strikingly exemplified in the romantic drama of the Castilians, though it is rarely that the former is redeemed by those beauties which abound in the latter. The Portuguese author did not possess the same fertility of invention. He could not pursue the thread of

his romantic adventures into its minutest windings, exciting interest and awakening curiosity by a crowd of incidents; nor did his muse revel in the light of those brilliant images and sparkling fancies, which, though charged with exuberance, never fail to rivet the attention of readers of Lope and Calderon. His religion was neither more wise nor more moral; his mythology was not more exempt from absurdity than theirs; yet there was a certain exuberance of invention manifested in his rude attempts, which had not, up to that period, been equalled among the moderns. Add to this, that he displayed great probability in the dialogue, much animation, and a poetical smoothness of language which justified the high character enjoyed by him both in his own country and abroad.

The productions of Gil Vicente were arranged by his son in four separate classes. divided into *autos*, comedies, tragicomedies, and farces. The *autos*, or religious pieces, amount in number to sixteen, and were chiefly written for the purpose of solemnizing the Christmas festival, as those of Spain celebrated the feast of the Holy Sacrament. The shepherds had always an important part assigned to them, inasmuch as it was thought requisite by the Portuguese that even into the drama a portion of pastoral spirit should be introduced. They have all, however, Spanish or Portuguese names, and language lively and simple, though, at times, too careless and trivial, is ascribed to them. The most familiar scenes are frequently interrupted by the appearances of spirits, of angels, of the devil, and of the Holy Virgin, besides several allegorical personages. The mysteries of faith form the great bond of union between all celestial and terrestrial things, and the intended effect of the whole spectacle is to impress the beholder with the belief inculcated by the Spanish and Italian clergy, that the age of miracles is not passed, and that religion is still supported by supernatural events.

The following is an extract given by Boutterwek from one of these *autos*, which may be considered sufficiently characteristic of its kind. During the first scene, Mercury, who is the representative of the planet of the same name, is introduced; and he explains, agreeably to the authority of Johannes Regiomontanus, the theory of the system of the planets, and the circles of the sphere, in a long discourse, written in *redondilhas*. Next appears a seraph sent by the Deity, at the request of Time, down to earth; who announces

as a public crier, a grand fair to be held in honour of the Holy Virgin, and invites all who hear to hasten thither to obtain bargains. The proclamation is expressed in verse of the dactyl measure:

To the fair, to the fair! now, good priests, all repair;
Plump pastors of souls, drowsy popes, bishops all;
Of all churches apply, new vestments to buy;
Change your lawns for hair jerkins, like Saints John and Paul.

Trappings off, and remember, what made each a member
Of Christ, in old times, was a pure holy life;
And you, kings, come buy bright reversions on high,
From the Virgin, with gold, without stinting or strife.

She's the Princess of Peace; Heaven's flocks never cease
To their shepherdess bright, the world's mistress, to pray;
Of Heaven's stars the star—O then hasten from far,
Ye virgins and matrons, no longer delay!
For, know, at this fair you will find all that's rare,
And charms that will last when your beauties decay.*

The devil appears in his turn as a pedlar, and he insists, in an argument with the seraph, that he knows how to obtain customers for his merchandize among mankind much better than his opponent, in the following words:

Rogues, you see, there are more than good men by the score
Who will buy my choice wares, glad to learn all my skill;
How they best may forget what their duty has set,
And juggle with justice and truth as they will.

For the merchant who knows how best to dispose
Of his goods, will select them with judgment and care,
Will suit his supply to the persons who buy,
And on a bad customer palm his bad ware.

Mercury, on his part, summons Rome, who soon appears as the representative of the church, offering various precious merchandizes, among which is to be found the peace of the soul. But at this Lucifer takes offence, and Rome makes her retreat. Next arrive two Portuguese peasants; one of whom is very anxious to dispose of his better half, who had turned out a bad housewife. Countrywomen, on the other hand,

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* Aa feyra, aa feyra, ygrejas, mosteyros,
Pastores das almas, papas adormidos,
Compray aqui panos, muday os vestidos.
Buscay as camarras dos outros primeyros
Os antecessores,
Feiray o caram que trazeis dourado.
Oo presidentes do crucificado,
Lembray vos da vida dos sanctos pasto.es,
Do tempo passado.
Oo principes altos, imperio facundo,
Guardayvos da yra do Senhor dos ceos,
Compray grande soma do temor de Deos
Na feyra da Virgem senhora do mundo,
Exemplo da paz,
Pastora dos anjos, e luz das estrelas.
Aa feyra da Virgem, donas et conzellas,
Porque este mercado sabey qu aqui tras
As cousas mais beias.

appear; and one of them advances very amusing complaints against her husband, who, it seems, only attends market to sell pears and cherries, and then returns home to sleep till he sets out again. These are, in fact, the two complaining spouses, who immediately recognize each other. Lucifer proceeds to offer his merchandize to the countrywomen; the most pious of whom, doubtless suspecting some kind of sorcery in the case, cries, "Jesus! Jesus! true God and true Man!" at which words the devil takes wing, and returns no more. The seraph mingles with the crowd, still augmenting by the arrival of countrymen and women, with baskets on their heads, containing the produce of the fields and of the poultry-yard. The seraph offers them an assortment of virtues to buy, but can no where meet with a purchaser. The young girls assure him that in their village gold is more in request than virtue, more especially in the choice of a wife. One of them, however, declares that she had great pleasure in coming to the fair, because it was the festival of the Mother of God; and that she, instead of vending her wares, will no doubt bestow them out of pure grace. This, indeed, is the moral of the piece, which concludes with a popular hymn in honour of the Virgin.

Perhaps the most indifferent pieces from the pen of Gil Vicente are those which he has entitled *comedies;* a sort of novels in dialogue, similar to those of Spain, embracing the whole history of an individual's life; but the incidents are ill connected together, and equally devoid of plot and developement. The tragi-comedies are nothing more than rude outlines, which afterwards led the way to the heroic comedy of the Spaniards: a few of them are not destitute of pathetic scenes, but not a single one is historical. Decidedly the best portion of the collection consists of some pieces given under the name of farces, but which, in fact, approach much nearer to the style of the true comedy than such plays as Gil Vicente published under that name. There are eleven of these in the whole collection; and they exhibit much spirit, much discrimination of character, but no invention in the plot. It is, indeed, not a little singular, that while the intrigue was considered as the very soul of the Spanish drama, the Portuguese should have totally neglected it.

However rude and imperfect were these first attempts to form the national drama, no nation ever set out with greater

advantages than the Portuguese. At the period when Gil Vicente wrote, and even at that in which Camoens flourished, there existed no dramatic productions in any other language, received by the public and in possession of any theatre, which had exhibited more striking powers of invention, a greater degree of nature, or more splendour of colouring. The loss of the independence of Portugal, during sixty years of Spanish domination, had probably great influence in producing a neglect of the dramatic art; though it may be also in part accounted for by the introduction of a false taste in literature, which, owing to its long continuance, seems to form a permanent feature in the character of the people. The Portuguese were desirous of cultivating only two species of poetical composition, the epic and the pastoral; and they attached themselves to the last of these with remarkable pertinacity. In order to give a poetical colouring to human life, they conceived it necessary to apply themselves to the composition of idyls, and to transfer the thoughts and actions of the existing world to that of nymphs and shepherds. But nothing could be more contrary to dramatic life and action, than the affected languor, the sentimental tenderness, and the monotony, peculiar to the pastoral. Gil Vicente, who possessed little of a bucolic genius, has nevertheless introduced shepherds into all his theatrical pieces, that he might render them agreeable to the taste of his nation. And Camoens, infected by the same prejudice, greatly weakened the effect of his dramatic powers by introducing this mistaken style into his Filodemo. After his death, the taste for pastoral compositions became still more prevalent; and a poet whom the Portuguese place in a degree of competition with him, further contributed by his works to its universal reception. The name of this poet is Rodriguez Lobo; of whose history little is known beyond his having been born about the middle of the sixteenth century at Leiria, in the province of Estramadura. He early distinguished himself in the university by his talents, but passed the subsequent part of his life chiefly in the country, where he courted the smiles of the rural muse, in all his poetical effusions. He was unfortunately drowned in passing over the Tagus, whose waters he had so often celebrated in his verses.

His works are distributed into three separate classes, consisting of a book on philosophy, of pastoral romances, and of

fugitive poems. The first of these, entitled *Corte na Aldea, e Noites de Inverno:* the Court in the Village, or Winter Nights; had a marked influence on the prose compositions of the Portuguese, by introducing the Ciceronian style, and a taste for long and measured periods. Like his contemporary Pietro Bembo among the Italians, Lobo seems to have paid more attention to the forms of language, to the choice of the words, and to the harmony of the sentences, than to the ideas; and to have aimed at infusing into his own, the character, the cadence, and even the inversions, of the ancient languages. He resembles the Italian, likewise, in the light and elegant, though somewhat pedantic turn of his writings, as well as in attempting to diffuse a similar taste amongst his contemporaries. His *Winter Nights* are philosophical conversations, much in the same taste as the Tusculan dialogues of Cicero, the *Cortigiano* of Count Castiglione, or the *Asolani* of Bembo. Each dialogue is preceded by an historical preface; the characters of the speakers are well drawn; and the conversation on subjects of literature, fashion, elegance, and good manners, is extremely lively and graceful, notwithstanding the length and affected harmony of the periods. We must not at the present day, however, expect to meet with much novelty in the precepts and observations; though if we recur to the state of the sixteenth century, we shall find sufficient reason to admire the elegance of manner, the polish, and the literary research, necessary to the composition of a work of this nature. In consequence of the great number of anecdotes and tales which it contains, it is also considered by the Portuguese as a model for succeeding novelists.

The pastoral romances written by Lobo were considered by him only as a kind of frame in which he might embody his bucolic productions. The rage, indeed, for this last species of composition had arrived at such a height in Portugal, that its language was chosen as the vehicle of almost every sentiment and every passion: and it is quite necessary to bear this fact in mind, to excuse the insufferable tediousness which prevails throughout the romances of Rodriguez Lobo. No reader of the present age will have the resolution, we think, to wade through one-fourth part of the mass; more particularly when we add, that the only variety of action they afford consists in the arrival of one shepherd, who

departs to make room for another; and of one or sometimes two shepherdesses, who meet each other on their entrance, converse or sing for a few moments, and separate as before. No degree of interest is felt in the opening of the plot, and not a single character leaves an impression on the mind; yet the elegance of the language, the refinement of sentiment, and the smoothness of the verse, are no less striking than in the *Diana* of Montemayor. The first of these romances, entitled *Primavera*, Spring, is somewhat whimsically divided into forests, and these again are distributed into sections named after the different rivers found in Portugal. The second, which is merely a continuation of the other, under the name of *O Pastor Peregrino*, is distributed into *jornadas*, or days, as is customary in the Spanish comedy. The third, which is a further continuation of the two preceding, is called *O Desenganado*, the Disenchanted Lover, and is arranged in the form of dialogues. Perhaps the most remarkable portions of these compositions are the poetic effusions with which they are interspersed. Thus the romance of the Spring opens with a hymn in celebration of that season, which may well rank with some of Metastasio's: it has all the same ease and originality, and every where displays that intimate acquaintance with nature, which is one of the characteristics of Portuguese poetry.* Several of the *canzoni* are very pleasing; they are distinguished by all that tenderness and harmony, and at times by that abundance of epithets and that repetition of the same images and ideas, which form one of the peculiar characteristics of romantic poetry, and would be apt to render its version too fatiguing to the ear I shall, therefore, merely attempt to give a single example, contained in a sonnet written upon a waterfall, which to me appears to possess considerable beauty.

SONNET.

Ye waves, that from yon steep o'erhanging height
Plunge in wild falls to seek the cliffs below,

* Ja nasce o bello dia,
Principio do veraó fermoso e brando,
Que com nova alegria
Estaó denunciando
As aves namoradas,
Dos floridos raminhos penduradas.
Ja abre a bella Aurora,
Com nova luz, as portas do Oriente;
E mostra a linda Flora
O prado mais contente,
Vestido de boninas
Aljofradas do gotas cristalinas

Já o sol mais fermoso
Está ferindo as agoas prateadas,
E Zefiro queyxoso,
Hora as mostra encrespadas
A vista dos penedos,
Hora sobre ellas move os arvoredos.
De reluzente area
Se mostra mais fermosa a rica praya,
Cuja riba se arrea,
De alenco e da faya,
Do freyxo, et do salgueyro,
Do ulmo, do aveleyra, et do loureyro

Dashing in whiling eddies as ye flow,
Most beauteous in your strange aerial flight,
And never weary of your stern delight,
Waking eternal music as ye go,
Roving from rock to rock! Yet why bestow
These charms on scenes so rude and wild, when bright
And soft and flowery meads a gentler way,
Through sun-lit banks, would softly lead you on
To your far bourne, in some wish'd sea-nymph's caves?
But, ah, your wanderings, like mine own, betray
Love's mysteries sad. Our hapless fate is one;
Unchang'd flow on my thoughts, and headlong rush your waves.

Many romantic effusions, indeed, are interspersed throughout this production, a few specimens of which may be found subjoined.* They will serve to shew that the incomplete rhymes, or the verses termed *assonancias*, hitherto supposed both by Boutterwek and Schlegel to be the peculiar distinction of the Castilian, have been also employed in Portuguese poetry; as well as to exhibit the marked difference that exists in the national poetic spirit, even in those species of composition which have the greatest apparent resemblance. The imaginative faculty of the Castilian requires the excitement of incidents, and the glow of active life; while that of the Portuguese seeks its sweetest solace and support in contemplation alone. In the former, romance has been principally directed to the task of engraving the characters of the

* The romance of Lereno is here given entire: *Primavera, Flor.* 3, p. 279. *Edit. de Lisboa*, 12mo, 1651.

De cima de este penedo,
Aonde combatendo, as oudas
Mostraó sempre mais segura,
A firmeza desta rocha,
Cou os olhos tras de hum barco,
Que o vento leva por força,
Vendo que tem força o vento
Pera atalhar muitas obras,
Me representa a ventura
Quaó pouco contra ella monta,
Firmeza, vontade e fé,
Desejo esperença e forças.
Por hum mar taó sem caminho,
Morada tam perigosa,
Pera as mudancas do tempo,
Dando sempre a vella toda
O leme na maó de hum cego.
Que quando vai vento a popa
Da sempre em baixos d'area,
Aonde em vivas pedras toca.
Que farei pera valerme?
Pois a terra venturosa
Aonde aspira meu desejo
He cabo que naó se dobra.
Se quero voltar ao porto,
Naó ha vento pera a volta,
Em fim, que o fim da jorna da
He dar no fundo ou na costa.
Pensamentos e esperanças,
Julgay quanto melhor fora
Naó vos ter para perdervos,
Que sustentarvos agora.
Pois naó custa tanto a pena,
Como doe perder a gloria;
E he mais sustentar cuidados,
Do que he conquistar vitorias.
Só males saó verda de iros,
Porque os bês todos saó sombras
Representadas na terra,
Que abarcadas naó se tomaó.
Mar empeçado e revolto,
Navegaçaó perigosa,
Porto que nunca se alcança,
Agoa que sempre çoçobra:
Estreitos naó navegados,
Bayxos, ilhas, syrtes, rocas,
Sereas que em meus ouvidos
Sempre achastes livres portas.
A Deos que aqui larço ferro,
E por mais que o vento corra,
Para saber da ventura,
Naó quero fazer mais provas

national annals upon the memory of a whole people, of celebrating its real or fictitious heroes, and of reviving the recollection of its greatest sufferings and of its proudest exploits; while in the same form of verse and imperfect rhymes, and with the same ease and simplicity of language, that of Portugal has been simply devoted to soothing pleasures, and to dreams of amorous delight, such as we may feel in dwelling on the invariable motion of the billows breaking against the shore, where we see shepherds with their flocks leading a life nearly as monotonous as the waves. The images of Portuguese poetry are almost wholly borrowed from this brilliant pastoral picture; and the shepherds are supposed to be as much familiarized with all the perils of navigation as with the care of their flocks. During their hours of indolence, they may, in fact, be said, like Lereno in this romance, to seek "the rock overhanging the waves, while their eyes wander on all sides; by turns over the smiling and verdant shore where their sheep lie scattered abroad, and over the watery waste where the boat lies anchored at their feet, tossed to and fro by the surges of the deep."

It was the ambition of Lobo to extend his genius beyond the limits of pastoral composition, to which it was alone adapted, by presenting his country with an epic poem, founded on the achievements of its hero Nuño Alvarez Pereira, grand constable of Portugal, for whom the people evince the same degree of enthusiasm as is shewn by the Castilians towards the Cid. With this view, he selected all the actions and incidents relating to the life of this distinguished chief, and arranging them in a chronological series, produced an immense work, consisting of twenty cantos, divided into octave verse. But the author so completely failed in attaining the object he had in view, that his production is totally destitute of poetical spirit and invention; no flashes of genius relieve the dulness of its pages, and, with a very few scattered beauties, it may be considered a mere chronological account in rhyme.

In the opinion of Rodriguez Lobo, there was no kind of poetry that might not with propriety enter into pastoral composition. He viewed rural life and scenery as the source of those poetic images and ornaments which the imagination delights to employ. He produced a variety of eclogues solely

with this view, in which he treated of morality, of philosophy, and of other important subjects, rendered by no means more attractive by being exhibited in this affected and unsuitable dress. To these we must add about a hundred romances, the greatest part written in Spanish. The Portuguese writers appear to have considered their own language as little adapted to compositions of a nature at once simple and heroic; a species of writing in which their Castilian neighbours afforded so many specimens, and took so much delight.

Among the most distinguished of the contemporaries or immediate followers of Camoens, after Rodriguez Lobo, is Jeronymo Cortereal, who flourished indeed during the same period, but whose literary career may be said to have commenced only towards the close of that of the poet of the Lusiad. Like all the great poets of Spain, he was desirous of combining the profession of arms with that of letters, and had spent some of his early years in India, engaged in combating against the infidels. On his return to Portugal, he followed Don Sebastian in his fatal expedition to Africa, in which he was made prisoner at the battle of Alcacer; and was deprived, by the same event, of his sovereign, and of his house's heir, who fell under the victorious arms of the Moors. When he again recovered his liberty, after long and extreme sufferings, he found the independence of his country overthrown, and Philip II. of Spain occupying the throne of Portugal. On this he immediately retired to his family estate, and sought to relieve his disappointment by engaging in the composition of historical epics, consecrated to the glory of his country, and animated with a fine poetic spirit, although they are not to be placed in competition with the productions of the first masters. We shall not here dwell upon his poem written in the Spanish tongue, in fifteen cantos, founded on the battle of Lepanto: but the second of the series, relating to the misfortunes of Manuel de Sousa Sepulveda, which furnished Camoens with his beautiful episode, is deserving of more particular examination.

It was Cortereal's object in this poem to relate the tragical adventures and death of this unfortunate Portuguese, with that of his lady, Leonora de Sà, of the same family as the author's own wife. Cast away with a numerous crew upon the shores of Africa, near the Cape of Good Hope, this unhappy couple perished in their attempt to cross the deserts in order to reach some other of the Portuguese establishments along

the coast. This occurrence, though destitute of the importance and heroic grandeur required in a national epic, afforded room for interest, of a very touching and romantic kind. There is something in the efforts of this band of unfortunates to proceed along the immense line of coast until they should reach the factories of the kingdom of Mozambique, so nobly resolute and heroic, though so truly unhappy in the result, as to call forth our mingled admiration and pity. We behold a fond lover and a tender parent hanging over a cherished wife, and infants perishing from want ; a picture of such a heart-rending nature, that a simple description of this terrific journey must necessarily be highly interesting from its mere truth, independent of the genius of the historian or of the poet.

In common with all his contemporaries, Cortereal had imbibed the mistaken opinion that there could exist no epic action, even as applied to modern subjects, which was not built upon the mythology of the Greeks. The pedantic jargon of the schools, and a puerile imitation of the ancient writers, had at this period, indeed, induced men more distinguished than our author, to fall into the same error. Educated in India, with an imagination sublimed by the grand poetic landscapes that surrounded him, and gifted with talent to depict them with a degree of local truth and beanty equalled by few of the poets of Europe, Cortereal, nevertheless, destroyed the whole charm and effect of his poetry by introducing into it the absurdities of Grecian fable.

Manuel de Sousa became attached to Leonora de Sà, but was unable to obtain the consent of her father, who had already promised her hand to Luis Falcaõ, captain of Diu. He is supposed to invoke the God of Love, who, at the request of Venus, effects the destruction of Falcaõ, in order to deliver Sousa from a hated rival. We are next introduced into the palace of Venus, and into that of Vengeance, and we behold the triumphant march of the gods of Europe towards India ; all described with much poetic power. But the intervention of Love, for the sole purpose of committing a murder, is far too revolting to our feelings. It is a poor and palpable allegory, intended to conceal the real assassination of which Sousa was himself guilty. The father of Leonora being released from his promise, by the death of Falcaõ, no longer refuses to confer his daughter's hand upon her lover. The celebration of their marriage, and the rejoicings of the Portu-

guese and the Malabars on the occasion, occupy the space of nearly two cantos. * After a period of four years, embellished by all the charms of wedded love, Sousa and his Leonora, with two pledges of their early affection, set sail in the vessel Saint John, from Cochin, on their return to Europe. The incidents of their voyage are described in the most brilliant and poetic colours; but as if neither the phenomena of an unknown world, nor the marvels ascribed to his own religion, were deemed sufficient to adorn the poetry of our author, he has continual recourse to the Grecian fables, in order to account for the simplest and most natural events in the world. He thus describes the appearance of Proteus:

> Such was the season Proteus chose to lead
> His dripping flocks, a thousand monstrous forms,
> To pasture forth, when suddenly shone out
> The glorious vessel, sailing in her pomp;
> And starting back, he view'd with glad surprise
> The chiefs of Portugal: from out the wave
> He raised his rude and hoary head deform,
> Crown'd with green limes. He shook his flowing beard
> And savage tresses, white as mountain snow.
> The ancient man marks how the big waves beat
> Against that proud ship's side; observes the pomp
> And pride of dress, habits and manners strange,
> Of those that crowd upon the vessel's side
> To catch the uncouth sight. Then rose a cry,
> Cleaving the air unto the very clouds;
> While the vast monster gave no signs of fear,
> Nor shew'd less savage joy in his rude face.
> But Leonora, as she heard the shout,
> All faint and weary from her late long voyage,
> Advancing, ask'd what caused that strange alarm;
> And the next moment cast her wondering eye
> Where Proteus old, upon two scaly fins
> Large as swoln sails, far overlook'd the waves,
> Surprised and pleased at the fair form he saw.
> She would have spoken, but mute fear half choked
> The unutter'd words.†

The surprise of Proteus is supposed to be succeeded by the most violent passion for the beautiful Leonora, which he expresses in very tender and harmonious verses. The work is chiefly composed in blank verse, interspersed with occasional dialogues and songs, sometimes in the *terza rima*, sometimes in the octave measure. The strophes, which Cortereal puts into the mouth of the sea-god, have the languishing tone and

* These are the fourth and fifth cantos of the poem.
† Naufragio de Sepulveda, canto vi.

character so very prevalent in descriptions of the passion of love, in the sixteenth century. Indeed they have a much stronger resemblance to the gentle sorrows of an Arcadian shepherd, than to those impassioned expressions which we should naturally attribute to the most formidable monster of the deep :

> Ah ! who withholds thee from my longing arms,
> Sole hope and solace of my anxious breast ?
> Is there a wretch one touch of pity feels,
> Would snatch thee from my love ? Canst thou forget,
> And canst thou see thy Proteus' wild alarms ?
> Bright Leonora, hasten to my arms !
> O come to one who will adore, obey,
> And love thee ever ! Wilt thou then reward
> Such love with frowns ? Think of some happier way .
> Approach, approach, and soon the placid deep
> With brighter charms and lovelier hues shall glow :
> Here shalt thou see the beauteous nymphs that sleep
> In coral caves, and our rich realms below ;
> Great Neptune's self, tremendous to behold,
> With sea-shells cover'd, keeping splendid state
> With all his subjects. These shall hail thee queen,
> All gather'd round. Come to thy sea-green bowers !
> There may'st thou witness with a pitying eye
> Thy sorrowing lover ever at thy feet,
> With burning tears, ask no returns of love,
> And hoping but at thy fair feet to die.
> There in one form thou wondering shalt descry
> Strange accidents ; shalt see new sufferings seize
> His breast ; while in each thought, still link'd to pain,
> He lives his love and torment o'er again.

Proteus might certainly have employed more persuasive entreaties, and a language somewhat more in character than this. But whilst he thus fills the air with his lamentations, Amphitrite, accompanied by all the nymphs of the ocean, jealous of the surpassing beauty of the lady, excites a terrific storm to engulph the vessel, which is at length lost upon a rock near the Cape of Good Hope. The shipwreck is described, in the seventh and eighth cantos, with considerable truth and poetic effect. It is here that Cortereal enters upon the province of nature and of the human heart ; and the reader feels interested as the story proceeds. We behold about one hundred and fifty-four Portuguese, capable of bearing arms, and two hundred and thirty slaves, carrying some sick and wounded, landing from the ship Saint John. They are unfortunately enabled to save only a very small portion

of provisions, and they find themselves cast away upon a shore with no appearance of produce or cultivation. Some Caffres are observed at a distance, who refuse, however, to engage in any kind of traffic with them ; and hasten, on the contrary, from their huts to despatch the arrow, their symbol of war, from tribe to tribe, calling the hordes of the desert to their assistance.

Reduced to this extremity, Manoel de Sousa hastily summons his companions in arms to counsel, and addresses them in a confident tone in the following language :

> Dear friends and comrades of my toils ! too well
> You see the peril, the approaching fate
> That threats us ; yet my trust is still in Heaven :
> For Heaven alone can aid us ; and we suffer
> But what the all-powerful Will on high permits.
> Yet, thou Omniscient Ruler of the skies,
> Let thy just vengeance fall where it should fall,
> Only on me ; and spare these little ones,
> Guiltless of all ! He raised his eldest born,
> A lovely boy, whose beauty won all eyes,
> In his fond arms among his sorrowing friends,
> And turn'd his eyes, fill'd with a father's tears,
> On Heaven : Ye powers, he cried, look kindly down
> On this poor little one, that ne'er offended !
> To you I trust him ! Lo, I yield him up
> With one still feebler, to your guardian care.
> O let them expiate—let them plead for us
> And our offences !—Ye have heard us once !
> Already hath your mercy shielded us
> Amid the raging terrors of the deep,
> Snatching us from the waves when death appear'd
> In every fearful shape.

After this, Sousa informs the soldiers that he no longer considers himself as their chief, but as their companion, requiring of them only to pledge their mutual promise, that they will continue united together ; and that they will accommodate their progress to the strength of their sick and wounded companions, and of his Leonora and her infants. On receiving their individual oath to this effect, he immediately arranges his followers in order of march ready for battle, and penetrates into the desert. Soon, however, the progress of this little band is delayed for want of information ; and woods and mountains, and the winding course of rivers, obstruct their path. They had already, to the best of their calculation, travelled about eighty leagues, though they had proceeded scarcely thirty in a direct line parallel with the shore. Their

small stock of provisions was gone, and the earth offered little to supply the cravings of hunger: many, overpowered by the burning sun, by clouds of sand, and by hunger, thirst, and sickness, throw themselves upon the ground; and permitting their companions to pass on, await their destiny from the jaws of savage beasts that shortly rush upon their prey:

> Fixing their weeping eyes on those who now
> Prepare to leave them, feeble sighs and groans
> Declare the fearful pangs that rend their breasts.
> With dying looks they take a last farewell:
> "Haste, haste, dear friends, and Heaven avert the ills
> That here await us!" Sinking on the ground,
> They pour vain sighs o'er their unhappy end;
> And soon the famish'd monsters of the woods,
> Fierce wolves and tigers, rush upon their prey,
> And rend their reeking limbs.

But hunger does not continue long their only foe. After fourteen days' painful march, worn down by so many sufferings, the Portuguese have to encounter the Caffres, whom they repulse with their accustomed valour, though not without the loss of several of their brave companions. They afterwards resume their unfortunate march, persevering during more than three months to contend with the various evils of their fate. The tender Leonora and her babes traversed a tract of more than three hundred leagues, supported by wild herbs and roots, the scanty produce of the chase, and sometimes even by the half-putrid carcases of animals found dead in the desert. To vary this picture of terrific realities, Cortereal has again recourse to the mythology of the ancients, occasionally exhibiting to our view the god Pan, sporting in one of his consecrated valleys, through which the Portuguese are to pass. We hear him sighing for the beautiful Leonora; and, dazzled by her charms, he pours forth plaintive strains of love. Again, he introduces us, in one of his hero's dreams, into the palace of Truth, and afterwards into that of Falsehood; one of these he fills with the patriarchs of the Old, and the saints of the New Testament; and the other is the receptacle of heretics, whom he passes in review before him, pronouncing on each his malediction.

In the two following cantos, the thirteenth and fourteenth the poet conducts one of the companions of Sousa, Pantaleon de Sà, into a mysterious cavern, where an enchanter presents him with the portraits and explains the history of the cele-

brated characters of Portugal, from the very commencement to the close of the monarchy; for Cortereal, having survived the fatal defeat of King Sebastian, had witnessed the fall of his country's independence. He had himself likewise been a soldier, been made a prisoner at the battle of Alcacer-Kibir, and one of the heroes of his own name, over whose grave he offers the tribute of a few flowers, is probably the son whom he lost in that engagement. The picture of the field of battle, after the defeat of the Portuguese, is so much the more striking, as the poet himself, doubtless, surveyed it, a captive with the wreck of his countrymen :

> Behold ! (the enchanter cried, and east his eyes
> Away, as dreading his own art to view,)
> Behold the sad funereal forms arise,
> That freeze the blood, and blanch with death-like hue
> The quivering lips. Hark ! what wild moans and cries
> On every side ! what streams of blood imbrue
> The glutted plains, where, 'mid the deep rank grass,
> Moulders th' unburied corpse, o'er which the living pass.
>
> See where, borne down the whirlpool of the war,
> Sink man and horse, whelm'd in those murky waves !
> O'er yon precipitous banks driven on from far
> By the fierce foe, all find their watery graves.
> And see the plains, ere yet the evening star
> Hath shone, are darken'd with the bird that craves
> Its human feast, shrouding with dismal wings
> The warrior's corpse ; and hark ! the hateful dirge it sings !

This long episode is here, perhaps, somewhat out of place ; neither is it introduced in a sufficiently easy and natural manner. It diverts the attention from the principal topic at the very instant of the catastrophe, to create an interest wholly new. But the subject here was the funereal pomp of the Portuguese power ; and the fall of a great nation, that had so rapidly advanced to such a height of poetical and military glory, was surely deserving of record in the annals of poetic art.

Manuel de Sousa had halted his little troop in the territories of one of the Negro kings, who had received him with generous kindness and hospitality, the Portuguese having rendered important services to this prince in a war in which he was then engaged with one of his neighbours. He ardently desired to retain such very valiant soldiers in his service ; but, notwithstanding the fatigues and perils they had encountered, the weary travellers longed for nothing so much

as to return to their native land. They were not without hopes of meeting with some vessels belonging to their own nation, if they could reach the mouth of the river Laurence Marquez. They were already on the banks of that river, without being aware of it. Deaf, however, to the entreaties of the Negro king, they resolve to prosecute their pilgrimage across the desert, in order to reach the port, where they had, in fact, already arrived, and from which their ignorance now leads them astray. It is in the midst of dangers, and nearly overpowered with toil, that they arrive at the second branch of the same river, which throws itself by three large mouths into the adjacent sea of Mozambique. The fortitude of Sousa at length yields at the sight of his wife's and children's sufferings ; terrific presentiments now haunt his imagination ; and the shade of Luis Falcaõ, his murdered rival, rises before him, crying for retribution on the heads of the Portuguese, whose reason Heaven has already permitted it to disturb. The Caffre king, into whose dominions they have just entered, though he offers them an asylum and provisions, refuses to permit a foreign army to traverse the country, insisting that the Portuguese shall deliver up their arms and divide their company. After having braved a thousand perils, Pantaleon de Sà has the good fortune to reach a Christian vessel, and is restored to his country ; but the greater part of the soldiers are devoured by beasts of prey, and perish in the deserts of Africa. Manuel de Sousa, abandoned by his companions, remains with his wife and two infants, together with seventeen of his own slaves, until, having consumed the whole of his resources, he is compelled by the Caffre king to resume his journey at all hazards. He again prepares to enter the desert with his little band of followers, reduced to a few individuals, unprovided with arms, and equally destitute of hope and courage. He had just arrived, however, at the borders of the ocean, when, about sunset, he is suddenly attacked by a troop of Caffres, who deprive the wanderers, without pity, even of their wretched habiliments. But here again the author unfortunately destroys the interest which so deplorable a situation was calculated to excite, by recurring to the mythological loves of the ancients. On this occasion, Phœbus, returning along the edge of the horizon, observes with surprise the beautiful Leonora seated upon the sands, with her fine tresses thrown loose, the only veil she had left to conceal

her naked charms. He immediately approaches her in the disguise of a shepherd, and addresses her in some very tender and flattering verses, which, contrasted with the surrounding images of desolation and death, leave by no means an agreeable impression on the mind.

We are soon, however, carried back to the dreadful realities of the story. Whilst the wretched Leonora remained in this situation, Sousa penetrates into the woods to collect roots, wild herbs, or berries, the only nourishment he could find to support his wife and infants. Thither he is still pursued by the most gloomy presentiments, and the approaching fate both of himself and of those he holds most dear is darkly predicted to him. When at length he returns:

> With feeble step he labours to approach
> The scene of all his fears, and trembling thinks
> He finds them true; and then the cruel thought
> Seems to deprive him of the little strength
> Now left him. Scarce he draws his painful breath;
> His sad sunk eyes are charged with bitter tears,
> That ceaseless flow. At length he gains the spot
> Where Leonora, hovering on the verge
> Of fate, prepares to take a last farewell.
> She casts her wild and troubled looks around,
> Seeking the long-loved object of her soul.
> He comes, and seems to wake her to fresh life;
> She struggles for one farewell word, one glance,
> To tell him all her love; though now stern Death
> Would hide the truth her speaking eyes betray:
> With long and rapturous gaze still fix'd on his,
> She would have said, "Adieu, my only friend!"
> But as she strove to speak in vain, despairing,
> She fell in mortal swoon upon the earth.
> Smit with fierce anguish long De Sousa stood;
> With tears and throbbing breast then took his way.
> Choosing a spot among the bleak blanch'd sands,
> He scoop'd with his own hands a narrow grave;
> And then returning, in his feeble arms
> Bore his sad burden, follow'd by his slaves,
> Who, as they went, raised loud funereal shrieks.
> And there they laid her in her silent home.
> With shriller cries surrounding then the dead,
> With mingling tears they bade their last farewell.
> Peace to her ashes! Here she doth not rest
> Alone; for near her lies her beauteous boy,
> Who hath not play'd five seasons in the sun.*

As soon as Sousa had thus rendered the last offices to the unhappy partner of his toils, seizing his second son in his

* Canto xvii.

arms, he plunged into the thickest forest that surrounded him. A holy resignation still supported him, sufficient to prevent an attempt upon his own life; but the wild beasts of Africa in a short time delivered him from the torments he endured.

This extensive work, richly imbued with a romantic interest, which the subject very fully supplied, and displaying beauties of a superior order, obscured by as great defects, is not, however, the only epic poem written by Cortereal in Portugese. There exists another specimen of his genius in this species of composition, founded upon the siege of Diù, a place very valiantly defended by the governor Mascarenhas. Indeed it would appear to have been always in India, in countries where Portugal had carried her arms to such a pitch of glory, that her poets also lavished all the pomp of their surpassing genius. It was there, too, that the importance of the events, and the chivalric character of the heroes who directed them, added to the national pride of combining the qualities of the warrior and the poet, gave a glowing spirit and a vivacity to their compositions, which we in vain seek for either in the epic productions of the Spaniards, or in those of the Italians of the second order. In many respects, Cortereal may be said to have adopted Trissino as his model; his poetry, like that of the Italian, being composed in iambic measure without rhyme, and, like his, the dignity of his style being far from sufficiently sustained to dispense with the harmonious movement of the strophe and the richness of rhyme. But in the interest of his story, in splendour of imagination, and in force of poetic colouring, he is very superior to the author of the *Italia Liberata*. We feel that his heart is always in unison with the exercise of his talents, while the emotions of Trissino were never awakened by his artful and pedantic compositions.

Perhaps the most striking features in the poem of the *Siege of Diù*, are the fragments of verse which are scattered throughout its pages, consisting of descriptions of battle scenes, in the midst of which the poet passed his life, and which give an air of fearful reality to the whole. Of this we have an instance in the sixteenth canto; where, after having recounted the fall and sacking of Ançote, upon the gulf of Cambay, he depicts in a very striking manner the disturbed slumbers of the victorious Portuguese, and the recollection of the recent scenes

of carnage in which they had been engaged, still haunting them in their dreams:

> Now from their many toils of the past day,
> The soldiers stretch themselves upon the decks,
> With welcome sleep renewing their worn frames.
> Some, as they slumber, raise their brawny arms,
> Striking the empty air with idle blows;
> Others are heard murmuring wild words and threats:
> "Forward!—no quarter!—let not one escape!
> "The Moors, the Moors!—ye heretic villains, die!
> "Fire, death, and ruin!" echoed all around:
> And ever as they moan'd, with heavy heads
> They tried to shake off slumbers nursed in blood;
> Their souls being steep'd in the fierce dream of death,
> And haunted with the phantoms of past deeds
> Of strife and terror. Soon the drowsy god
> Lulling them to fresh sleep, they stretch'd their limbs,
> O'erpower'd with recent carnage, and each sense
> Was closed; a fearful picture of that mute
> And solemn death themselves were born to act!*

Among those specimens of the Portuguese epic which still retain a degree of celebrity, it would be unfair not to mention the *Ulysses* of Castro, and the *Malacca Conquistada* of Francisco de Sa y Menesez. In the opinion of the natives, these are the two poems which approach nearest to the elevated character ascribed to Camoens.

These epics had likewise the merit of being founded on the national history, and of inviting the Portuguese to the study of the glorious annals of their country, as well as to the art of narrating them to others. Thus Lobo, Cortereal, and a variety of other distinguished names, availed themselves of the most poetical portions of Portuguese history; though by his romances, Rodriguez Lobo contributed still more essentially to the formation of the historians of Portugal. He was the first to shew to what a degree of elegance, of harmony, and of refinement, the prose compositions of the Portuguese might be carried; and they who were engaged in applying the language to subjects of a more serious nature, learned

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* Todos tomam repouso do continho
Trabalho, emque o passado dia andaram.
Estendemse pos pancos, pos convezes;
Dam repouso aos cançados lassos membros,
Entregando os a hum brando e doce sonho.
Dormindo movem hums os fortes braços,
Dando com muita força mil vaós golpes.
Outros com vozes mal distintas murmuram:
'Aqui; matemos estes que nos fogem!
Sus! sus a estes abominaveis Mouros!
Fogo! fogo! sangue! sangue! e ruina!"...
E murmurando assim, levam pezadas
As cabeças, em sonho sepultadas;
Mostrando com sinaes de furor grande,
Que de imagens e espectros eram envoltos.
Mas o profondo sonho torna logo,
Render os corpos da carnagem fera:
Liga os sentidos, e enfim representa
Em todos huma imagem muda e triste
Da misma morte immovel.

from him the best method of adapting it to their purpose. The age of heroic enterprise had only just declined in Portugal, and that of history was still in its infancy. It is to the historical writers who flourished during the times of Ferreira, of Camoens, and of Lobo, that Portugal is indebted for a new branch of her literature. They were the first who made the exploits and conquests of their fellow-countrymen in the Indies the subject of history. The talents peculiar to the writer of travels and to the geographical inquirer were not unfrequently found united with those of the historian; and an interest is produced of a kind altogether unique, by the recital of events with which nothing on record can be placed in competition, and which have no points of resemblance with any contained in ancient history.

At the head of these historians must be ranked John de Barros, esteemed by his fellow-countrymen the Livy of Portugal. He sprang from a noble family, and was born in the year 1496. While yet of very tender years, he was placed among the king's pages at the court of Don Emmanuel; or rather in the school for the young nobility, which the Portuguese princes were desirous of forming in their own palace. He early distinguished himself there by his taste for works of history, and in particular by his assiduous devotion to the writings of Livy and of Sallust. It was during his service at court, while in the situation of page of the bed-chamber, and before he had completed his twenty-fourth year, that he employed himself in writing a romance entitled *The Emperor Clarimond;* which, though it discovers little interest or invention, is at the same time remarkable for the beauty and perspicuity of its style. This work has nothing of an imaginative or romantic character attached to it, although it is founded upon fictitious events, and has little title to our regard, beyond that of having exercised the author in the art of narration, and of animating him to the nobler task of recording the discoveries and conquests of Portugal in the regions of the East. When he succeeded to the throne, John III. advanced Barros to the governorship of the Portuguese establishments situated on the coast of Guinea. On his return thence, he was made treasurer-general of the colonies, and subsequently agent-general of the same countries; an important post, nearly equivalent to that of minister of state, which Barros preserved for a period

of eight-and-thirty years. While these public employments engaged the time and attention of the historian, they provided him, at the same time, with the most effectual means of obtaining an intimate knowledge of the countries he had undertaken to describe; and, in truth, he devoted himself with equal diligence to fulfil his official duties, and to complete the important work which has been consigned to posterity. His design, in the outset, appears to have been to preserve and to commemorate, for the glory of his countrymen, all the heroic exploits achieved by them in different parts of the world. With this view, his labours were intended to be completed in four several portions. Under the title of Portuguese Europe, he meant to comprehend the domestic history of the monarchy from its earliest period; under that of Africa, to describe the wars of the Portuguese in the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco; and under the head of America, or rather of Santa-Croce, to comprise the history of the colony of the Brazils, in which he had an individual interest, inasmuch as the king had conferred upon him, in the year 1539, the province of Marenham, under the stipulation of founding establishments there; by which, however, far from reaping any advantage, he lost a considerable portion of his wealth. But though Barros makes frequent allusion to these three proposed works which have no existence, a long life was barely sufficient for the completion of his *Portuguese Asia;* a work divided into four decades, or forty books, comprehending the history of the Portuguese conquests, not only in the Indies, but in the African seas, which first led to their discovery. The first portion of this work appeared in 1552, one year previous to the departure of Camoens for the Indies, who seems to have made use of it in his poem; while the concluding part was published only a short time before the author's decease, which took place on his estate of Alitem, whither he had retired during the last three years of his life, in the year 1571.

The *Asia* of John de Barros is the first great work which contains authentic information relating to the rich and extensive countries, separated from Europe by such an immense expanse of waters, and of which, previous to the inquiries of our author, we possessed such very vague and contradictory accounts. He is still considered as the chief authority and foundation for subsequent writers, not only in

their history of all Portuguese discoveries and of the earliest communications of Europe with the East, but in all geographical and statistical knowledge relative to the Indies. Long and indefatigable labours, united to earnest inquiries to ascertain the truth, and extensive credit and authority continued during forty years, in the countries which were the object of his researches, had indeed fully enabled him to acquire the most accurate information regarding the events, the inhabitants, and the situation of those regions. It is true, he was prejudiced in favour of the Portuguese, though perhaps not more so than a national historian ought to be, in order to interest us in the achievements of his country. What motive, it may be asked, could have induced him to undertake the task, had he not designed to raise a monument of glory to his nation? And would he not have betrayed her cause, if, when consulted in the character of an advocate, he had pronounced the condemnation of a judge? Could he have warmed his readers with that enthusiasm which produced the great actions recorded by him, if he had analysed them with the view of underrating their value; if he had eagerly sought out despicable motives for virtuous deeds; if he had extinguished our emotions by doubts; and if he had communicated through the medium of his work the indifference which might have possessed his own heart? We are in fact made more intimately acquainted with the truth by writers partial to the glory of their country, than by those of an opposite character, who may be said to feel for nothing. The former, at least, possess the elements of truth in the warmth of their feelings; while the latter, deprived of the very source whence they spring, are incapable of appreciating any events with justness and precision. To Barros, even in his partiality, we may grant our confidence with the less reserve, when we consider that he was actuated by the same prejudices and passions as his fellow-countrymen, and would not himself have scrupled to act as they had done in the circumstances which he delights to commemorate. It is thus that he has drawn, almost involuntarily, and with a pen of powerful reality, the whole character of the Portuguese conquerors of India, including himself at the same time in the picture. Their undaunted courage, their ardour for heroic enterprise, for novelty, and even for perils, are no less strikingly displayed, than are their insatiable cupidity, their ferocity, and

their blind fanaticism. If any individual, or any commander, commits a base or perfidious action, he is condemned without hesitation ; but if the crime is of a public nature, and approved in the eyes of his nation, the author likewise records it with exultation. Negroes torn from the bosom of their family, and from their peaceful labours, enslaved, or massacred without provocation ; the distant Moors pursued into the interior of unknown regions, to be destroyed by fire and sword ; the wretched Indians engulphed by thousands in the seas of Calicut and Cochin ; what were these but infidels, Musulmans, or idolaters, whose lives were too worthless to be taken into account ? Besides, was it not fulfilling divine judgment upon their heads ? Were only one converted to the true faith, was not his redemption an ample recompense for the innumerable souls which were, on the other hand, consigned to eternal punishments ? We have to add, that there is a wide distinction to be made in the detestation borne by Barros and his countrymen towards the Pagans and towards the Mahometans ; the former of whom frequently challenge the author's regard, on account of their being only idolaters, however various the objects of their adoration may be. Of this we may judge from the discourse of Vasco de Gama, delivered to the Zamorim of Calicut, to the following effect :*

" Throughout the four thousand eight hundred leagues of coast discovered by his royal master and by his immediate predecessors, were found many kings and princes of the race of the Gentiles. The only favour which his king had ever required of them was, that they would permit him to instruct them in a knowledge of the faith of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, and Lord of heaven and earth, whom he confessed and adored as the true God, and for whose glory and service he had undertaken these distant enterprises. Besides the benefit of the salvation of souls which the King Don Manuel procured for these sovereigns, and for their people whom he had recently discovered, he had moreover sent them vessels filled with all kind of things of which they had need ; such as horses, silver, silks, stuffs, and other merchandise : in exchange for which his captains obtained other articles in which the country abounded ; as ivory, gold, and peppers ; a kind of spice as valuable and useful to Europe, as was the pepper itself in the kingdom of Calicut.

* *Vide* Decad. I. Book iv. Chap. 9.

It was by this traffic that the kingdoms which accepted his friendship became civilized instead of barbarous; the weak powerful, and the poor rich; and all owing to the exertions and industry of the Portuguese. In labours like these, the king, his lord and master, was only desirous of having the glory of accomplishing great things for the service of God and the reputation of the Portuguese. For the same reason, his conduct towards the Moors, who were his enemies, was just the contrary. In the countries of Africa inhabited by them, he had deprived them by force of arms, of four of their principal fortresses and sea-ports in the kingdom of Fez. On this account, wherever they appeared, they not only defamed the name of the Portuguese, but, by their intrigues, they endeavoured to compass their death; not daring to meet them face to face, because they had learned by experience the power of their swords. Proofs of this might be seen in what had taken place at Mozambique and at Mombaça, as the Zamorim might have heard from the pilot Cana. Such instances of deceit and treason the king had never met with in all the Gentile territories which he had discovered. For these were naturally very friendly to the Christian people, as being descended from the same race, with great resemblance in many of their customs; especially in their temples, as far as he had already seen them in this kingdom of Calicut. In their religion, likewise, they resembled the Bramins, who worshipped a Trinity of three persons in one God; a circumstance which among Christians is the foundation of their whole faith, however differently understood. But the Moors refused to admit this dogma; and as they were well aware of the uniformity existing between the Gentiles and the Christians, they wished to render the Portuguese odious and suspected in the mind of his Royal Highness."

The above speech will serve as a fair specimen of the manner in which Barros occasionally intersperses the course of his narrative with harangues; a method which he derived from his admiration of Livy, his favourite author and his model. He makes use of it, however, very sparingly, with great regard to truth of character and sentiment; and most probably on the authority of original documents, though, at the same time, with too little real eloquence. We find a constant affectation of employing long periods, which he attempts to render harmonious; and of connecting them with each

other, to a degree of which the translation conveys no idea, most of them having been there separated. This defect renders his style heavy, more particularly in the speeches, if not frequently difficult and obscure. The respective relations of the person who speaks, of him to whom the speech is addressed, and of him of whom it makes mention, are repeatedly confounded together. Barros is, nevertheless, highly esteemed by the Portuguese, who consider him as one of the chief founders of their language ; and his style, for the most part, displays much purity of diction, elegance, and harmony ; while his pictures of the scenery and situations, and occasionally of the fields of battle, are drawn with a bold and vivid pencil, and are full of life and action.

The history undertaken by Barros was afterwards continued by Couto. In the original edition of the *Asia Portugueza*, between 1552 and 1615, in fourteen volumes, folio, they were in fact published together. Fernand Lopez de Castenheda and Antonio Bocarro likewise produced their respective histories of the Portuguese conquests in India. One of the most distinguished characters of that astonishing age, Alfonso d'Albuquerque, also wrote his *Commentaries*, which were published by his son of the same name; while numerous other documents relating to the extraordinary incidents of the times were drawn up in the Portuguese tongue. About the same period, Damiaõ de Goez compiled a chronological account of the reign of Emmanuel ; and it often happened, that the same men who in various regions of the earth astonished the world by their conquests, sought to transmit the memory of their deeds to posterity. It was towards the close of this heroic age that Bernardo de Brito, born in 1570, undertook the task of giving us an universal history of Portugal. Receiving his education at Rome, where he acquired many of the modern languages, he entered early into a monastery ; and it was there that he composed, as chronicler of his own religious body, the *Monarchia Lusitana*, to which he is indebted for his reputation. From the title which this very voluminous history bears, the author was bound to have commenced his work only from the epoch at which his country was elevated to the rank of an independent state ; but he was ambitious, on the contrary, of comprehending in his account the history of Portugal from the creation of the world. The first folio volume brings him down only to the Christian era ;

the second concludes with the rise of the Portuguese monarchy; and the death of the author, which happened in the forty-seventh year of his age, in 1617, actually surprised him before he had reached the epoch where he ought to have commenced his labours.

The work of Brito is necessarily deficient in unity and interest of subject; his country not being yet advanced to the dignity of an European power, and appearing only incidentally in the relation of foreign affairs, during the whole period of which he treats. In other respects, the boldness and dignity of his style, his freedom from all studied ornament and affectation, and the originality of his manner, place him far above the mere chroniclers who furnished him with the facts out of which he wrought his details and descriptions. Wherever the interest of events gives weight to his method of describing them, his historical representations are always of an attractive character, such as we might expect from a worthy student of the ancient classic models. It is more particularly from the second portion of his work that we ought fairly to appreciate his merits; in which, having to rely solely upon sources derived from barbarous nations, the whole merit of the arrangement must be ascribed to himself.* Of this we have an example in the third chapter of the seventh book, where he describes the closing misfortunes of Roderic, the last king of the Visigoths. After the battle of Xeres, which he lost against the Arabs, he had taken refuge in the church of an abandoned convent:

Having arrived at this spot, in the hope of obtaining some degree of consolation, the king met only with fresh cause for grief, and with renewed difficulties: for the monks, alarmed by the tidings they had received a few days before, and eager to save the sacred vessels and other ornaments of the church, had already fled; some into Merida, and others into the interior of the country, seeking an asylum in distant monasteries. The small remaining number, buried in the cloister, awaited the issue of events, resolved to perish in this last sanctuary in the defence and in honour of the holy Catholic faith. The king entered the church, and beholding it despoiled of all its ornaments and deserted by its priests, he prostrated himself in prayer, in such grief and anguish of spirit, that bursting into tears, he forgot he might chance to be overheard by some one to whom the very excess of his despair might betray

* Truly speaking, there is here something more than the merit of an editor which Boutterwek ascribes to Brito; I mean the merit of invention, if such a quality can be meritorious in a historian. None of the ancient monuments of Spain furnish Brito with the particulars here cited. His fault is not peculiar to himself. All the Portuguese historians seem to be much more attached to that which is brilliant, than to that which is true.

his name. Worn down with hunger of many days' continuance exhausted with want of rest, and harassed with long and toilsome marches on foot, his strength was completely broken; and his spirits at last giving way, he fell fainting upon the ground, where he remained in a lifeless state, until an old monk happening to pass that way, at last drew near.

The remarkable epoch in which John de Barros, Bernard de Brito, and Jerome Osorio, of whom we shall make mention in the following chapter, produced their several histories, was one, indeed, which we might naturally expect would give birth to the greatest historians of Portugal. The most important revolutions had not only then commenced, but had been accomplished during the lifetime of the existing generation. Kings began to conceive fresh views of aggrandisement; characters endowed with rare talent, arising out of all ranks of society, suddenly opened upon a new career; and events beyond the reach of human calculation had no less deceived the general expectations of the world, than the more confident views and penetration of ordinary policy. The military art, navigation, and commerce, had in every way made such rapid and unexpected progress as nearly to alter their character; while the nation itself had been separated as it were from its former habitudes, and thrown into another range of action in a new world, alive to other fears, to other hopes, and with another destiny in view. There is a strong disposition in the human mind to believe that the events of the past day will likewise be those of the morrow; a kind of indolence seated in the soul seems to reduce mankind rapidly to a level with the order of things under which they happen to live; and this it is that leads them, in judging of their own times, to substitute the routine of practice or custom in the place of reflection. As the course of political events, for the most part, only reaches them to inure them to suffering; as their fortunes, their hopes, and their domestic relations, are alternately torn asunder, either by treaties, by wars, or by revolutions, they most frequently endeavour to banish unhappy reflections; and shunning them with a sort of alarm, prefer submission to public calamities of whatever kind, yielding as if to an irresistible fatality which lies hidden from their view. For this reason, a long-established government, grown old, and rooted in its customs, has rarely produced good historians. To give birth to such, it is requisite either that a country should be in possession of liberty sufficient to

lead men to occupy themselves with its interests, or that some kind of convulsion, overthrowing the foundations of its time-worn institutions, should compel individuals, from motives of suffering, from anxiety and fear, if not from happier views of the future, to inquire into the nature of those proposed to be substituted in their place. The great historians of Greece all belong to the era of the Peloponnesian war; an era so fertile in revolutions; whilst those of Rome did not become celebrated until the more advanced epoch, when the Roman empire, under its despotism, was already tottering to its fall. But the oppression of the human race, under a few sanguinary monsters, compelled people at that period to reflect upon the strange destiny of individuals and of nations. The chief historians of Italy, all of whom were contemporary with Machiavelli, lived to witness the ruin of their country, dating its origin from the invasion of Charles VIII. Those of Portugal ought to be referred, as in truth they do all of them belong, to the time when the conquest of Asia had been completed by a mere handful of warriors; when these conquests had been followed by the most profligate and boundless corruption; and when the prodigious aggrandisement of the empire, equally without proportion and without any kind of natural relations with its head, already seemed to threaten, in the opinion of all who had learned to reflect, some strange approaching ruin, attended by a series of calamities unheard of before.

CHAPTER XL.

CONTINUATION OF THE LITERATURE OF PORTUGAL.—CONCLUSION.

THE various eras that distinguish the literature of the Portuguese are by no means of so marked a character as those belonging to the Spanish. The progress of the former was extremely uniform; and innovations were introduced into it very gradually, extending rarely beyond mere forms, and producing no revolution in taste. Notwithstanding the influence of ages, traces of the same spirit which breathed in the poetry of the earliest Troubadours of Portugal may yet be discovered in the pastoral poets of the present day. But in common with the literature of all other countries, it has not escaped the effect of political changes, and the influence of the government; insomuch, that to appreciate truly its

elevation and its decline, we must keep in view, as we have done on other occasions, the successive revolutions of the state. With the Portuguese, as with other nations, we shall have occasion to observe the same phenomenon to which we have repeatedly directed the attention of the reader. Their most shining period of literary distinction was likewise that of the greatest corruption of laws and manners; and oppression commenced its reign at the auspicious moment when genius prepared to give full developement to all its pristine freedom and powers. That genius was indebted for its progress to the wisdom and virtue of a preceding government; but as if to convince us that in this world nothing excellent is destined to be durable, no sooner were the fruits of order and liberty about to reward the efforts of the human intellect, than order and liberty were themselves extinguished. The best Troubadour poets flourished about the period of the struggles of the Albigenses; Ariosto and Tasso ornamented the age which witnessed the subjection of Italy; in the time of Garcilaso and Cervantes the liberties of their country were subverted; while Camoens died of a broken heart, because the Portuguese monarchy ceased to exist. Yet in each of these nations the successors of those celebrated characters appear only in the light of pigmies by the side of giants.

One great change, and of a fatal tendency to the religious liberties of the country, was introduced into the Portuguese laws and manners as early as the reign of the great Emmanuel. We have noticed the light in which the inhabitants of all the provinces of Spain had been accustomed to consider the Moors during the period of their protracted wars; that in the event of their conquest they had retained them as tributaries and subjects; and that, accustomed to render obedience to the same laws, they had uniformly regarded with indulgence their differences of religious opinions. The same toleration was extended also to the Jews, who were very numerous in the several kingdoms of Spain. These Jews maintained that they were the genuine children of the tribe of Judah; and their descendants still consider themselves very superior to the rest of that people in other parts of the world. The town of Lisbon, one of the most commercial and populous of all the Spains, contained, up to the close of the fifteenth century, an immense number of Moors and

Jews, who greatly contributed to the flourishing condition of its manufactures and arts. The bigotry of Isabella of Castile and the policy of her consort Ferdinand of Aragon, were directed towards the spoliation and banishment from their territories of all those who refused to profess the Christian religion. It was they who established, upon principles of legislation unknown before, the tribunal of the Inquisition, widely differing from that formerly instituted by the Popes against the Albigenses. They persecuted the Moors, and in 1482 they exiled all the Jews from their dominions, with the exception of those that chose or that feigned to embrace the Christian religion. But the greater number preferring their religion to their country, their property, and all the enjoyments of life, arrived by thousands upon the frontiers of Portugal, bearing with them the little money and effects they had been enabled to snatch out of the ruin of their fortunes. King John II., who then occupied the throne, was induced, less from humanity than from motives of avarice, to offer them an asylum, for which they were compelled to pay sufficiently dear. After levying upon them the sum of eight crowns a head, he granted permission to all the refugee Jews to reside ten years in Portugal, engaging at the expiration of that term to give them every facility to leave the kingdom, with the whole of their property, in whatever way they should think proper. The entrance, however, of an entire nation, a nation long proscribed by barbarous prejudices, and whose laws and manners compelled them to separate themselves from the people in the midst of whom they resided, soon awakened the superstitious alarms of the inhabitants. The superior ability of the Jews in their commercial transactions, and in all lucrative employments, equally excited the jealousy of the citizens. The Spaniards, who had recently expelled them, were desirous that their example should be followed by neighbouring states; and Castilian monks were sent upon a mission to Portugal for the sole purpose of rousing the fanaticism of the people. The Jews in the mean time, eager to profit by the ten years' residence which had been accorded them, with the view of afterwards transporting their families and property, with the least possible loss, into some more friendly asylum, had the misfortune to find Europe closed against them, and saw themselves reduced, in order to avoid the persecutions of the priests, to submit to the mildest

oppression and spoliations of the Pachas of Turkey. They successively entered into terms with the captains of Portuguese vessels, to convey them into the East; while these, subject to the authority of the priests, became daily more harsh and unjust towards the unfortunate refugees. So far from reflecting that every man, who submits to the dictates of his conscience in preference to all worldly advantages, deserves our respect, they despised and hated the Jews, for the very reason of their remaining faithful to the religion under which they were born. Thus, after demanding an unreasonable price for their passage, they detained them prisoners on board their vessels until their provisions were consumed, in order to sell them more at the most extravagant rate, and until they had succeeded in extorting their last crown. They even carried off their wives and daughters, believing they were merely fulfilling the duties of their fanatical religion when they subjected them to the worst of outrages. Far from repenting afterwards of the extent to which they had carried their violence and extortions, they recounted them with pride, and exhorted each other to still more outrageous acts. There was not the least hope of obtaining justice for the unfortunate Jews; every tribunal was shut against them; and the few regulations made by John II. in their favour were never put into force. Such as had been fortunate enough to remain in Portugal, learning that there was no safety either for their persons or their fortunes on board these fatal vessels, determined to stay in the kingdom, rather than rush into dangers which they could not foresee. In fact, they continued there during the rest of the ten years which had been granted to them. During this period, however, John II. died, in the year 1495; and as he had considered himself bound by his word, he had always prevented them from falling into complete subjection. But Emmanuel, on ascending the throne, considered himself free from engagements entered into by his father. Ferdinand and Isabella eagerly interfered, to excite his animosity against a people whom they had made their perpetual enemies. In 1496, Emmanuel published an edict, by which he accorded to the Jews the term of only a few months to quit his dominions, under pain of impending slavery if they did not depart previous to its expiration. But before this took place, the king, if we are to believe the Portuguese historian

Osorio, "unwilling to behold so many millions of souls precipitated into eternal punishment, in order to save at least the children of the Jews, fixed upon an expedient, which, however harsh and unjust it might appear in the execution, was directed by the kindest intentions to the most pious end. For he gave orders, that all the male children of the Jews that had not reached their fourteenth year should be taken from their parents, and never allowed to see them more, in order that they might be educated in the Christian faith. But this could not be effected without much trouble; for it was a piteous sight to see these children torn from the bosom of their mothers; pulling along their fathers, who held them fast in their arms, and were separated only by heavy blows which constrained them to loose their hold. The most piercing cries were heard on every side; and those of the women, above all, filling the air with lamentations. Some, to avoid such wretched indignity, threw their children into deep wells; while others, transported with rage, put them to death with their own hands. To add to the dreadful sufferings of this unhappy people, after having been thus outraged they were not permitted to embark for Africa; as the king had such a desire to convert the Jews to Christianity, that he believed it to be incumbent upon him to effect his object partly by kindness, and partly by force. Thus, though according to his declaration, the Jews ought to have been permitted to embark, it was delayed from day to day, in order to give them time to change their opinions. In the same manner, three ports had been mentioned from which they might set sail; but royal orders were issued that no port should now be open to them except that of Lisbon, which brought a great number of Jews to the place. In the mean time, the day fixed in the edict expired; and those who had been unable to take to flight were immediately led away into captivity."*

We may gather from this extract, and more particularly from the reflections which follow it, that the virtuous historian of the reign of Emmanuel, Jerome Osorio, did not partake the prejudices of his countrymen, and that he was disgusted with their cruelty. Osorio was born in 1506; and died bishop of Sylvez, situated in the kingdom of Algarves, in the year 1580. But the spirit of toleration apparent in his work became, after his death, nearly extinct in Portugal.

* See Jerome Osorio's History of King Emmanuel, Book I. chap. viii.

It is nevertheless to this very violence and persecution that the Portuguese trace the singular mixture of the Jewish blood with that of their chief nobility. The greater number of the captives recovered their liberty by a simulated conversion to the faith of their persecutors. To these their children were restored, and some were even adopted into the families which had presented them at the baptismal font, and were permitted at the same time to assume their name. Those who refused to adopt this plan perished wretchedly at the stake or by famine, and the very name of such among the Jews entirely disappeared. The former, however, though they did not venture to face the terrors of martyrdom, were not, in truth, faithless to the God of their fathers. On the contrary, we are assured that they continued to bring up their children in the tenets of the Catholic faith, without acquainting them with their real origin ; but as soon as they have attained the age of fourteen years, the age fixed upon in the barbarous edict of Emmanuel, they are suddenly introduced into a religious assembly of their own nation, where their real birth and the laws which condemn them are revealed to them. They are then required to choose between the God of their fathers and that of their persecutors ; a sword is placed in their hands ; and in case of their remaining Catholics, the sole favour and regard expected from them towards the blood from which they sprang is to sacrifice their fathers on the spot with their own hands, rather than deliver them over, as their faith exacts, to the Inquisition, where they would perish in the severest torments. Should they refuse to do this, they are then required to enter into a solemn national engagement, to serve the Creator of the universe according to the worship of the patriarchs, the pristine fathers of the human race ; and we are informed, there has not been a single example, in this impressive ceremony, in which the young man has not embraced the most generous alternative.

It is painful to contemplate with what rapidity fanaticism and intolerance, when once excited amongst the people, exceed the views even of their promoters. On the occasion of a newly converted Jew, in the year 1506, who had appeared to disbelieve in some miracle, the people of Lisbon rose, and having assassinated him, burnt his dead body in the public square. A monk, in the midst of the tumult, addressed the populace, exhorting them not to rest satisfied with so slight

a vengeance, in return for such an insult offered to Our Lord. Two other monks then raising the crucifix, placed themselves at the head of the seditious mob, crying aloud only these words: "Heresy! heresy! Exterminate! exterminate!" And during the three following days, two thousand of the newly converted, men, women, and children, were put to the sword, and their reeking limbs, yet warm and palpitating, burnt in the public places of the city. The same fanaticism extending to the armies, converted Portuguese soldiers into the executioners of infidels and the tyrants of the East. At length, in the year 1540, John III. succeeded in establishing the Inquisition, which the progress of superstition had been long preparing, throughout all his dominions; and the national character underwent a complete change. The defeat of King Sebastian, at Alcacer el Kibir, in 1578, was only an accidental occurrence; but the submission of the Portuguese to the loss of their independence, under the yoke of Spain, was the consequence of the degradation of the old national spirit of the people. They had formerly shewn on many occasions, but in particular under Alfonso I. and John I., that they scorned to trust their national existence to the rights or pretended rights of a woman; and that they preferred a bastard, their own countryman, for a sovereign, rather than a foreign legitimate king. The two ancient heroes of Portugal, Egaz Moniz, and the constable Pereira, had rendered themselves dear to the nation for having supported this very cause at two distinct periods. But on the death of the cardinal Henry, in 1580, the Portuguese submitted, without making any resistance, to the arms of Philip II.; and the nation was shortly after oppressed with the weight of a twofold despotism, both civil and religious. During a space of sixty years, Portugal continued thus subjected to a foreign yoke. The three Philips (II. III. IV.) who succeeded each other on the throne, and whose characters we have already described, in reference both to the kingdom of Naples and the Spains, treated with a still greater degree of harshness and negligence their Portuguese subjects, whom they were led to consider as their former rivals. The latter were afflicted with all the calamities which overtook the Spanish monarchy. The Dutch gradually deprived them of the largest portion of their East Indian possessions, and the sources of their riches became thus dried up. The same nation erased the monuments

of their glory, and made them doubly feel their own weakness and degeneracy, and that of their monarch. The revolution of 1640, which advanced John IV. of the house of Braganza to the throne, was less a proof of the energies of the Portuguese, than of the extreme feebleness of the Spaniards. The former sustained, during twenty-eight years, a war in support of their independence, but without recovering the character which had constituted the glory and the power of their ancestors. John IV. was a prince of very indifferent talents; and his son Alfonso VI. was an extravagant madman, and was deposed by means of an intrigue carried on between his queen and his own brother. After the peace concluded with the Spanish in 1668, the nation again sunk into abject sloth and superstition. The profligacy of private manners, and the indifference of the citizens, were in exact relation with this corruption of the public character. Labour was esteemed a disgrace, commerce a state of degradation, and agriculture too fatiguing an employment for the indolence of the peasants. The Portuguese of the present age, who form a large portion of the population of the Indies, pass their lives in a state of utter uselessness, equally despising the natives of the country and the Europeans, and fearful of debasing themselves by labour, but not by mendicity. It is thus they have dispossessed themselves of their noblest establishments; and thus Macao, a Portuguese town in China, is now nothing more than an English factory. It is of no avail that its sovereignty belongs to Portugal; that its isthmus is impregnable, its climate delicious, and its situation unequalled for the advantages of commerce. There is no instance there of a Portuguese exercising any profession, or entering into the public offices. This state of apathy, and these absurd prejudices fostered against industry, have altogether deprived the people of Portugal of their former commerce, of their population, and of their glory; yet these consequences are not to be attributed to their relations or treaties with foreign states. The Inquisition, and the apathy by which it is followed, have thus consigned them over to poverty.

In the midst of the national decline, the Portuguese boasted a great abundance of poets, during the seventeenth century; but none of these were deserving of any real reputation. Innumerable sonnets, bucolics and eclogues invariably dull, and more affected and insipid than those that preceded them, vied

with, without excelling each other; and the most tedious monotony prevailed through every branch of their poetical compositions.

The most remarkable character belonging to this last epoch is a voluminous author, whose writings are often consulted with regard to the ancient literature, the history, and the statistics of Portugal. His taste, however, was much inferior to his industry; and his poetry scarcely possesses any attractions to reward the reader for its perusal. Yet Manuel de Faria y Sousa enjoyed a very brilliant reputation. As in the case of Lope de Vega, the production of an immense mass of compositions during the course of his life was considered as investing him with a just title to fame. His dissertations on the art of poetry have long been esteemed by the Portuguese as the basis of all sound criticism; while his six cantos of sonnets and his eclogues have been held up as models in their style. The influence which he exercised over the taste of the age was considerable. He was born in the year 1590; and at so early an age as fifteen, he was introduced into public affairs by one of his relations, who retained him as secretary in the office to which he himself belonged. In fact, Manuel de Faria shortly discovered great capacity and facility in conducting business; though his talents were of little use in advancing his fortune. He repaired to the court of Madrid, whose sovereignty at that time extended likewise over Portugal, and afterwards passed to Rome in the suite of some embassy, but without reaping the reward due to his exertions, or improving his situation in life. On his return to Madrid, he renounced his engagements with public affairs, in order to devote himself altogether to composition; and he applied himself with extreme diligence to the completion of his History of Portugal, or Portuguese Europe, as well as to his Fountain Aganippe, and his Commentary upon Camoens; boasting of having written, every day of his life, twelve sheets of paper, each page consisting of thirty lines, until the time of his death; which happening in the year 1649, put a period to his unparalleled industry.

The chief part of Manuel de Faria's productions are written in the Castilian tongue, and cannot correctly be said to be exclusively of a literary nature. His Portuguese Europe is nevertheless more deserving of attention with regard to its style, and the talent which it displays for narrative and orato-

rical composition, than for its historical merits, the exactness of its researches, or the soundness of its criticism. In combining the entire history of Portugal, from the origin of the world, in three volumes folio, published at Lisbon in 1675, it appears to have been the design of Faria to preserve the interest of his subject by brilliancy of idea and by the charm of language, and to attract the attention of the reader by the spirit that breathes in every line, and even by the force of antithesis and conceit. The taste prevalent at that period in Spain, among such writers as Gongora, Gracian, and Quevedo himself, extended likewise over Portugal. Besides, the Portuguese Europe, being written in Castilian, is altogether to be referred to the Spanish school. We should doubtless consider history in a very mistaken point of view, if we should suppose with our author, that the serious and dignified tone, together with the lucid order and simplicity, which it requires, are to be made subservient to a continual desire of shining, and to a crowd of promiscuous ideas and daring images. But it is only a man of superior talents who is likely to fall into such an error; and in fact while we peruse the work of Faria, we cannot help regretting, at every line, the unfortunate misapplication of the talents with which he was endowed. I shall here endeavour to convey an example of his style of composition, taken at hazard from the work;* as far, at least, as its peculiarities can be transmitted into another tongue. The subject turns upon the continual wars carried on between Castile and Portugal, which fatigue the historian by their monotony, and escape the most tenacious memory. Faria, however, constantly relieves their tediousness, no less by the striking turn which he gives to his narrative, than by the choice of his expressions:

"Perpetual struggles for superiority," he observes, "the most grasping avarice, the desire of depriving each other of what in fact belonged to both, and the folly of never being satisfied with what they possessed, plunged Portugal and Castile into fresh wars, during the reign of the Emperor Don Alonzo, in the year 1135. Discord led to spoliations, and these again gave rise to fresh discord; and the party which had obtained the advantage in committing injuries, easily forgot the losses it had itself sustained, in the superior pleasure of having inflicted them upon its rival. To produce evil, though

* See vol. ii. part i. cap. iii. p. 39, of the *Europa Portugueza*.

without reaping any advantage from it, was pronounced a victory; and blood inundated, and fire devoured the villages of the two nations, each of whom escaped from the recollection of their own extended sufferings and ruin, in the reflection that they had subjected their enemy to the same calamities."

In such detached passages as these, perhaps, little can be perceived except the force and vivacity of their style: but when such qualities as these are continued throughout three folio volumes, we become wearied with the continual display of antithesis and research, and we recognize in this misapplication of genius the symptoms of its approaching decline.

The remainder of Faria's works in prose have obtained less celebrity; the same defects are every where apparent with the addition of others, but without the same ornamented and brilliant style. His Commentary upon Camoens, in which he expresses the strongest admiration for that great poet, is remarkable for its total deficiency in appreciating that which constitutes the chief beauty of the poem. The mythological pedantry, which is too often the fault of Camoens, is the very quality for which he is most conspicuous in the eyes of Faria. The commentator also, in his turn, overpowers the reader with a parade of useless erudition; taste, judgment, refinement, are all equally wanting; and the commentary is valuable only inasmuch as it contains particulars relative to the lives of Camoens, and of the Portuguese navigators. The same author likewise undertook to write the life of the poet of the Lusiad; to put it into the shape of an eclogue; and to compile that eclogue from various scattered lines of the poet himself. It would be difficult to point out a work more truly tedious, more destitute of interest and of poetry, and comprehending so much long and puerile labour. A large body of notes serves to exhibit the licenses which the author permitted himself in this species of mosaic work, changing sometimes a word and sometimes a syllable in the verse on which he was employed; yet, after all, he was perhaps right in these alterations, as both the word and syllable so substituted may be met with in the works of Camoens.

Out of a far greater number of sonnets which he had composed, Faria selected only six hundred to present to the public, four hundred of which are in Castilian, and the rest in Portuguese. In these we may observe, in general, most of the defects of Marini, of Lope de Vega, and of Gongora, exemplified by

turns; a singular degree of affectation and research, forced and inflated images, besides considerable hyperbole and pedantry of style. There are, however, a few exceptions; and these are by no means deficient in real feeling and grace. The ideas are not sufficiently striking to call for translation into another tongue, but I shall subjoin in a note two poems which Bouterwek has already pointed out.*

Both in his eclogues, and in his discourse upon pastoral poetry, it was the object of this author to shew, from examples and arguments which he adduced, that all the passions, and all the occupations of mankind, could only be treated poetically in proportion as they took a pastoral form. He himself arranged his bucolics in the following order: viz. amatory eclogues, those on the chase, piscatory, rural, funereal, judiciary, monastic, critical, genealogical, and fantastic. We may readily form an idea of the nature of the poetry to be found in the idyls which under this disguise proceeded from his pen.

Next to Manuel de Faria y Sousa, the first rank among the Portuguese poets of this age must be awarded to Antonio Barbosa Bacellar, who lived between the years 1610 and 1663, and who, by a somewhat rare choice among men of letters, forsook the regions of poetry, where he had distinguished himself, for the courts of jurisprudence. His poems were published before he had reached his twenty-fifth year; but the reputation which he acquired by his defence of the rights of the house of Braganza to the throne, at the period of the revolution, induced him to abandon the Muses for a more lucrative career. He was the first, however, who conferred on the poetry of Portugal that kind of elegy which is distinguished by the name of *Saudades;* verses intended to convey amorous complaints and wishes expressed in solitude. Our modern taste will no longer countenance these love-sick

* Ninfas, ninfas do prado, tam fermosas,
Que nelle cada qual mil flores gera,
De que se tece a humana primavera,
Com cores, como bellas, deleitosas;

Bellezas, o bellezas luminosas,
Que sois abono da constante esfera;
Que todas me acudisseys, bem quisera,
Com vossas luzes, e com vossas rosas.

De todas me trazey macs abundantes,
Porque me importa, neste bello dia,
A porta ornar da minha Albania bella.

Mas vós, de vosso culto vigilantes,
O adorno me negays, que eu pretendia,
Porque bellas nam sovs diante della.

Sempre que torno a ver o bello prado
Onde, primeira vez, a soberana
Divindade encontrey, con forma humana,
Ou humano esplendor deificado:

E me acordo do talhe delicado
Do riso donde ambrosia e nectar mana,
Da fala, que dà vida quando engana,
Da branca maó, e do cristal rosado.

Do menco soave, que fazia
Crer, que de brando zefiro tocada,
A primavera toda se movia,

De novo torno a ver a alma abrazada,
E em desejar sómente aquelle dia,
Vejo a gloria real toda cifrada.

lamentations, eternally repeated with scarcely any variation of sentiments, notwithstanding their graceful and harmonious language, and the beauty and variety of their imagery. Jacinto Freire de Andrade is likewise esteemed one of the best poets of this period, as well as the most distinguished writer of prose. His poems are almost wholly of a burlesque cast. He treated, in a very happy vein of wit and ridicule, the florid style and pretensions of the imitators of Gongora; of those who flattered themselves that they were giving proofs of their poetic genius, in the pomp of their tiresome mythology and of their disproportioned imagery. With this view, Andrade produced a short poem upon *The Loves of Polyphemus and Galatea*, which may be considered in the light of a parody on that of Gongora. But the ridicule which it was his object to throw on this composition did not discourage his countrymen; for at no distant period, several more poems of Polyphemus, no less absurd than that which he had thus exposed, made their appearance.

But Andrade acquired still more reputation by his *Life of Don Juan de Castro*, fourth Viceroy of the Indies. This was, at one time, esteemed a masterpiece of biographical composition, and was translated into several languages. The Portuguese themselves held it up as their model of elegance and purity in historical narration; not offended, as we now are, by the laborious and studied conceit of the thoughts, and by the affectation with which they are expressed.* Juan de

* Jacintha Freire de Andrade has acquired so much reputation by this life of Joaó de Castro, that I think it right to give an example of the style, which was then regarded as a model for that of all historians. It is also proper to give a specimen of the Portuguese prose:

"Triunfante Carlos, como outro Scipiaó da guerra de Africa, se veyo descansar entre applausos e acclamaçoens de Europa, podendose ehamar antes fundador que herdeiro de seu imperio. Voltou tambem e nossa armada ao porto de Lisboa, onde Dom Joaó achou, nos braços do Rey, e sandaçoens do povo, mayor premio, do que engritara do Cesar; e como varaó que taó bem sabia despresar sua mesma fama, se retirou a sua quinta de Cintra, desejando viver para si mesmo, havendose no serviço da patria de maneira, que nem o desemparava como inutil, nem o buscava como ambicioso. Aqui se recreava com huá estranha e nova agricultura, cortanda as arvores que produziaó fruto e plantando em seu lugar arvoredos sylvestres e estereis; quiça mostrando que servia taó desinteressado, que nem da terra que agricultava, esperava paya do beneficio: mas que muito, fizesse pouco caso do que podiaó produsir os penedos de Cintra, quem soube pisar con despreso os rubis e diamantes de Oriente." (L. I. p. 13. Edit. 1769.)

It is not only the style which is inflated in this fragment, the sentiments themselves are impressed with the rhodomontade which is apparent throughout the work. I know not whether it is Castro or Andrade whom we must aceuse of being always in search of a false grandeur; the former might, indeed, root up the olives and replace them with barren trees, without making a display of the sentiments which his biographer ascribes to him. But if he wished to shew himself impartial, even towards nature, far from exciting in our minds any admiration of his generosity, it only leads one to doubt his judgment, or his good faith.

Castro flourished at the epoch so glorious for the Portuguese arms, when they founded that extensive empire which soon traced its ruin to the sloth and luxury of its conquerors in the following age. Andrade, however, appears to be inspired by a sense of their ancient virtues; and he recounts the exploits of his hero with equal dignity and simplicity. It is he who has rendered so celebrated the story of the mustachio given as a pledge by the viceroy of the Indies. De Castro, after having sustained the memorable siege of Diú against the arms of the King of Cambaya, and triumphed over forces which appeared irresistible, resolved to rebuild that fortress from its foundations, in order to prepare himself for another siege. Unfortunately, the royal finances were exhausted; there were no precious articles, nor any means of paying the labourers and soldiers employed. The Portuguese merchants at Goa having been frequently deceived by the promises formerly made, were no longer willing to give credit to De Castro. His son Ferdinand had been killed during the siege. He was desirous of disinterring his bones, to send them as a pledge to the merchants of Goa, that he would perform his engagements with them, for the money which he wished them to advance. But they were no longer to be found; the fiery climate having already reduced them to dust. He then cut off one of his mustachios, which he sent as a gage of honour that he would fulfil the conditions. "I have no pledge which I can now call mine," he thus addressed them, "except my own beard, which I now send you by Rodriguez de Azevedo; for you must be aware that I no longer possess gold, silver, or effects, nor any thing else of any value, to obtain your confidence, except a short and dry sincerity, which the Lord my God has given me." Upon this glorious gage, Juan de Castro in fact obtained the money of which he was in want; and his mustachio, afterwards redeemed by his family from the hands of his creditors, is still preserved as a monument of his loyalty and devotion to the interests of his country.

Among the imitators of Gongora, in the seventeenth century, are reckoned Simaõ Torezaõ Coelho, Doctor of Laws, attached to the Inquisition, who likewise produced some *Saudades;* Duarte Ribeiro de Macedo; Fernam Correa de la Cerda, who died Bishop of Oporto; and a lady who had taken the veil, Sister Violante do Ceo. We shall give one sonnet from the pen of the last of these writers, were it

only to afford a single specimen from the Portuguese, of that affectation and research, arising from a desire of exhibiting brilliancy of talent, which we have observed at particular periods more or less infesting the literature of every people; when poets, finding the various departments of their art already filled by their predecessors, are desirous of opening an original career for themselves, and of giving a new direction to the art, though destitute of that vigour of imagination and true feeling which can alone give fresh existence to poetry. The Sister Violante do Ceo was a Dominican recluse, and esteemed, in her own time, a model of piety as well as of poetic taste. She lived between the years 1601 and 1693, and left behind her a very considerable number of poems, both upon sacred and profane subjects. The sonnet of which we subjoin a version, as far as such affected phraseology is capable of translation, was addressed to her friend Mariana de Luna, and upon that name the equivoque turns:

SONNET.

Muses, that 'mid Apollo's gardens straying,
With your sweet voices catch the enamour'd airs!
Muses divine, sweet solacers of cares!
Nurses of tender thoughts! fresh flowers displaying
Most sweet to the young god of day, delaying
His steeds to gaze; yet leave his gaudy spheres!
A Luna, lo! most like a sun appears,
Young flowers of song in charms of love arraying:
She will prepare a garden fairer far,
Full of harmonious sweets; and should you doubt
Lest such delights lose by inconstancy,
Their pure light drawn from Luna's waning star—
Know, Grace divine that garden fenced about
With the eternal walls of immortality.*

Those who may be more expert than I dare venture to profess myself at similar interpretations, will decide whether Mariana de Luna was in possession of a beautiful garden, or was preparing to give a concert, which Violante addresses as the garden of harmony, or had really written a poem. Strange infatuation of the human mind, which could be led

* Musas que no jardin do rey do dia,
Soltando a doce voz, prendeis o vento:
Deidades que admirando o pensamento,
As flores augmentais que Apollo cria;
Deixai deixai do sol a companhia,
Que fazendo inveioso o firmamento,
Ha na Lua que he sol, e que he portento,
Hum jardim vos fabrica de harmonia.
E porque naó cuideis que tal ventura
Póde pagar tributo á variedade,
Pelo que tem de Lua a luz mais pura,
Sabey, que por mercé da Divindade,
Este jardin canoro se assegura
Com o muro immortal da eternidade

to believe that any real ingenuity and fancy is displayed in the expression of absurdities like these!

Another poet belonging to the same age and school is Jeronymo Bahia, who once enjoyed a considerable degree of reputation, which now no longer exists. He is the author of one of the numerous poems on the Loves of Polyphemus and Galatea, and opens his colossal eclogue in the following stanza full of antitheses, which may enable us to form a pretty accurate idea of the rest.

Where Lilybæus' giant-foot is bound
By the surrounding Neptune's silver chain,
Pride of the sky, the torment of the ground
On which he rests, Jove's glory, Typhon's pain;
Within a plain upon that mountain found,
(Colossal mount and Colysseal plain)
To a cold cave a rock obstructs the way,
Where dwells old Night, nor ever enters Day.

Among the poems of the same author, we meet with a romance addressed to Alfonso VI. congratulating both that monarch and the country on having devised an expedient to consolidate the independence of the Portuguese monarchy, and to insure victory to his arms. Saint Anthony of Padua, born at Lisbon in 1195, and regarded as the patron saint of the Portuguese, had just been solicited by the most solemn prayers and supplications to accept a rank in the army; and the priests assured the people that the celestial inhabitant had signified his consent. From that time the Saint enjoyed the elevated rank, though the church in his name received the pay, of Generalissimo of the Portuguese armies: "Henceforward," exclaims Bahia to the King, "cease to enrol your subjects in the army; Saint Anthony himself has assumed a command in your ranks, and he who delivered his father will likewise ensure the freedom of his country."*

The Portuguese colonies, since the seventeenth century, have added some names to the list of poets who flourished in the mother-country. Francisco de Vasconcellos, one of those authors of sonnets whom we may consider most free from affectation and bad taste, was born at Madeira. He was guilty, however, of treating, in imitation of Gongora, the old fable of Polyphemus and Galatea, so constant a favourite with the Spanish and Portuguese poets. Andrea Nuñez de

* Deixai mais listas, pois ja Santo Antonio se alistou,
Que como seu pay livrou Sua patria livrará.

Sylva was a poet of the Brazils, where he was born and educated, though he died in Portugal, in the order of the Theatine monks. His devotional pieces may be reckoned among the best productions of the age. It is thus that a new nation, apparently destined to inherit the genius of the ancient Portuguese, already commenced its career, and prepared the elements of a mighty empire beyond the European seas. The productions of these different poets of the seventeenth century, whose names are so seldom heard beyond the limits of their own country, have been collected together, under titles which of themselves sufficiently indicate the false taste which then prevailed. One of them is entitled *The Phœnix Revived;* another *The Postilion of Apollo;* both of which titles prepare us for the degree of critical discretion exercised in the selection of the contents.*

The political state of Portugal during the seventeenth century led to the downfal of its theatre. The country had been united to the crown of Spain before any great dramatic genius had appeared, or the art had properly developed itself. Lope de Vega, and afterwards Calderon, ennobled the Spanish scene under the reign of the Philips. But the court of Lisbon ceased to exist; and the Spanish comedians, invited thither by the different viceroys, exhibited only the pieces of the Spanish dramatists. The very small number of early Portuguese dramas written by Gil Vicente and by Miranda were inadequate to the supply of sufficient materials for the Portuguese theatre. The high reputation of Spanish literature at that period, throughout all Europe, induced the poets of Portugal to compose not more frequently in their own than in the Castilian tongue; and those who possessed dramatic talents devoted them to the theatre of Madrid, leaving their own national stage altogether deserted.

It was not until after the peace of 1668, when the independence of Portugal was recognized, that it was perceived how far the national spirit had deteriorated. The people appeared to have fallen into a general lethargy; which, towards the close of the seventeenth century, seemed to extend not only to the literature but to the military and naval energies of the state,

* These, however, are merely an abridgment of the fantastic titles of the originals. The first and the least despicable is perhaps the work of Mathias Pereira da Silva, entitled, *A Fenix renascida*, or *Obras Poeticas dos Melhores engenhos Portuguezes*, Lisboa, 1746, 5 vols. 8vo; and the other, *Ecos que o clarim da Fama dà. Postilhão de Apollo*, &c. 2 vols. Lisboa, 1761.

which were equally destroyed. The national industry and finances declined together; while a weak and imbecile government was ignorant alike of the means which conduced to its own interests and to those of the people. At the commencement of the war of the succession in Spain, the government was even undetermined respecting its own wishes and intentions; sometimes joining the French and sometimes the English party, as circumstances seemed to direct. Portugal thenceforward, in its literary no less than in its political relations, was swayed alternately by the influence of these two rival nations.

During the protracted reign of John V. between the years 1705 and 1750, the government made several efforts to revive the literary character of the nation, with a view of conferring upon the throne that degree of lustre of which the rest of the European sovereigns of the time were ambitious. The Portuguese Academy of Languages was thus formed in 1714; that of History in 1720; but neither of these establishments have fulfilled the expectations generally entertained of them. The strict relations maintained by the government with England was the only circumstance that diminished in some measure the violence of its persecuting spirit.

The reign of Joseph Emanuel, which continued from the year 1750 until 1777, appears to have been more favourable to the national character. The savage despotism of his minister the Marquis of Pombal, though it probably stifled the rising talents of individuals, roused the nation at length from its protracted slumbers. The reform of the administration and the progress of knowledge were fortunately combined with the other views of this formidable tyrant. He loosened the yoke of superstition; he expelled the Jesuits, who held the minds of the people in subjection; and when he had arrived at the close of his despotic career, it was observed with astonishment, that not only the ancient bonds of oppression, but those which he had himself imposed, were alike broken. It was during the short reign of Peter III., between 1777 and 1786, that Portugal reaped the fruits of this newly acquired liberty; nor were all the efforts made by the last queen, Mary, to restore superstition and the priests to their former influence, successful in impeding the new impulse which the nation had received, and which a more frequent intercourse with the rest of Europe was calculated to promote. A Royal Academy of Sciences was founded by the

Prince Regent; and, since 1792, it has published its memoirs, relating as well to literature as to science; annual prizes are distributed; and it continues to exercise a steady influence over the taste, the critical spirit, and the drama of the nation.

The first poet, and the most remarkable character of the eighteenth century in Portugal, is Francisco Xavier de Meneses, Count of Ericeyra. He was born in 1673, and had already distinguished himself by the extent of his acquirements and by his various talents, at twenty years of age. During the war of the succession, he served in many campaigns, and attained the rank of general, and of *mestre do campo*. In the year 1714, he was chosen patron and secretary of the Portuguese Academy; and in 1721, one of the directors of the Academy of History. His reputation had then extended throughout Europe; and he preserved a regular correspondence with the most distinguished men of letters of his time. Boileau, whose Art of Poetry he had rendered into Portuguese verse at a very early age, maintained an epistolary intercourse with him until the time of his death. Ericeyra, a true disciple of the father of French criticism, exerted himself to introduce his principles into Portugal. He died in 1744, two years after having published his *Henriquéide*, an epic poem, which he had undertaken early in life, and to which he attached his chief hopes of celebrity.

The natives of the South, the people of Italy, of Spain, and of Portugal, are certainly gifted with a fertility of imagination, a tenderness, and a vivacity, together with a richness of colouring in their poetry, beyond the sphere of Boileau's art; yet, perhaps, for this very reason, a perusal of his works would have been attended with greater advantage to them than to the French themselves. In general, his criticism is wholly of a negative cast: he detects faults, he prohibits licences; but he conceives nothing deeply and vividly; he inspires neither elevation nor enthusiasm, and he never dreams of rousing the imagination. His writings are by no means adapted to inspire the French nation with that poetic fire which is found in the productions of other nations, and in which the French are certainly deficient. Possessing a singular degree of judgment and discrimination, he is an author, nevertheless, whose rules, applied to the literature of other nations, might teach their writers what to avoid, and how to retrench what is superfluous. In fact it was French

criticism, introduced among the people of the South, which first led them to perceive the imposition and absurdity of the school of Marini, no less than that of Gongora. From the same source, the writings of Ignacio de Luzan in Spain, and those of Count d'Ericeyra in Portugal, are to be esteemed far more correct, and of a far higher character, than any of those which had before appeared on the art of criticism, in either of those languages. And if the promulgation of these principles was not followed by the production of any masterpieces, or even of any works equal to those which had preceded them, it must not be attributed to the new laws of composition derived from France, but to the exhaustion of the nation, which, after the destruction of its hopes and the loss of its glory, was divested of all originality.

The promoters of French taste in Italy, in Spain, and in Portugal, were far however from confining themselves, in a strict sense, to the exactness, the sobriety of ornament, and the somewhat prosaic good sense, which are the characteristics of the authors, whom they took for their model. Yet those, we imagine, who embraced with so much ardour a poetical creed foreign to the prejudices and education of their country, could not be very deeply penetrated with a feeling of the national character, nor very susceptible of the influence of the national poetry. Their literary attempts must have been pretty strongly tinctured with the individual character which led them to make choice of such a system ; and we must attribute the frigid character of their compositions rather to the authors themselves, than to the rules which they adopted. A certain period of time, indeed, must be allowed to elapse, after the introduction of a new poetical code, when the spirit of controversy has died away, and its most essential principles are no longer contested, before its influence can be fairly felt and appreciated. It will then serve to restrain the ardour of those who at its first introduction would have rejected it with disdain, and will be of still greater advantage to them than to others, inasmuch as the vivacity of their imagination, or the impetuosity of their passions, would without its assistance have carried them beyond the proper bounds.

The Count d'Ericeyra was ambitious of presenting his country with a national epic on a more correct and regular plan than that of Camoens. It was easy to point out in the latter the impropriety and perpetual contradiction which

strike us in his two rival mythologies, and to censure the long oblivion into which he plunges Vasco de Gama, the apparent hero of his story, while he diverges into historical narrations too often dry and fatiguing. But the advice and directions of Boileau failed to inspire Ericeyra with that national fervour which was felt by the soldier-poet, to endow him with the same dreaming melancholy, or to invest him with that golden halo of love and glory, which gave its colours to all the objects that Camoens beheld through the medium of its beams. The *Henriquéide* is a recital of events planned and executed with judgment and taste, but expressed in a tone little elevated above that of prose. The hero, Henry of Burgundy, was the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, son-in-law of Alfonso VI. of Castile, and the father of Alfonso Henriquez. The action is founded on the Portuguese conquests over the Moors, which are recounted throughout twelve cantos in stanzas of octave verse. All the poetical rules are carefully observed, as well as the historical probability of the work. A slight mixture of the marvellous is borrowed from the Sibyls and from magic, and the interest is tolerably well sustained.

On the opening of the poem, the Christian army is discovered in presence of the Moors, commanded by their sovereign Muley. Henry is informed that a Sibyl, possessing the gift of prophecy, dwells in a cavern in the neighbourhood, and he secretly quits his troops to discover her residence, which he reaches after passing through a series of appalling dangers. The Sibyl is, however, a Christian, and warmly interests herself in the fate of his armies: she directs him how to proceed, reveals the future, and permits him to contemplate the approaching grandeur of his country. The Christian army is attacked in the mean time by Muley; the soldiers are thunderstruck at the absence of their chief; they begin to despair, they falter, and are about to take to flight, when the arrival of Henry changes the fortune of the day. After this event, which attaches the epic interest of the poem entirely to his hero, follow a series of battles, duels, sieges, and victories, intermingled with a few love adventures, and lastly, the capture of Lisbon, which completes the work.

We are informed by Ericeyra himself, in his preface, that he sought to avail himself of the beauties of all the epic poets, of Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, Tasso, Lucan, and Silius Italicus.

And, in truth, we very frequently meet with classical imitations in his lines; but, unfortunately, the fire and feeling which dictated those exquisite works, and which render them so worthy of imitation, are not discoverable in his composition. The whole poem is in fact chilled with an intolerable coldness; and the beauty of the versification and of the narratives is not sufficient to atone for the absence of the living soul and fire of the genuine poet.*

About the epoch of Ericeyra, some promise of a Portuguese drama began to dawn in Lisbon. During the whole seventeenth century that city had to boast only of a Spanish theatre; and such of the Portuguese as cultivated the dramatic art adopted the Castilian tongue. Added to which, John V. patronized an Italian opera in Lisbon, which, supported by his munificence, soon appeared to flourish; and this new example gave rise to another species of mixed spectacle. This consisted of comic operas played without the recitative, and composed probably with borrowed music, in the manner of the French *vaudevilles*, accompanied at the same time with all the attractions and display of the Italian opera. The pieces were written by a Jew of the name of Antonio José, an illiterate and obscure individual, whose coarseness both of

* The ensuing stanzas from the *Henriquéide*, are given as a specimen of its style. the manner in which the poem opens is as follows:

Eu canto as armas, e o varaó famoso,
Que deo a Portugal principio regio;
Conseguindo por forte e generoso
Em guerra e paz, o nome mais egregio;
E animado de espirito glorioso,
Castigou dos infieis o sacrilegio,
Deixando por prudente, e por ousado
Nas virtudes, o imperio eternizado.

Europa foy da espada fulminante
Teatro illustre, victima gloriosa,
Asia vio no seu braço a cruz brilhante,
E ficou do seu nome temerosa,
De Africa a gente barbara, e triumfante,
Se lhe pestrou rendida e receosa,
Para ser fundador de hum quinto imperio
Que do mundo domine outro Emisferio.

The arrival of Henry at the grot of the Sibyl:

Da horrenda gruta a entrada defendiaó
Agudas folhas da arvore do Averno,
E enlaçadas raizes, que se uniaó
Mais que de Gordio no embaraço eterno:
Penhascos desde a terra ao ceo sobiaó,
Lubricos os fez tanto o frio inverno,
Que Henrique vio, subindo resolutos
Precipitarse os mais velozes brutos.

O mare a terra em horrida disputa
Gritavaó, com clamores desmedidos:
Que naó entrassem na funesta gruta
Os que assim o intentavaó, presumidos;
A constancia mais forte, e resoluta,
De ondas et rochas tragicos bramidos,
Temia vendo unirse em dura guerra
Contra hum só coraçaó o mar e a terra.

And lastly, the combat between Henry and Ali.

Torrente de cristal que arrebatada
Inunda os valles, e supèra os montes,
Exhalaçaó sulfurea, que inflamada
Fulmina as torres, rasga os orizontes,
Vento setentrional, que em furia irada
Agita os mares, e congela as fontes,
De Deucalion o rapido diluvio,
Chamas do Ethna, ardores do Vesuvio,

Ainda que com seus rapidos effeitos
Causem no mundo estragos e terrores,
A tanto impulso de cair desfeitos
Toda a izeuçaó dos globos superiores,
Naó sey se excedem dos valentes peitos
As nobres iras, e inclitos ardores,
Com que se vio ao impeto iracundo
Parar o ceo, atremecerse o mundo.

Canto xii.

style and imagination betrayed the vulgar rank to which he had belonged. A genuine vein of humour and familiar gaiety, however, gave life to the Portuguese stage for the first time; there was a certain vigour as well in the subjects as in the style; and from the period of 1730 to 1740, the people rushed in crowds to the theatre. The nation seemed on the point of possessing its own drama; when Antonio José, the Jew, was seized and burnt by order of the Inquisition, at the last *auto-da-fé*, which took place in the year 1745. The managers were then, perhaps, alarmed lest their faith should become suspected by continuing the representation of the unfortunate Jew's productions, and the theatre was in consequence closed. There are extant two collections of these Portuguese operas, dated 1746 and 1787, in two volumes octavo, which appeared without the author's name. The eight or ten pieces which they contain are all equally rude in point of language and construction, but are by no means deficient in sprightliness and originality. One of these, of which Esop is made the hero, and in which the brilliant exploits of the Persian war are whimsically enough included, in order to exhibit battles and evolutions of cavalry upon the stage, gives to the character of Esop all the ridicule and gaiety of a true harlequin.*

But though Portugal was in possession of no real theatre, many highly gifted characters attempted, from time to time, to fill up this vacancy in their national literature, by devoting themselves to the only branch of poetry in which it appeared to be deficient. Antonio Correa Garçao, whose works were published in 1778, and who, by his assiduous study of Horace, and by his efforts to introduce the lyric style and metre of the Roman poet into Portugal, acquired the name of the second Portuguese Horace, attempted likewise to reform the stage, and to present his country with some pieces written in the manner of Terence. The first of these, entitled *Theatro Novo*,

* A Portuguese poet of our own day has addressed some lines to the memory of this victim of the Inquisition, in a style of extreme boldness and severity. After passing in review several other human sacrifices, no less disgraceful and atrocious than those which bathed the altars of Mexico in blood, he exclaims:

O' Antonio Jose dôce e faceto,
Tu que fostes o primeiro que pizaste
Com mais regular sono a scena luza!
O povo da Lisboa mais sensivel
Foi no Theatro aos teus jocosos ditos
Que no Rocio à voz de humanidade.
Que infame horrenda, pompa, que fogueira
Te vejo preparada!

The Rocio is the public place in Lisbon provided for the exhibition of the *autos-da-fe*.

is rather a sketch of his principles on the dramatic art, and a critical account of such works as had till then appeared, than a comedy intended to rest upon its own merits. Another specimen of his pen, under the title of *Assemblea*, or *Partida*, is a satire upon the fashionable world, nearly of the same kind as the *Cercle* of Poinsinet.

The Academy of Sciences, having proposed a prize for the best Portuguese tragedy, on the thirteenth of May, 1788, conferred the laurel crown on *Osmia*, a tragedy which proved to be the production of a lady, the Countess de Vimieiro. On opening the sealed envelope accompanying the piece, which usually conveys the name of the author, there was found only a direction, in case *Osmia* should prove successful, to devote the proceeds to the cultivation of olives, a species of fruit from which Portugal might derive great advantages. It was with some difficulty that the name of the modest writer of this work, published in 1795, in quarto, was made known to the world. Boutterwek has erroneously attributed it to another lady, very justly celebrated in Portugal, Catharina de Sousa, the same who singly ventured to oppose the violence of the Marquis de Pombal, whose son she refused in marriage. From the family of this illustrious lady, I learned that the tragedy of *Osmia* was not really the production of her pen.

In this line of composition, so rarely attempted by female genius, the Countess de Vimieiro displays a singular purity of taste, an exquisite delicacy of feeling, and an interest derived rather from passion than from circumstances ; qualities, indeed, which more peculiarly distinguish her sex. The scene is laid in Portugal, at a distant period, before the existence of the monarchy, about the time of the Turditani ; when that people, then inhabiting the country, revolted against the Romans. Rindacus, their prince, had espoused the heroine, Osmia, who had never been really attached to him. The Turditani, however, are beaten, Rindacus is wounded, and the fair Osmia made a prisoner. Lælius, the Roman prætor, conceives the most violent passion for his beautiful captive, to which she is far from being insensible ; and the whole interest of the piece depends upon the ensuing struggle between love and duty in the soul of Osmia. She is desirous of shewing herself worthy of her high birth and name ; the pride of her country shares her heart with the victorious Roman's love ; and while she strives to hate him,

his noble generosity makes a powerful impression on her mind. Her character assumes a tinge of softness mingled with her heroism, which renders her more and more interesting as the scene draws to a close. The beauty of her character is heightened by the contrast in which she is placed with a prophetess of her own country, who, like herself, a prisoner, is at once inflamed by her national pride and by her hatred against the Romans. These passions, indeed, lead to the events which prepare the catastrophe of the action, and the tragic interest is so contrived as to increase as it approaches the close. The death of Osmia is related to us; but her consort is carried wounded and dying upon the stage. In the catastrophe as well as in the rest of the piece, the Countess de Vimieiro appears to have studied the laws of the French theatre; and in the vivacity of her dialogue, Voltaire, rather than Corneille or Racine, would seem to have been kept in view. The whole is composed in iambic verse, free from rhyme; and we are perhaps justified in asserting that this tragedy is the only one which the Portuguese theatre can properly be said to possess.

The new Portuguese empire, on which depend all the hopes of the future independence and prosperity of that country, has on its part likewise commenced the cultivation of letters, and given birth in the present age to an author celebrated for his lyric effusions. Claudio Manuel da Costa was born in the department of Minas Geraes at the Brazils. He received, however, an European education, during five years, at Coimbra, where the school of Gongora was still in repute; and it was Da Costa's own taste which led him to adopt, as his models, the ancient Italian poets and Metastasio. On his return to the Brazils, he pursued his poetical studies in the gold and diamond mines, whose splendid wealth appears, nevertheless, to have had few attractions for him. In these mountains, he observes, we find no streams of Arcady, whose gentle murmurs awake harmonious sounds; the fall of wild and precipitous torrents here only calls to mind the savage avidity of man, who has rendered the very waters subject to his sway, and who, in his search for treasures, stains and pollutes their waves.

His sonnets, which betray the follower of Petrarch, are extremely easy and harmonious, and there is a piquancy in their turn of expression which we do not often meet with in

romantic poetry.* Da Costa produced also several elegies in in unrhymed iambic or blank verse, a kind of metre seldom made use of before his time in Portugal, and which would appear to have deprived him of a portion of his poetic splendour and warmth of colouring ; as if the more rich and flowing languages of the South always required the agreeable addition of rhyme to engage the ear. He conferred upon these the singular title of *Epicedios.* He produced likewise about twenty eclogues, written almost entirely upon occasional subjects, in which pastoral phrases are introduced as a sort of veil under which the ideas of the author are conveyed. It is impossible to observe without surprise how this unreasonable predilection for pastoral poetry has infected the Portuguese from the twelfth century to the present day, from the banks of the Tagus to the distant shores of both the Indies, and has thrown over their whole literature an air of childish and affected monotony. There is a higher degree of merit, as it appears to me, in a few of Da Costa's other effusions, in imitation of Metastasio, and in the manner of the old Italian school. They consist chiefly of songs and airs composed for the purpose of being set to music. We have subjoined a few couplets, in which he takes a farewell of his lyre ; and they are such as lead us to wish we could hear more of its plaintive tones.

Yes ! I have loved thee, O my lyre !
My day, my night-dream, loved thee long !
When thou wouldst pour thy soul of song,
When did I turn away ?
'Tis thine, with thy bewitching wire
To charm my sorrow's wildest mood,

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* The following are the two sonnets of Da Costa mentioned by Boutterwek :

Onde estou ? este sitio desconhéço :
Quem fez taó differente aquelle prado !
Tudo outra natureça tem tomado,
E em contemplallo timido escuoreço.

Huma fonte aqui houve ; eu naó me esqueço
De estar a ella hum dia reclinado ;
Alli em valle hum monte està mudado,
Quanto póde dos annos o progresso !

Arvores aqui ví taó florescentes
Que faziaó perpetua a primavera :
Nem troncos vejo agora decadentes.

Eu me engano ; a regiaó esta nuó era.
Mas que venho a estranhar, se estaó presentes
Meus males, com que tudo degenera.

Nize, Nize ? onde estas ? Aonde espera
Achar-te huma alma, que por ti suspira ?
Se quanto a vista se dilata e gira,
Tanto mais de encontrar-te dezespera !

Ah se ao menos teu nome ouvir pedéra,
Entre esta aura suave que respira !
Nize, cuido que diz ; mas he mentira ;
Nize, cuidei que ouvia ; e tal naó era.

Grutas, troncos, penhascos da espesura,
Se o meu bem, se a minha alma em vós se esconde,
Mostray, mostray-me a sua fermozura.

Nem ao menos o ecco me responde !
Ah como he certa a minha desventura !
Nize, Nize ? onde estas ? Aonde ? aonde

To calm again my feverish blood,
Till peace resumes her sway.

How oft with fond and flattering tone
I wooed thee through the still midnight
And chasing slumbers with delight,
Would vigils hold with thee;

Would tell thee I am all thine own,
That thou, sweet lyre, shalt rule me still;
My love, my pride through every ill,
My world of bliss to me.

Thine are these quenchless thoughts of fire,
The beamings of a burning soul,
That cannot brook the world's control,
Or breathe its sickening air;

And thine the raptures that inspire
With antique glow my trembling frame,
That bid me nurse the wasting flame,
And court my own despair.

The more recent poets of Portugal, belonging to the conclusion of the last and the beginning of the present century, are but slightly noticed by Boutterwek; and it is singular that the very names which are distinguished by his notice should altogether have escaped my researches. On the other hand, my attention has been attracted to some whom I have heard highly commended by their countrymen, and of whom the German writer makes no mention. Among these, Francisco Manoel, whose lyric productions were printed at Paris in 1808, occupies the first rank. He was born at Lisbon, on the twenty-third day of December, 1734; lived in very easy circumstances, and arrived at an early age to some degree of celebrity; but his philosophical pursuits, and his intimate correspondence with French and English individuals, subjected him to the suspicions of the priests, and to the notice of the Inquisition. He was on the point of being arrested on the fourteenth of July, 1778, when, by his courage and his presence of mind, he contrived to elude the visit of the familiar of the Holy Office, who came to surprise him; and at length, with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in taking ship, and arrived in safety in France. He there attained a very advanced age, always foiling the snares laid for him by the Inquisition, which aimed at having him brought back to Portugal. I am acquainted only with his odes written in metres, imitated from those of Horace. They almost invariably discover elevation and dignity of expres-

sion, and the thoughts have more boldness and freedom than we are accustomed to meet with in the writers of the South.*

Another of the most distinguished among the living poets is Antonio Diniz da Cruz e Silva, whose works were published at Lisbon in the year 1807. One volume consists of imitations of English poetry, which would appear to be gaining numerous admirers in Portugal, and may probably at some future period give a new and unexpected direction to the literature of a people whose taste has hitherto preserved an oriental cast. Amongst other pieces imitated by Diniz is Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, a poem which has met with equal success in Italy. In his light satires upon the polite world, we are told, the Portuguese poet has displayed much elegance and acquaintance with human life, though the very truth of his pictures detracts in some degree from their merit in the eyes of foreigners. They are, indeed, too faithfully drawn to be fully appreciated by those who are unacquainted with the originals, and the great number of allusions renders them difficult to be understood. The other volume, which is the first, is written, on the contrary, in the ancient style of the Italian school, and contains three hundred sonnets, throughout which Diniz, under the Arcadian name of Elpino, deplores the cruelty of the beautiful Ionia, and the torments of love, with a languor and monotony which have deservedly lost much of their charm in the present day. It almost exceeds belief, that a man of real talent should venture to publish together three hundred sonnets on the most exhausted subject imaginable; and it is still more surprising, that they should boast of modern readers. As an instance, however, of the manner in which the same taste has prevailed

* As a short example of this kind of writing, we add some stanzas from his ode to the Knights of Christ. Don Juan de Silva is supposed to speak to a candidate for the honours of the order:

Por feitos de valor, duras fadigas,
Se ganha a fama honrada,
Naó por branduras vis, do ocio amigas.
Zonas fria e queimada
Viraó do Cancro, a ursa de Calixto,
Cavalleros da roxa cruz de Christo.
Eu jà a Fé, e os teus reis, e a patria amada,
Na guérra te ensinei
A defender, com a tingida espada.
Co a morte me affrontei
Pela fé, pelo rey, e patria. A vida
Se assim se perde—A vida e bem perdida.

Já com esta, (e arrancou a espada inteira)
Ao reino vindiquei
A cróa, que usurpou maó estrangeira.
Fiz ser rei o meu rei,
Com accóes de valor, feitos preclaros,
Nas linhas d'Elvas, e nos Montes-Claros.†

† These are the places where De Silva twice triumphed over the Spaniards, and by that means insured the independence of Portugal and the succession of the house of Braganza to the throne.

throughout all the South, from the days of Petrarch to our own, I shall venture to extract one of his sonnets, which appears to me to be one of the most striking, inasmuch as it contains a pleasing fiction, in the manner of Anacreon, clothed in a romantic dress:

SONNET X.

From his celestial parent wandering wide,
Young Love was lost amid those blooming plains
Where Tagus fondly roves. Loud he complains,
And running, asks each shepherd, while he cried,
Where Venus is? Those arrows, once his pride,
Fall from his golden quiver, that remains
Unheeded, while with bribes he tempts the swains
To guide him back to his fair mother's side.
When fair Ionia, tending in that place
Her fleecy charges, soothed his infant cries,
And sweetly promised with an angel's grace
To lead him to her—"Fairest maid," replies
The God, and fluttering kiss'd her lovely face,
"I reck not Venus, when I see thine eyes!"*

The odes addressed by Antonio Diniz to the grandees o Portugal are esteemed above the rest. I have likewise in my possession a little poem, entitled *O Hyssope:* The Holy Water Sprinkler: by the same author, published at Paris in 1817. It appears to have been written on occasion of a quarrel which took place in the church of Elvas, between the bishop and the dean of the chapter, on account of the presentation of the instrument used for sprinkling the holy water. Like Boileau in his Lutrin, the poet turns into ridicule the ecclesiastical absurdities and the animosities to which they give rise among the priests, which he touches with a freedom of remark little agreeable, we should conceive, to the Inquisition. The prelates, who are represented as almost wholly devoted to the pleasures of gambling and good living, and as at the same time requiring all the external marks of respect from the people, would certainly, had it been in their power, have made Antonio Diniz repent of his

* Da bella mái, perdido amor errava,
Pelos campos que corta o Tejo brando,
E a todos quantos via, suspirando,
Sem descanço por ella procurava.
Os farpões lhe cahiaó de aurea aljava;
Mas elle de arco e setas naó curando,
Mil glorias promettia, soluçando,
A quem á Deosa o leve que buscava.
Quando Ionia que alli seu gado passe
Enxugando-lhe as lagrimas que chora,
A Venus lhe mostrar leda se offerece,
Mas amor dando hum vôo a linda face,
Beijando a lhe tornou: "Gentil pastora,
Quem os teus olhos vè Venus esqueco."

audacity: yet this satire appeared for the first time in Portugal in the year 1802.*

An eminent place is also accorded among the poets of the age to J. A. Da Cunha, whose mathematical labours would equally have entitled him to distinction, and who is remembered with the most grateful feelings by the distinguished scholars whom he formed and left behind him. His poetical productions, collected in 1778, have never, it appears, been yet presented to the public. The manuscripts have been in my possession; and so far from detecting in them any traces of that tameness or want of vigour and imagination which might be supposed to result from a long application to the exact sciences, I was surprised by their tender and imaginative character, and in particular by that deep tone of melancholy which seems peculiar to the Portuguese poetry above that of all the languages of the South. The following stanzas, produced under the impression that the malady with which the poet was struggling was of a fatal nature, are perhaps equally characteristic of his talents and of his sensibility:

Oh! grief, beyond all other grief,
Com'st thou the messenger of death?
Then come! I court thy wish'd relief,
And pour with joy this painful breath.

But thou, my soul, what art thou? Where
Wing'st thou thy flight, immortal flame?
Or fadest thou into empty air,
A lamp burnt out, a sigh, a name?

I reck not life, nor that with life
The world and the world's toys are o'er:
But, ah! 'tis more than mortal strife
To leave the loved, and love no more.

To leave her thus!—my fond soul torn
From hers, without e'en time to tell

Pesado alfange, golpe fero,
Es da doença, ou es da morte?
Eu me resigno, e firme espero
O derradeiro fatal corte.

Tu leve sopro, entendimento,
Alma immortal, por onde andavas?
Qual luz de vela exposta ao vento,
Me pareceu que te apagavas.

Se a vida só vira extinguir—!
Ah, que he a vida e o mundo? nada
Mas verse huma alma dividir.
Mais que de si, da sua amada!

* For the benefit of those who read Portuguese, I shall here extract a few passages in order to give an idea of the author's manner in this little work:

Tu, jocosa Thalia, agora diza
Qual seu espanto foi, sue *surpresa*
Quando á pórta chegándo costumada,
Nella o Deaó no viu, naó viu o hyssope.
Tanto foi da discordia o fero influxo!
Caminhante que vè subito rayo,
Ante seus pés cahir, ferindo a terra.
Taó suspenso naó fica, taó confuso,
Como o grave Prelado: a côr mudando,

Um tempo immóvel fica; mas a ráiva
Succedendo ao desmaio, entra escumando
Na grande sacrestia. e d'alli passa
Para o Altar mór, aonde se revéste,
Onde como costuma, em contrabaixo,
Sem saber o que diz, a missa canta.
To da aquella manháa, uma só bençaó
Sobre o Povo naó lança, antes confuso
Em profundo silencio à casa torna.

Canto iii. *v.* 12.

We have a very amusing account in the seventh canto, of the resuscitation of an old cock, after it had been roasted for the Dean's table, to make him predict the future to the Chapter assembled at dinner:

O vélho Gallo que n'um prato estava
Entre frangaós e pombos lardeado,
Erguê pé se levantou, e as nuas azas

Tres vezes sacudindo, estas palavras
Em voz articulou triste mas clara.

Hers are these tears and sighs that burn,
And hers this last and wild farewell.

Yes! while upon the awful brink
Of fate, I look to worlds above,
How happy, did I dare to think [love!
These last faint words might greet my

"Oh! ever loved, though loved in vain,
With such a pure and ardent truth
As grows but once, and ne'er again
Renews the blossom of its youth!

To breathe the oft repeated vow,
To say my soul was always thine,
Were idle here. Live happy thou,
As I had been, hadst thou been mine."

Now grief and anguish drown my voice,
Fresh pangs invade my breast; more dim
Earth's objects on my senses rise,
And forms receding round me swim.

Shroud me with thy dear guardian wings,
Father of universal love!
Be near me now, with faith that springs
And joys that bloom in worlds above!

A mourner at thine awful throne,
I bring the sacrifice required,
A laden heart, its duties done,
By simple truth and love inspired:

Love, such as Heaven may well approve,
Delighting most in others' joy,
Though mix'd with errors such as love
May pardon, when no crimes alloy.

Come, friendship, with thy last sad rite,
Thy pious office now fulfil;
One tear and one plain stone requite
Life's tale of misery and ill.

And thou, whose name is mingled thus
With these last trembling thoughts and sighs,
Though love his fond regrets refuse,
Let the soft voice of friendship rise,

And gently whisper in thine ear,
"He loves no more who loved so well:"
And when thou wanderest through those dear
Delicious scenes, where first to tell

The secrets of my glowing breast,
I led thee to the shadiest bower,
And at thy feet, absorb'd, oppress'd,
With faltering tongue confess'd thy power,

Then own no truer, holier vow
Was ever breathed in woman's ear;
And let one gush of tears avow
That he who loved thee once was dear.

Yet weep not bitterly, but say,
"He loved me not as others love;
Mine, only mine, ere call'd away,
Mine, only mine in heaven above."

Morrer, e sem ao meu encanto
Poder mostrar o affecto meu!
Ah sem poder mostrarlhe, o quanto
Son todo inteiramente seu!

Ah Ceos!...porem,—eu me resigno;
Mas se aqui findo os dias meus,
Oh! algum Zefiro benigno
Ao meu amor leve este adeus!

Adeus objecto idolatrado
Do mais intenso e puro amor.
De amor tao docc, acerbo fado
A gentil planta sega em flor.

Adeus, adeus! sabe que em quanto
O esprito ou corpo existe, he teu;
Vive feliz, taó feliz quanto,
Se foras minha ou fora eu.

Mas para mim o agudo estoque
Furiosa a dór torna a apontar,
Desfeito em sombra ao fino toque,
Tudo de mim vejo affastar.

E tu essencia incomprehensivel,
Tu do universo ou alma ou rey,
Patente em tudo e invisivel,
E em quem hum pai, creio, acharei.

Levo a teus pes, qual me entregaste,
Simples e humano o coraçaó.
Amor ao bem, qual me inspiraste;
Fraquezas e erros, crimes naó.

Pia a amizade acaba em tanto
O triste officio derradeiro;
E as libações me faz de pranto
Na pedra rasa e sem letreiro.

Torna a amizade (se sentido
O naó tiver no peito amor)
Te hira dizer manso ao ouvido:
Ia naó he vivo o teu pastor

E quando a praia e a espessura
Que absorto ao pé de ti me via,
Minha affeiçaó taó terna e pura,
Te dibuxar na fantesia.

Brandos suspiros naó engeito
Nem gentil lagrima, que amor
Verter do mais que amado peito,
Com saudade, mas sem dor.

E dize entaó maviosamente:
"Raro e leal foi o amor seu,
"Meu foi, meu todo, inteiramente:
"E se inda existe, a inda he meu.

Among the other poets of Portugal of the same time is cited by Boutterwek, the minister for foreign affairs, Araujo de Azavedo, who has presented his countrymen with a version of several of the productions of Gray, Dryden, and other English poets, and who was one of the first of those who broke

through the tedious monotony of pastoral composition. To the name of this minister we have to add those of Manuel de Barbosa du Boccage, Francisco Diaz Gomez, Francisco Cardoso, Alvarez de Robrega, Xavier de Matos, Valladares, and Nicolas Tolentino de Almeida.* The revolutions which have taken place in Spain, and the complete separation of France from Portugal, will long prevent us from acquiring a knowledge of the existing state of literature in a nation which has run so splendid a career. It is not unlikely that the reign of the Portuguese language is about to terminate in Europe. The immense possessions of the mother-country in the Indies have already disappeared; and out of all her tributary states there remain only two half-deserted cities, where a languishing commerce is carried on. The extensive kingdoms of Africa, of Congo, of Loango, of Angora, and of Benin, in the West; those of Mombaza, of Quiloa, and of Mozambique, in the East, where they had introduced their religion, their laws, and their language, have all been gradually detached from the Portuguese government; and the empire of the Brazils alone remains subject to it. In the finest climate, and the most fertile soil in the world, a colony is growing up which, in point of surface, is more than twelve times the extent of the mother-country. Thither have been transferred the seat of government, the marine and the army; while events which could not possibly have been predicted are producing a fresh youth and fresh energies throughout the nation; nor is the time, perhaps, far distant, when the empire of the Brazils will give birth, in the language of Camoens, to no despicable inheritors of his fame.

We have thus far completed our view of the semicircle which we originally traced out, considering France as the centre; and we have witnessed the successive rise, progress, and decline of the whole of the Romance literature, and of its different languages and poetry, springing from the union of the Latins

*I have looked over the two volumes of poems, published at Lisbon 1801, by Nicolao Tolentino de Almeida, professor of rhetoric. I know the reputation which he enjoys amongst the Portuguese, but I am unable to discover in him any true poetical feeling. He appears to me the hired flatterer of great lords, who are unknown to me: his verses have scarcely any other object than to beg for offices and money; at the same time that he execrates gambling, by which he lost all he possessed. In his sonnets, odes, epistles, and satires, he is always low, feeble, and prosaic. Doubtless there is something highly burlesque for the Portuguese, in the contrast between poetry and the subjects which he has treated; but this merit is lost upon them. A letter to a friend upon his marriage, vol. ii. p. 63; another, in which he refuses to write, in his old age, verses in honour of Crescentini, vol. ii. p. 127; are the two pieces in which I have found the most elevated sentiment and poetical inspiration.

with the Goths, of the nations of the North with those of the South. The Italian, the Provençal, the Spanish, and the Portuguese, have not only been considered as several dialects of the same tongue, but have appeared to us, likewise, in many respects, as mere modifications of the same character and spirit. We have found occasion throughout all the South of Europe to notice the mixture of love, of chivalry, and of religion, which led to the formation of what are termed the romantic manners, and which gave to poetry a character wholly new. It may probably occur that, in order to complete the object of this work, we ought here to comprise a view of French literature, and trace the manner in which the most distinguished of all the Romance tongues, taking altogether an opposite direction, reproduced the classic literature of Greece and Rome, and voluntarily submitted to regulations with which other nations of the same origin were unacquainted, or which they despised. But the study of our own national literature is of itself far too important and extensive to be united with that of other countries. It would require more accurate and profound information, and more extensive reading, and it has been treated by critical writers of the present age in works very generally read and admired; nor is it a subject which can be advantageously brought before the reader in an abstract form.

Numerous writers, indeed, have engaged in the task of displaying the merit of that correctness of design, that accuracy of expression, that precision of ideas, and that skilful proportion of the whole work, which will be found to constitute the excellence of French poetry. The poetical beauties, which we have had occasion to submit to the judgment and examination of the reader in the course of the present work, are quite of an opposite character, and the author would esteem himself happy if he has succeeded in conveying a proper feeling of their excellence. Imagination and harmony are the two leading qualities of romantic poetry; and it has been my lot to present the reader, in the least impassioned of the modern languages, with a sketch of the boldest flights of the imaginative faculty, and to discourse in prose, and in a language that cannot boast of possessing a prosody, of the highest effects of harmony. I have frequently directed his attention to the construction of such verses as were brought under my view, much with the same result as if, in order to give a deaf man

an idea of music, I were to exhibit a piano-forte to his view, and point out the ingenious construction by which each touch draws from the strings tones of which he can form no conception. Then I might address him in the words which I now address to the French reader: "You ought to believe that when men of superior talent employ means so ingenious to arrive at some unknown end, that end is one worthy of their powers. If they speak with rapture of the ethereal pleasure they experience from its tones, believe that music has in reality a power over the mind which you have never been able to feel; and without arguing upon the subject, without requiring the intellect to account for the sensations of the heart, believe that this harmony, whose mechanism you perceive without recognising its power, is a wonderful revelation of the secrets of nature, a mysterious association of the soul with its Creator."

The harmony of language is in fact, as much as that of any instrument, a secret power, of which those who may not have extended their knowledge beyond the French are incapable of forming any idea. Monotonous and dead, without dignity in its consonants, as without melody in its vowels, the French language appeals powerfully only to the understanding. It is the most clear, logical, and striking, perhaps, of any tongue; but it exercises no influence over the senses; and that enjoyment which we receive from the Italian, the Spanish, the Portuguese, or the Provençal poetry, is of a sensual cast, though proceeding, perhaps, from the most ethereal portion of our physical nature. It is, in fine, music; for nothing can convey the delightful impression of its tones but the tones themselves. We yield ourselves to its charm before we can comprehend it; we listen, and the pleasure is in the voice, and in the order of the words, and not in the meaning they may contain. We seem to rise by degrees above ourselves and the objects that surround us; our griefs become calm, our cares die away for a moment, a dream appears to suspend our very existence, and we feel as if we were borne into the precincts of a happier world.

Approaching the close of our inquiries into the beautiful language of the South, we must likewise bid farewell to its rich and bright imaginations. We find music and painting every where combined in romantic poetry. Its writers do not attempt to engage our attention with ideas, but with

images richly coloured, which incessantly pass before our view. Neither do they ever name any object that they do not paint to the eye. The whole creation seems to grow brighter around us, and the world always appears to us through the medium of this poetry as when we gaze on it near the beautiful waterfalls of Switzerland, while the sun is upon their waves. The landscape suddenly brightens under the bow of heaven, and all the objects of nature are tinged with its colours. It is quite impossible for any translation to convey a feeling of this pleasure. The romantic poet seizes the most bold and lofty image, and is little solicitous to convey its full meaning, provided it glows brightly in his verse. In order to translate it into another language, it would first of all be requisite to soften it down, in order that it might not stand forward out of all proportion with the other figures ; to combine it with what precedes and follows, that it might neither strike the reader unexpectedly, nor throw the least obscurity over tne style ; and to express, perhaps, by a periphrasis, the happiest and most striking word, because the French language, abounding in expressions adapted for ideas, is but scantily furnished with such as are proper for imagery. At every word we must study to change, to correct, to curtail ; the rich and glowing imagination of the South is no longer an object of interest, and may be compared to an artificial firework, of which we are permitted to see the preparation, while the ignition is unfortunately withheld.

I have in the preceding pages conducted my reader only to the vestibule of the temple, if I may so express myself, of the romantic literatures of the South. I have pointed out to him at a distance the extent of their riches, enclosed within a sanctuary into which we have not as yet been permitted tc penetrate ; and it henceforward remains with bimself to initiate himself further into its secrets, if he resolve to pursue the task. Let me exhort him not to be daunted. These southern languages, embracing such a variety of treasures, will not long delay his progress by their trifling difficulties. They are all sisters of the same family, and he may easily vary his employment by passing successively from one to the other. The application of a very few months will bc found sufficient to acquire a knowledge of the Spanish or the Italian ; and after a short period, the perusal of them will be attended only with pleasure. Should I be

permitted at some future time to complete a work similar to the present, relating to the literature of the North, it will then become my duty to bring into view poetical beauties of a severer character, of a nature more foreign to our own, and the knowledge of which is not to be attained, without far more painful and assiduous study. Yet in this pursuit the recompense will be proportioned to the sacrifices made ; and the Muses of other lands have always shewn themselves grateful for the worship which strangers have offered up at their shrine.

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